By Marilyn Nelson

Five daughters, in the slant light on the porch, are bickering. The eldest has come home with new truths she can hardly wait to teach.

She lectures them: the younger daughters search the sky, elbow each other’s ribs, and groan. Five daughters, in the slant light on the porch and blue-sprigged dresses, like a stand of birch saplings whose leaves are going yellow-brown with new truths. They can hardly wait to teach, themselves, to be called “Ma’am,” to march high-heeled across the hanging bridge to town. Five daughters. In the slant light on the porch Pomp lowers his paper for a while, to watch the beauties he’s begotten with his Ann: these new truths they can hardly wait to teach.
