

42 Mirrors

by Lucien Quincy Senna

42 Mirrors

By Lucien Quincy Senna

Mirror, mirror
tell me all,
Who I am
Who I was,
painted seagreen with vanity
or socketed modesty.
Pride and pain
my old pretenders.

I am full of dead men's bones,
their advance over me.
I trashed and trotted
other people's causes,
statecraft of the most
sinister skull-duggery.

Mirror, mirror
see me now,
my strawberry leaves
for I am no longer twenty-four.
Pinking the raw edge of silk,
trusting it all.
Then that Ramshackle Empire
came clattering for me
a penal code
institutions for troubled women
"Pull your bellies between your knees!" said the nurse.

The hours pass upon the eastern turn

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/lucien-quincy-senna/42-mirrors>»

Copyright © 2012 Lucien Quincy Senna. All rights reserved.

my faith anew while I was interred there,
until I somersaulted
out of the deep waters.
An ocean greyhound
who was simply considered
a whited sepulchre.
A mask for women over forty.

