

Mirror, Mirror

The mirror tells it like it is: i am
hard-boiled egg dazed
stained as ivory decades dull
hairy as a coconut
rinsed colourless by fatigue.
Toothpaste-foam slips from my lips.

Winter dark's our buttonless coat
for the short walk from train to desk.
Car-noise, shoe-noise, German chatter, a high-lilting note

rises, picks me out, sings
to no one else but me. The coat sucks

tight to my hunched
halted form, awake as phosphorous
suddenly in air

spiking flared alarm sharp
through my skin. I am white on fire.

The wailing comes from behind,
oddly melodic, crescent, expressive. It says:

"...horribly wrong..

"all is wrong..

"all help is gone!"

in confused, human bursts
from under cars speeding overhead.

The creature dodges oncoming light.
Noise thick and deep shudders blood
and fur in swerving indecision, calm certainty
splintered bone.

It's hit again, under my gaze. No red proof,
no grinding crunch, just black tires rolling over.
More songs to me, the unseen alien to one side,
sick fear lurching nowhere, useless, dumb
hands at my head. My neck gutters another moan
as the rabbit skips on dangling front leg, lopsided,

singing out for me, unaware of me, dragging fragile agony
deeper into danger. And i twist away, shake off all of

minutes noise feeling self until
the bathroom mirror tells it like it is again:

honest light my ugly reflection.