

"Mirrors Reflecting Mirrors"

Holly Hansen

I see the world through a window warped;
glass enfeebled by old age,
as a wilting woman with a wrinkled spine.
The figures sliding past are broken little things.
Prosthetic eyes blind and all-seeing-
animal heads mounted on the walls.

I pity them as I sit upon this exalted perch,
risen up from the black waves beneath.
A huddled horde of blinded beings
probing the shadows, creating theories,
making sense of the things that were
never meant to make sense.

(and yet)

Here upon my crooked pulpit,
the world is just as black
and I am just as blind