

I Dream of Fawns and Fledglings

Mary Arnolds

They wander changeless in my dreams -
echoes of juvenility.

The planets dance, yet Spring remains:
they wear our childhood's face again.

Her untamed umber elflocks fringe
a flashing, wild, guileless grin -
fawn-limbed, freckled, springing forth,
pale shins - marbled with bruise and earth.

His hair - pin-feathers bristling
o'er owl eyes - soft obsidian;
lark-voiced, swift-soled, wheeling free -
dancing against gravity.

I wake from Spring to Summer sun
and see how tall and sure they've grown:
Now I look up to little ones -
friends through time and choice and blood.

The planets dance; they can't erase
my brother's voice, my sister's face -
children always in my dreams,
Eden in my memory.