

## Mirror mirror on the wall

Farther than I imagined

Light's cadence  
taps icy fingers, burns.  
Indelible sketches  
solidify in the cornea.

A stare, a sidestepped  
glow, released.  
A long-held sigh  
(a filler for cranial cavities)  
insinuates its tendrils,  
impregnates each crevasse,  
etches its fists on the surface.

Unredeemable,

Spoken word  
Retraces fugitive  
Meanderings

Unimagined limbs: forms  
fused to edges or brims.

But who is it, or who is left?

The skin is ink, it leaves  
a trace.

- Greying hair
- Silver stubble on a cheek
- Sunken face of pain

Undoubted hope  
drips onto bloodstained  
rags, soaks the oars  
forgotten

Cadence.  
Cadence .  
Cadence.

Woodcutter tells  
children of return

In the dark, two reddened cavities bulge, jelly-filled.  
Irate or sullen?

And who is staring at who?

We trace each other  
secretly in the dark

Where do we go from here?