

Act of Translation

You look at the glass globe—
it looks back
with eyes that are not your reflection.

You're in the garden
with the orb again
with pad and pen.

The eyes stare at you—
observe what you see.
The eyes say *We see you*
without speaking
We're listening they say
keep looking.

You follow instructions and think
"Why do they want to see
themselves seeing me?
Why do I keep watching them
watch me?"

How long has it been
since you viewed anything else?

If you were to look away—
break the gaze—
face an ordinary mirror
would you still look like you?

If you found another set of eyes—
real ones—
would they seem satisfied?

What could you tell those spheres
with nothing on your pad
and your pen limp in your hand?

The horror of oblique paper
of new and nothingness

keeps you held there
in the globe
seeing
you seeing.