Of Mirrors

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Le Galerie des Glaces:
a mirror is gilded obsidian and onyx and mercury and glass
fashioned by Pyrenees artisans

three hundred and fifty-seven years old for
three hundred and fifty-seven faces to peer into
three hundred and fifty-seven times.

A mirror is glacial before a quiver and never sleeps.

Three hundred and fifty-seven winks of an eye
hold courtesans, hold peacocks,
hold Pepper’s ghost, hold cerulean and cicada,
hold Echo still reiterating her nymphean name.

Brunelleschi, Kahlo, Manet, Velazquez wished mirror
light upon the line of their glassy jaws.

But, a mirror in house spins Lilith’s web,
raven-haired coquette catches the eye of abjecting Adam, Jung, Lacan.

Bronzed anamorphosis between a woman’s syrupy flexing legs,
The Venus Effect:
goddess gazing at herself gazing at you gazing at her gazing at you.

Wave mirrors before Kali:
stiletto riding. Jackal drunk
on the blood of warriors,
dancing destructive frenzy.
A mirror is a trimmed silvering doppelganger, numb and number, spinning flesh alabaster stone with the image of three hundred and fifty-seven snakes shirking.

Falling guillotine guides Marie Antoinette’s head rolling back in her eyes.

Soft focus befalls in three hundred and fifty-seven years of wrinkling quiet, because a mirror is mere gilded glass and mercury and onyx and obsidian.