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Princess (in every sense of the word)

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Cover Page Footnote
Evan Abbey

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Under a tree I sit
Here with my Irish Princess.
Adorned with shamrocks, green accents the paleness
Of her skin.

The rustling of leaves signals
An upcoming breeze.
Her perfume
Hair spray
Smells that remind me I’m surrounded by something wonderful,
Drift lazily by.

A phone begins vibrating,
A bee investigates.
My princess jumps up in a flurry of pages,
Birthday list forgotten as she takes a swipe at the bee.
The bee leaves, she settles
Resuming the thump, thump, thump
Of birthday cake stamps on each day with one.

I sit in awe
Awe of everything she embodies.

Time seems to stand still, afraid to break the contentment

A sneeze brings a jolt of reality
The humming of cars
Slowly fills my ears.
The banging of tools adds further excitement
To the air.

Through the clouds
Through the leaves
The sun fights for its place.
It lights up her face as she stands
To leave me.

A meeting at three
She says
See you for dinner.

She’s gone
Traces of perfume linger
Around me, everything stops
The breeze
The cars
The banging.

All I’m left with is
The memory
The thought
The happiness
From my brief encounter with
A princess, in every sense of the word,
Who just so happens to be Irish.