

## IN THE LOOKING GLASS

My face is the landscape of snow where my children  
drag their red sleds, their new black mouths  
shrieking with joy. There is a rustling of tall pines.  
Snow boots puncture the hard snow. The body  
that is old now, the body that picks at its grey  
hair, I am this body. *There is no song like*  
*your fingertips*, he said, so I prayed with the women  
that beauty would not ransom me to time. But here  
I doze now, nodding among my creams and astringents,  
picking at the scalp, searching for the grey hair.  
Each day a new one and I pluck it out. In my mind  
the sleds have turned for home. I follow the path  
of their rusted runners into the woods.