

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

Glenn Lyvers

Barbers

Daughters inevitably grow, thinly lying in the grass,
in those confusing years when they stretch
into long awkward masses of knees and elbows.

Lying low, they part the blades
like little barbers
with their boney fingers,
and they become quiet,
like their mothers did;
and they become tender,
like their mothers cannot be.

They discover them—intricate blond flowers,
hidden so low that their smallness is startling,
each a tiny blossoming secret,
each mystery drawn from the familiar.