



Emma Croll-Baehre

Mirror

10:34 PM at a time between Greenland and Greenwich
 the fan purrs like one who's seen it since the thirties a girl
 who dresses like a celestial ringlets garnet lips
 no reservations of femininity gazes into the mirror
 as the omnipotent of androgyny

She wears a pinafore of candy stripes
 procures a ring that glistens against her right nostril it is night a
 muffled time where the animus begins to creep beneath the skin
 tight muscles bear their sunburned pink against cropped hems of
 sacred fabric
 she thinks of freckles freckles and flaxen hair amidst a body
 of prehistoric grace
 what truly frightens me?

cities bear the children of scattered energy
 feel grit inconsistency as I move my feet above the rancid
 smell of sewer
 a pivotal minute leaves me insecure in my ability to profit affection
 I am prophet

whispering to the people how to ply men and women
 playing the role of one who only wishes to bask against the lips of
 any certainty
 I've been told to set my roots deep beneath the swollen soil
 carry an insight nucleus of an indigo essence
 I can't love anything that trusts me to be as tender
 the anticipation in your eyes makes me despise everything t
 hat you pretentiously mimic
 I've yet to want you for more than pursuit
 the rain pulses against the wind I hesitate to feel.

