In the Looking Glass

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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.