

## Michael McGuire "Two Way Mirror"

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TWO WAY MIRROR

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I am the prayer that passes for the god, but she  
doesn't even know I  
exist, lost in a sequence of shadows milk, the gravity of  
the mirror is hard  
to resist, I saw her one morning shampooing her  
suicide, her thoughts  
screaming; sick of this, we're so much alike except  
I'm already dead, she  
just needs the life of a kiss.

I want to touch her because I can feel her, pull me out  
of this sinking  
pain, I want to blind her because I can reveal her, pull  
her mind into my  
brain.

The doctor of her eyes heals the panic of her flesh, I  
am just a dark corner  
in her house, she applies the lipstick language, and  
buttons up the  
tongue of her blouse.

But she won't talk to me, she won't die for me.  
She needs no witness fully clothed, her seeing eyes  
once turned from the  
mirrors theft, face a world that sees the mirrors work,  
and whatever the  
makeup of meaning has left.

I want to touch her because I can feel her, pull me out  
of this sinking  
pain, I want to blind her because I can reveal her, pull  
her mind into my  
brain.

I am just an after thought she tried to un think; like  
wine, and the water of  
her bathtub drain fertilizes the waste, she spends her  
life at the mirror  
waiting for a sign, and I wait on the other side for her to  
see thru her face.

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