
The Little Girl's Room

In the corner
By the window
Stands a white iron convent bed,
The old-fashioned kind
With mosquito bars
And wooden wheels
And a hand-stitched country quilt
Under which a little girl
Lies curled in cotton sleep.

Soon she will open her eyes.
She will stretch awkward arms
And turn to the window.
The sun will rise
And this little girl,
My little girl,
Will look through her window
With open eyes.