

LITTLE UNINVITED MIRRORS

*She's lost her glitter
and so have I.* Air gushes open
windows, the driver surveys

poplar, maple, oak; considers the human body—
toenails, heart, spleen—seven years to renovate
completely. Bit by slice, cell by cell.

Recently the dog chomped glitter flakes
on couch cushions. How could she resist
Christmas?

Glassy specks litter shaggy, black fur,
small constellations walk about the house,
shooting stars up and down hallways.

The salesman said it all washes out with water,
the one thing that won't come off microfiber
is, of course, glitter.

The driver regards the furniture's shimmer,
the possibility of picking off each piece by hand.
I've lost my glitter.

Something to polish, to restore.
The road and stray cat whizz by. I suppose
I am the driver.