

The Woman

The oven beckons her  
And she answers its call  
Setting the cake out to cool

Scurrying back to the sink  
She resumes the dishes  
Making sure each one sparkles

Light reflects off the stove  
Illuminating emerald green eyes  
And smooth, dark hair

Beauty only mildly disturbed  
By her belly  
Well-rounded

She feels a gentle kick  
From her womb  
And her baby is still

Husband just getting home  
He admires his bride  
The ideal Mormon wife