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A Glimpse in the Mirror

Marvin Solomon

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Here grows a tree as sacred as the self, a holy tree!
 I pull it up with soil still on its roots, while a thin moon rises,
 and hang it with most precious thoughts, cloth, and a mirror
 which shines if any light comes to the branches, dazzling.

Trimmed with fresh leaves and garlanded with growing moss
 I stamp my feet and bare my body parts,
 shaking with laughter that they will be corrupt,
 that what will be corrupt can be like this.

The mirror on the tree flashes with jewels,
 reflected imagination emerging again
 to daylight dawn after dawn as when I lay
 in the summer of an island and its blowing winters.

After the vacancy of darkness I awaken to space
 in sunlit mists, in air like a sea rising and falling
 to carry me ashore somewhere, a magic body
 spontaneous, myriad, in its motions, its unused senses.

MARVIN SOLOMON

A GLIMPSE IN THE MIRROR

*(in reply to a well-intentioned
 critic of my poetry)*

I check my tie, my suit
 For threads, my fly; but do not
 Check my "dignified, spiritual,
 Meticulous, refined, fastidious" self.
 Can I really go so dressed?
 Methinks me more exposed
 Zipped up and buttoned than
 With all my flap undone.
 Those adjectives hang me in the mirror's
 Closet, faultless, startling crows
 Out of my empty mind.
 And all around the rim the moths will find
 Me. Away fig leaf! I'd go
 Indecent than be fashioned so!