

## **METAPHORS**

a virgin tipping the scales

half of the pie uneaten

the puck, the drop, and the scramble

a canoe slicing the stretch of lake

the proverbial glass fallen over

a ringing alarm set six months before

the profile of a face polarized

a caterpillar lounging on a leaf's midrib

the lion crouching as the hunter crouches lower

a book opened to its deepest pages

the song's bridge upon which we cross once more

a road trip into Ontario at eve—all east, all dark from here.