

ODE TO A TOY

alpha

Sandpainting in a noisy corner
of my master's house
breathes hope into the failing dream
I saved from the wide, pale sea
of perished girlhood's empty and unquiet days,
dream of islands out of time,
play at Cat's Cradle, certain dances:
piece of string to figure with
in the air,
piece of chalk to guide my steps
til the rain,
toy kaleidoscope to see with
come what may.

beta

Substance and color, form and pattern
spoke not of self
but of our shared disorder and turned
the ketchup into a rose window.
Today, the little filings clump themselves as always
about the object of regard.
(I look, but not at her, not her.)
What on earth did the Great Ones do?
Stirred old chaos,
and shook til the pieces sorted out.
See, dear stranger,
how that which we compose composes
each of us.