

Refractory: Into the Mirrorworks

Light, heat, and sound change direction
when they strike those looking-glass eyes,
eyelids folded back on themselves
to allow nothing inside.

You're a mirror, not a photograph.
And I am more than the sum
of my images, lovely bits of past
made present for a planned tomorrow.
My reflection shows the state of you;
the more you polish, the less you refract,
the brighter I appear, the better
to examine every detail.

Yes, you are not a photograph,
not a time remembered, not fixed,
except when you stand still to hold me
who cannot be held in a million mirrors.

Light lives without limits.

Shining is an action verb.

You help me pretend to grasp

 What I Am

and much that I am not.

I see what you're saying;

I hear your eyes on me, still, as I gaze.

I think I feel I can change without you.

Yet I cannot leave you

and I will not forsake myself.

I'll draw you back into me,

into the light, heat, and sound,

into our transformation

to beauty and warmth and music.

Nothing held apart,

nothing to dissect to oblivion;

just shining, just loving,

in a million billion rays

(oh, did I say ways?)

endlessly reaching out

to strike all the pieces we become,

mirrors and mirrors and mirrors!

(I would miss the sparkle).

By Judy Hays-Eberts

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