

Lisa Olstein

Leopards Are Flexible Cats

When the dentist tells me
he's found a remnant of a baby tooth
hiding along my right bicuspid,
I'm born again: eight years old
and bleeding happily beneath
the apple tree, bicycle a small wreck
in the distance, clover light
and eye spots filling the screen.
This is how we know the world:
hit something hard, hit something soft,
sit by a glowing window and watch
the lighted storm swim by.

Little Stranger
Port Townsend, Copper Canyon Press, 2013:26