

## 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