

BRIAN DAY

Krishna at the Mirror

Krishna stands poised in the face of the mirror,
extends his arm in a curve of greeting
that invites and is met by the partner before him,
and Krishna dances deftly with the world in himself.

It's a bright boy who partners him now in the glass
and suggests the quick step that Krishna joins,
matching the man his impulse has made.
Turning in the tacit camaraderie of mirrors,

he perceives the form of a woman before him,
a dancer who angles her eyes to meet his
and calls him to still more liquid motion
as she pours her body like milk to his eyes.

And Krishna is enamoured of the figure in the glass,
the meeting and merging of maker and man,
a face nearly his, and like all the world, him.
He greets himself as a friend in the mirror,

smiles at the selves he slips into his skin,
his reflection returning to its accustomed form
as he meets eyes again that are wholly his own
and delights like a stranger in the grace of his limbs.