

WHO TO BE PRETTY FOR

Jessie C. Grearson

The toaster's just another mirror

What comes over me shining everything up
things bend and warp in it
somedays

over its silver body the cloud people go
slowly into that four o'clock stillness

to whom do I report
for whom am I radiant
placing everywhere my still young face

practicing—what?
who told you to do that
taught you these things

avoiding mirrors, I see
them everywhere I breathe
on every one I see

hand pat the dim place clear—
prints like birds' wings
stunned against the glass