

## Margery Hutter Silver – Two Poems

### Morning Call

A butterfly  
trembles  
the door  
to my dream,  
swishes  
the drum,  
rustles  
the osseus  
chain, which  
thrums,  
meters  
the march,  
Sousas me  
from sleep.

### Sleight of Mind

My memory of why  
I walked to the kitchen  
stays behind  
in the dark bedroom.  
Yet my hand opens  
the refrigerator  
as if it knows my  
intent, but should  
I reach for eggs,  
English muffins?  
If I go back  
to bed, can I  
find the missing  
memory? And  
will I then recall  
where I put the thread  
to mend my life?

**Margery Hutter Silver**'s first career was as an editor for the *Atlantic Monthly* and Boston book publishing houses. After her retirement from her second career in geriatric europsychology, during which she wrote and published the book, *Living to 100* (Perseus, 1999) and many journal articles, she expected to return to her first love, writing short stories. Instead, she began to write and loves poetry. She was surprised that many of her poems are about loss, but feels perhaps that is the view from 83 years. Her work has appeared in *Paper Nautilus* and *Third Wednesday*. She resides in Auburndale, MA.