

# Wild Strawberries, Borrowed Reflection

Like a cabbagetown rubby reaching for the copper on Bleeker Street  
Like a coconut commoner combing through the needles on any beach  
Like you want to know  
What you need to know  
Smiling to the camera  
Looking for the window that no one sees  
I want to go walking  
Walking with you  
Like a calico mother waiting for the moment to hold her knees  
Like my borrowed reflection crawls into the space of an empty sheet  
Like the world is your buoy  
And the moon is your defense  
Like the horror of the naked eye  
Looking at the mark of a leaky pen  
Cover me with pomegranates  
Till I see my royal partner  
I will be the queen of spades  
Then I will measure time  
As if it flowed from mirrors  
Under heaven's wake  
Like a blood-borne baby squints into the light and begins to breathe  
Like the moment I close my eyes on the edge of sleep  
Like the rumour of joy  
Or the musings of grief  
Dance with me a second time  
Till I feel the blood in my feet