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THREE RIDDLES

Riddle I

Hot earth bore me.
Cold machinery formed me.
I move others
When I'm stirred,
Although my moves
Are blurred.
My tongue is cleft
And yet my utterance
Is single,
Always the same,
And absolutely true.
A nightingale among objects,
I'm a songbird,
A metal stork.

What am I, then?

Ahhhh.

A tuning fork.

Riddle II

Drape the mirrors.
I have lost my shape,
My purpose.
I still serve, as always –
But not the proper object.
Once, I invited human contact,
Now I'm only here to say:
Don't touch. Keep away.
Before, I said: *Rest.*
Now I say: *Dust.*
Before, I said: *Welcome.*
Now I say: *Farewell.*

I was the layer of air
On which she dreamed.
I held her
At the final scream.
I was
As white as she was
When she dressed
To be a bride.

What am I?

*I am a bedsheet
Thrown over a chair
In the house of a woman who died.*

Riddle III

I am your opposite.
I am everything
That you are not.

I am not your double
Or your twin.
Not even close.

And if you change
I change with you
To oppose you,
To cancel you out,
Negate you.

I am
What you are not,
I am
Who you are not.

Your shadow and your mirror.
Your Rorschach blot.
Your moon and sun.
Yet should you say so,
I am none.

What am I?

I'm the one.