Today

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss3/16
Today
she is left to seek herself
in bathroom mirrors;
where purple bags of blood
from her heart are
caught beneath her eyes,
where thoughts rest
trapped
beneath straightened hair
mascara, blush, toothpaste -
she can’t tell where she begins.

Over the running water
it is impossible to tell
her beating heart
from the changing numbers
on the alarm clock.
She stares
into the rippling water
where bubbles collect
iridescent light
and reflect fragments of her face
in rippling shadows.

She buckles her watch,
her shoes, clasps her necklace,
her coat and mittens;
armed and ready.
Her watch ticks
in time with her
breaths that taste
of perfume and early morning haze.
With one glance in the mirror
her legs, her clothes, her hair,
are out the door.

But she went down with the bubbles.