

Heather Macleod

silversmith

with your hands
and strips and wires of silver
you build art for the feminine body
compressed with strength and curves
round stones hidden in waves
of silver like the grain of desire
concealed and nourished in all women
the pleasure you take
in what it means to be a woman
is filed down smooth a clear pond
you ripple across with delicate grace

you move your hands over me,
the way you make silver
take on a feminine shape,
until I can't define where I open
or the places I should seal
I'm best encountered gradually
and those things I carry with me
the ones I've hidden like moss agate
between the curves of my body
and the silhouette of my mind
shred me together as much
as they draw me apart.

***Heather MacLeod** is a Métis poet currently living in Victoria. Heather has lived in a variety of cities and towns throughout British Columbia, Alberta, Yukon, Quebec and the Northwest Territories. She also spent time living and working in Istanbul, Turkey. Her poetry has most recently appeared in Grain, NeWest Review, and the anthology Breathing Fire. Her first book of poetry, published by Coteau, is My Flesh the Sound of Rain. She also writes short fiction and plays and is working on a novel.*