

BARBARA GILES

Stuff

The thingness, thusness, whatness
of this and that - continual ravishment,
now cool and smooth, now soft and furry
and these, perfumed and those, how crisp to bite.

And there's a chair, relaxing while it waits
with such delicious curve of leg:
This gleaming bowl, the indifferent mirror - needing
nothing - no smudge-fingered exploration.

These knives, aligned, so excellent in sharpness
with handle ready for hand, require no flesh,
unlike the gluttonous users, hungry-eyed,
voracious, butcherly, complacent,

which surely I am not, but frangible,
frail as your gift, that vase
of particoloured glass, which of itself
sundered last night, doubting its quiddity.