

Dear Sarah

Sarah
(since I'll call you by your Christian name)
Oh dear
Your teeth underwent a transformation

The grass left its signature on your
jeans and white tees
and I thought I heard the sun?
Blazing in your
Hair
Some say "gold" but I like "amber"

And your eyes,
the ones in your face,
they're becoming sapphires
while we browse through files together,
(at your desk)
Oh dear.
I don't know what to do about that.

and orderly to end where I begun—
your teeth,
They are the shade I once saw
Sported on a little white egg timer,
which, being always kept near the kettle,
had gotten the tiniest bit
tea-stained,
dear Sarah.