

Reading Little House on the Prairie

Sitting cozy on a dusty orange carpet,
wearing pajamas,
wet hair,
skin smelling like soap.

In the middle ground between my space and my brothers
we shared those moments with sleep in our eyes.

Listening to my mothers voice
reading to us The Little House on the Prairie.
Picturing myself there with Ma, Pa, and Laura,
curled up next to the fire after a long day of work out on the fields.

My eyelids would grow heavy from the warmth of the crackling flames

And I fought the urge and try to keep on listening,

But my mothers words

So soft,

And so gentle,

Carried me off

Into peaceful sleep.