

## DREAM CHILDREN

All dressed up in two rows,  
six girls and boys on wooden chairs:  
I watch them from my kitchen as  
they wait, ready to recite  
their poems to invited guests.

Seated very still each child  
holds at chest level a yellow blaze  
of small birthday candles.  
This is *their* day and the party  
is happening at *my* house.  
Soon adults will arrive, hungry  
for infusions of unbounded energy.

I roll out balls of chestnut flour  
for cookies, kids restless for sweets.  
Fragrance drifts from the oven.  
We festoon an archway with crepe paper.  
The guests are late. I press small hands  
into wet clay or onto thick paper, fun  
of leaving marks, choosing colors for glaze.

The spirit of my ringtail cat arrives  
his plump face and cinnamon ears  
mingling with children who stroke  
the softest fur ever, a flood of silly songs  
and meows tumbling from open lips.

Who needs grown-ups to spoil our glee?  
Let's make a ruckus and eat butter cookies  
while poems take shape in our hearts.