

Reflections of the Other

Just about to bust
 I glimpse myself in the mirror
As You round the corner, greeting
 Me incidentally on the way
To honey or et ceteras across the infinite room
 Roundabout and out
As I am following Your light's transport
 Just about to bust
Escaping the nowhere into nowhere
 Everything's on the agenda
In the empty room filling gradually
 With possible pathways: I smash
These mirrored walls of shared maps
 Stepping through this new doorway
Which is not mySelf but the edges
 Of all prismatic reflection
Opening now into the breathing dark