

The Mirror

Dust is collecting under the bed.
The imprints of your wet feet are still visible
on the mosaic floors. I have not swept
or washed them since you left, wanting perhaps
to preserve your absence.

It is easier to overlook you in the bath,
my lipstick, mascara, the various make-up jars
crowd your razorblades, shaving cream
and brush. The wild freshness of limes
is now on all the towels and sheets,
I can't remember the fragrance of your cologne
for you dabbed the last few drops on my arm
before you left.

I wanted to buy a mirror for my makeshift vanity
in the bedroom, made of cardboard box
and an old suitcase of yours, but it would reflect
the pillow on which you slept, a blank wall
is more discreet.

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