

Miriam Manglani

THEY'VE COME

The day of their return from camp has come.

Bye-bye sweet silence.

Bye-bye lazy afternoons.

They've come with their dirt,

their smelliness,

duffle bags packed with dirty laundry

and stowaway bugs—

a washing and folding marathon awaits.

They've come with their smiles and laughter,

hungry bellies,

their father's brown, soupy wide eyes and delicate lashes.

They've come with their wonder,

questions, stories, and loud excited voices,

their thick hair overgrown, like matted, shaggy rugs.

They've come with their hugs and kisses

I haven't felt in weeks