Age

Silas Marner with his golden stash
has nothing on us with our stockpile of stories

useful as insulation against the coldness of youth,
this frittata of years studded with the momentous

and the miniscule, the almost but not-quite-
 forgotten gem. To have seen the queen

without meaning to, to recall the indelible
 green of the hat and dress she wore

as she waved to the crowd with their noses
 pressed up to the palace gates.

The thrill of dialing one’s mother in California
from a Bayswater hotel room long before cell phones

to announce her daughter had happened
upon a royal sighting,

the answering glee that trilled transatlantically
as she sank into a chair,

talking to London for God’s sake,
holding half a pearl in her hand

while across the ocean of her mind’s eye
the other half glowed in mine.

*Barbara Ford*