

Dorothy

For Dorothy Livesay

Her sterling softness
and the halting shuffle
of arthritis
convince you
she's a gone old woman.

You will not expect
the little handcarved people
in Swiss dress who dance out
of her pupils on the hour
hammering the rusty air
with bells; they vanish in a blink
of light.

Then you'll hear the quiet
counting itself down
on the fingers of two hands.

By Kathleen Moore