June 2014

Of Mirrors

Philip M. Taylor

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol8/iss1/1

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.
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 nymphaean 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.