

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

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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?

