Copan, The Ruins

These days I write only poems. Once, I wrote letters, but found the silent replies too much to bear. Declarations and explanations are unimportant, it seems. I saw myself in a mirror for the first time in a month. Perhaps I had changed a little. I put my hand on my stomach and thought that my nakedness was for myself only; then it did not have to be unbeautiful. I have stood like this before a great many people, worn out and factory made. In the mirror, in all the eyes that looked on me. No more letters. Words cannot draw out a reflection from a face. Poems are made for silence. The acts are done, the words are said, the things inside are broken. Before the mirror I gathered up those plain and heavy limbs. Once, I stripped myself onto paper for averted eyes. These days, I wear shadows and tears.