



Familiar

I am the cracked fan.
The unworn glove
More loved now for having lost its mate.

I am the ribbon
Tied to hide twine.
Saved now only for reminiscing.

I am the wire rim
Made fleeting whole by bubble
Or glass.

I am the sheet
That needs knowing of notes.
The scrawl that comes
In only one tongue.

I am the lace
Waiting for its hem.
The next design already done.

I am the cat's eye
Rolling for hand or foot.
Catching light in its blind stumble.

And I –
I am the unformed rhyme.
The sauntering on precious bronze.

The thing that taunts its maker.



Sponsored by
BRADFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY
21 South Main St.
Bradford, VT
802-222-4536
bradfordvtlibrary.org

N. L. H. Hattam
Chester, VT