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## **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.