

A Gift Of A Golden Bracelet
(For My Daughter, Kathryn)

Your golden hair emerges circularly,
An aerial photograph of a hurricane.
A furred tornado winds up from your brain.
Your brain is coiled meat, the eye of the galaxy.
Medicinal and poisonous,
It rattles at what it sees.
It lies below and listens to the atmosphere
Through whirlpools.

Your wear new hair like a May Day garland, a promise,
Delicately. You are rich.
Your circlet begins a helix of nerve ends, turns
Across the prairie. Each link feels the wind.
I whisper and ruffle your crown of infant wheat.
I put my ear against your ear and hear the sea.
Your hair spins round an invisible axis.
I ride your spirals and am dizzy.

Here, wear this bracelet on your wrist.
Compact, your brain ticks, the nucleus.

Ann Dunn

The Zinnias

Their eager faces strain against the fence,
Looking far and longingly
Like little children.
They stretch their necks, their paint-splashed heads,
And jockey for position toward the sun.

Ann Maione