

AFTER ASHBERRY
CHRISTOS KALLI

The self-portraits are fading on the sky
and I turn to ask if you mistook the line
of the poem for a light breeze. The night
reveals its stripes, and to French the scene up
you mutter a *Quelles belles hanches*
the way the artists struggle to find words
only to have the words strangle them.
The dialogue is becoming too suggestive
for you to stay calm. The room too full
of details for your eyes to stay on
the restless clock. What makes the mirror
a mirror is the object being reflected
and its hairline. How it moves slightly
with the eyebrows when you are shocked
with the tenth symphony and with the colors
of my Parisian scarf. Even dissatisfaction

shows up, disguised as words, and then
disguised as a young man thumbing his lips.

How he throws his wineglass at your face
only to see the face in the mirror shutter up.