

Even Before the Mirror Myra ·
Gerda S. Norvig

You coil
like strips of a clay bowl
around yourself,
not wheeled, but pinched
with strong and intimate fingers,
 eccentric,
drunk with your jut and texture,
coy of the well forming
 within.
Then blinded by the dazzle
and the glaze,
 thrown off,
feeling invisible, despite yourself,
you breed, you grow.
You grow stalks, swirls, foliage,
 poems.
Everybody sees.