

## **Zooming home**

These private spaces, we are sharing them now –  
our skylights, fireplaces, family photos,

our taste in paintings, colour of walls,  
spines of books, clutter on desks.

Russian ballerinas dance in their kitchens  
with saucepans of dumplings, dinnerplate fans -

conductors in their sitting rooms wave batons  
with oddly-shaped ornaments accidentally in frame,

cousins beam in to family parties like starlings  
squares reconfiguring seamlessly on screen,

click, zoom in and out, turn upside down,  
pick up passing carpet, tips of shoes,

and then we are shocked at the dazzle of our selves,  
lines and all, our hidden selves

pushed out into the day, oddly shy, oddly new  
to ourselves too as our hair begins to grow,  
shows its grey.

Jane Spiro