

MYSELF

When you arrive
I tell you I was a different person,

A cellular anybody,
All the stones on the beach.

Or a piece of glass
In a low bead of sunlight.

But I am
Myself to you,

A blue plate of grapes,
The frost's grass to you—

You the king's seal.

Sandra McPherson

SILVER

Your hair is a harp
Or the mold on the last squash I grew.

How can I breathe
With all that smoke around your face
Like premature
Beauty, all those winter twigs you comb.

Alpaca, you help me put my coat on
And insinuate me through so many doors
That you must have felt some of my love,

And you ride me around on the gray seat
Of your gray car—
I love you, little silver ash,
On these fingers.