

PHIL BOIARSKI

Mirror Chips

Saw the young man who looks
like me again and ever since,
I can't get him out
of my mind.
Afraid of my shadow.

A woman on the bus
has my bones in her cheeks.
My complexion improves
under pancake and rouge.
My eyes are stark
with the lids painted green.
The hair is different, the mouth.

Mirrors fog over
when I get closer.

My son looks very much like me
today. I am old for hours on end.
Bald and smiling, concerned for my dentures,
I whistle out the same wordy memories.
I spend more of the mornings
in somnolent rocking,
evenings in senile tranquility.