

Here She Feels Peace

He leaves her feeling peaceful, laughing
at her feet, eating cheddar cheese and sipping
green tea. Here, there is sweetness.

She needs no reassurance. Even the rain
speaks gently on the roof. Deeper into the pillows,
she sinks her dreamy head. Seemingly

free at last, she sees her face, more
beautiful than before, in the mirror
that is the sheets where he and she sleep.

People can be like magic. Can be
stars, lights that redeem, bring her near
to gleaming divine perfect heat. Here.

Alice Chapman