

Catalog Item

Ankh, a mirror. *Ankh*, life. *Ankh*,
The object buried in the dead king's tomb,
A mirror shaped like life.

Look here:

I sit among volumes full of colour plates,
Mozart playing on the radio, a critic
Nodding sagely on the set. I try hard
To keep forgotten rotting mortar falling
From the porch behind me, water backing up
—Causes unknown—below. My arms and legs
Ache, bruised and scratched to a blue-
Patched, red-lined temporariness
By the day's exertions.

This blue and gold
Remains, maybe the notion too. I long
To look a question of the life-shaped mirror
Long-saying answer in the place of death.

JOHN DITSKY