

Mirrored

*That is the tune but there are no words.
The words are only speculation
(from the Latin speculum, mirror):
they seek and cannot find the meaning of the music.*
-John Ashbery,
"Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror"

It depends on perspective,
like icicles that cascade
down the eaves
of our house in winter
day after day.
If we lived a thousand years
it would seem a waterfall,
a spillage of glass.

Don't trust the eye's
curve or the warp of
sound, echoing,
searching for the edge
of a cylinder.

Examine
the reflection in rippling
water.
Is it the water changing
or our faces?
A pane of glass?

It's a speculating solid
dripping so
slowly—
if we lived
a million years, we
would say deluge, not
drip drip drip.