

Mirrors  
are the perfect lovers,  
that's it, carry me up the stairs  
by the edges, don't drop me,  
that would be bad luck,  
throw me on the bed  
reflecting side up,  
fall into me,  
it will be your own  
mouth you hit, firm and glassy,  
your own eyes you find you  
are up against closed closed

## II

There is more to a mirror  
than you looking at  
your full-length body  
flawless but reversed,  
there is more than this dead blue  
oblong eye turned outwards to you.  
Think about the frame.  
The frame is carved, it is important,  
it exists, it does not reflect you,  
it does not recede and recede, it has limits  
and reflections of its own.  
There's a nail in the back  
to hang it with; there are several nails,  
think about the nails,  
pay attention to the nail  
marks in the wood,  
they are important too.

## III

Don't assume it is passive  
or easy, this clarity  
with which I give you yourself.  
Consider what restraint it

MARGARET ATWOOD

## Tricks with Mirrors

## I

It's no coincidence  
this is a used  
furniture warehouse.  
I enter with you  
and become a mirror.

takes: breath withheld, no anger  
or joy disturbing the surface

of the ice.  
You are suspended in me  
beautiful and frozen, I  
preserve you, in me you are safe.  
It is not a trick either,  
it is a craft:  
mirrors are crafty.

## IV

I wanted to stop this,  
this life flattened against the wall,  
mute and devoid of colour,  
built of pure light,  
this life of vision only, split  
and remote, a lucid impasse.  
I confess: this is not a mirror,  
it is a door  
I am trapped behind.  
I wanted you to see me here,  
say the releasing word, whatever  
that may be, open the wall.  
Instead you stand in front of me  
combing your hair.

## V

You don't like these metaphors.  
All right:  
Perhaps I am not a mirror.  
Perhaps I am a pool.  
Think about pools.