

1943 / Sandra McPherson

I was born the year of the gray pennies.
They'll find me in another layer, the skull
Above the deviating Lincoln heads

Worth ten or fifteen cents by now.
The smile won't be in the bone,
So they will think that I've depreciated.

But that money didn't last. Gray did
And camouflaged our war,
Woodchucks, catbirds—

The year of our birth sank beneath us.
The bank was rock.
On top of me are falling all the saved.

The Bight / Philip Booth

for Guillevic

The clouds clear out.
The sky levels. The waves

of your forehead climb
the long beach of your skull.

By how tides change
we weather. Even love.