

# No Word for Enchantment

by Tina Barry

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My aunt no longer recalls the word pond  
smelling of frilled fern  
She would not recognize a reflection

Her own in water  
Opal face  
    fanned lashes on rouged cheek  
a glamorous sea creature  
    in violet perfume

At the pond, I skipped a stone  
    that pinged against a frog's face,  
She can no longer recall its slow eyes,  
Gone is the word  
    for enchantment

She who walked a city block in seconds  
Cashmere-covered elbows a blur of purpose  
Waits for the scratchy, long-distance voice of a mother  
Gone 50 years

    Imagines:  
        her husband, whose mouth she's kissed 10  
million times--  
        a burgler, the postman, and, last

Saturday

Simone Signoret

Told stories of a Parisian childhood:  
    amber ablaze in a dollhouse bedroom  
    poodles' nails clicking pavement  
    pale garters hoisting seamed stockings  
bad shrimp in Provence

Asks:

Why haven't you bought me a small  
black dog?

