

Robert Ford

In the mirror at the barbershop I see the face of my maternal grandfather

Time ties up our genes to these inevitabilities. Forty years staying hidden inside me, and now – like a carving-out of stone or wood – he emerges in layers and lines, carefully revealed as the cut hair falls away, to the floor below and on its slow retreat from our temples. And somewhere amongst those few remaining photographs, and the scrapbook of a nine-year-old's faded memories, is my own face, patiently waiting to be pasted in.

Robert Ford's poetry has appeared in various print and online publications, including *Under the Radar*, *Brittle Star*, *Dime Show Review*, *The Interpreter's House* and *San Pedro River Review*. More of his work can be found at <https://wezzlehead.wordpress.com/>