

SELF REFLECTION

I see a familiar face in the mirror
eyes as though they *were* an opening
into a labyrinth of passageways

eternity
plunging love into love.
I see the lostness of Joanna

and for a moment
the lack
of a distinct interior,

only the silence of prayer
could illuminate,
like arms stretching outward and upward.

I see Angela, Anne, Brian
the children, my mother, Lesley, Tom
with each one,

a fountain of laughter
and the crackling
of death.

I stop and put my fingers
into the breaking skin,
I stay rocking

like a vessel swaying,
hearing bells
I look back again,

Love is the carrier,
between ourselves.