

FANNY

Joan Larkin

Praised God *aleph* by *aleph*  
on the one page of her one book.  
Signed her citizenship with X.  
Pressed wells into dough with the heel  
of her hand, oil and salt her elements,  
well of onions her bread-signature.  
She herself a well, nine bodies  
from one. Stood, into her seventies:  
oxfords, elastic stockings, satiny  
girdle to hold flesh in place.  
Just now I saw her in my mirror,  
worn teeth and claws, old-country eyes.  
Or did some stranger look at me with mercy,  
her wind-bent beach chair planted in rocks?