

E. Haworth Hoepfner

True Romance

*From what room does this bitter doll appear,
lips in a deadly pout
and eyes a little team of oxen yoked
to some black cart and harness
moving now so slowly movement can't arrive?*

*I've given up trying now
to recognize you in the next light wave,
scrap of music.*

*But please you whisper,
a window.*

Pointless begging.

*Even should we step outside,
nothing in the world would change.*

*And as for sky you've claimed to want,
deeper blue than evening was?*

The mirror in the mirror, and again.