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EMILY

My house is on a cliff where my sister lives with her head in the clouds as we live high on this cliff.

My mother bakes Blackberry pie with real whipped cream. I love the whirl of her blender—mixing cream and sugar.

Her voice is sweet and melodic—filling my head with flowers and popsicles.

I often visit my sister in her room in the clouds.

"One day my prince will come," she claims. I can't needle her cloud.

She needs to dream she needs to sit, licking her ice cream cone dreaming of her

Prince-Not-So-Charming and smelling Blackberry pie

A pleasant Fairy Tale