Fairy House
Saveria Steinkamp

I watched the fairy house
from the kitchen window, every morning,
as though if fairies came
I would see them:
catch a shimmer of iridescent wings
vivid against the green-brown mess
of our unkempt backyard,
flit into the upturned plastic tub
nestled romantically in the earth’s embrace
and shelter beneath the mushroom cap
constructed from a broken teacup.

The little dwelling sank in the mud,
infested, not by fairies and their companions,
but by the complex courts
of slugs and pill bugs and worms.
Even the occasional
world-traveled beetle
graced the molded-over,
dirt-encrusted rooms.
Never anything remotely
iridescent.
And yet after the years that hovel
has sat, decaying as I watched,
beloved,
only now
do I realize my eyes have changed.