The princess wants him, not Maribarbola, 
in the room when she sleeps. She wants 
to hear him laugh when the tame dog 
licks his face like a soup spoon. She wants 
to drift to sleep, pressing a knee or an elbow 
into his back and sculpt her world, forgetting 
her father’s silence, the strict lessons, the pinch 
on her left arm—bruising violet before she wakes.