

5-1-2017

change

Grace Gilbert
SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gilbert, Grace (2017) "change," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 5 : Iss. 2 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol5/iss2/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

change

my father smells like rusting
coins, twisted copper boundaries, collected
nickles, pennies, dimes,
prismatic faces coalescing in sidecar compartments
commiserating with their greening alloys.

he strikes "in God we trust" into my molten palms
so hard, i still feel
engraved long after the coin
drops, small angles scattering
over heatless chrome.

 i scrub my hands. corrode the crystal lattice
 cultured in the microcracks of my flesh.

he seizes our swelling jars of cents, empties
every vessel into the lake, oscillating
eternal wishes or maybe craving
brittle fracture, to cleave himself from his scent
as i know it.

why mint? why stamp metal daughters fated
to be totaled, fingered, intermingled along a planar array
below sea level?

the lake is metallic. brined.
a marinade of stacked copper faults.
steeped silvery reminders
of my father's hands.