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Yellow Bird in the Broken Mirror

Last evening I pieced a dropped mirror back together – reflections of a pink
bathroom sink, a painting of cats, another mirror – like knitting strands

of a cobweb's vertices. Beyond the opened sill, the shadows of trees, shadows
of houses, a certainty; slender rails of a bicycle leaning against the

fence. My daughter's abandoned violin with its hungry bow threw no shadow,
for it was too lovely for existence. & my lover's hand – a soldier's

hand – quaked as it lit the match, cupping the fire like first fire, as
sobs broke in waves from the parking lot, the page...as when I once

woke in the night's center, weeping for some relic, some discarded childhood;
for the recognition of my own innocence, & the innocence of all

who'd transgressed the boundary. The high banana moon threw
fishing skeins into the river, capturing porpoise-like glints & silvers. I

managed to step in the same water twice, laying my soldier's hands upon
a postal scale to find they weighed more than messages...they

weighed of civilians slain, weighed of the Apache's age-old sorrow.
& I too have made my baby cry, yet the yellow sandrock flowered, the

lizard was left to his own devices, telling, there are layers of skin
beneath this skin, like the blood cells' shutters. I asked the Joker

for the legerdemain of piecing glass as oasis water, he did not answer –
still I lacked, beneath the tenacity of suns, I lack for nothing.