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FARIDEH DE BOSSET

Rosie's Eyes

Rosie had become a pair
of eyes
screaming I am Rosie,
the same girl I was 20
years ago.

The promising star,
now thicker and shorter
make-up and jewellery
covering most of her.

Her dimmer eyes
Washed out of dreams
the faint reminder
what could have been.

Farideh de Bosset was born in Tehran, Iran, where poetry is part of everyday life and conversation. She lives in Toronto. <www.faridehdebosset.ca>

M. E. CSAMER

Skin Deep

Age loosens the skin, Joe,
as if it would unravel from the bones
like an old sweater, tired of being worn.

This is part of the long letting go
but you, you're just beginning, have skin
folded for the future, the string-bean
long drink of water you may well become
if your doctor knows his babies.

Skin holds the net of nerves,
lets us feel each other's
stunning touch. Your hands
on my face set those nerves alight
like the netted Christmas strings
along Tyrell Avenue, shining out
from under your inaugural snow.

Skin is a gift of the first order.
We moan its distension after one
too many trips to Tim's
or haul and tie it up again
when gravity's unceasing sway
pulls us too close to the earth.

I like the loosening, Joe, it gives me
more space to grow old in; young,
we move light as air but living weighs us down,
first revelry's rich banquets, but then we thicken
with loss, the dead carving their names in us
that we might carry them on.

Skin is the book of life: everything is written on it
scar of the first skinned knee, pucker where bones
break through, bubble of fire damage, the slice in
your Mommy's belly where they pulled you free.

M. E. Csamer is widely published in Canadian literary magazines. Her books include Paper Moon (Watershed Books, 1998), Light is What We Live In (Artful Codger Press, 2005), and A Month With Snow (Hidden Brook Press, 2007). She is a Past President of the League of Canadian Poets.