5-1-1996

On Reflecting

Chris Martin

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol4/iss2/14

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Watching the Evening News  
vicki kramer

My mind shouts and my flesh crawls--
Images of horror invade my living room.
I’m drawn into conflicts of rebellion and extermination,
Visual testimony to the cult of war.

I turn away for release and absolution--
But huge black eyes draw me into a world of pain and filth.
Bloated belly, scabby limbs and lazy flies
Desperately shout: Hunger!

Racing now, I seek escape in sitcom hell.
But it’s too late--
I am my brother’s keeper.

On Reflecting  
chris martin

The image on the mirror
reflects life.
Splicing and Shredding the
Picture, a person:
At the speed which models . . .
A flash; I know all.

The image on the mirror
Prints life, flickering,
Projecting,
An image that:
Forces one to . . .
Rewind; And vision again.

The image in the mirror
Prints life, Forcing
One’s rewind, and
Reflection--
This image that, at first,
Appears false.

The image in the mirror
Doesn’t lie; it knows,
Sees and feels
All. The image doesn’t
Fade; it becomes
Stronger.
The mirror’s image
Illuminates one’s being, so, in
Rewinding and inverting
Our lens of life, and
Shuddering old Thought . . .
I can change my image.