

# POETRY

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## Woven Between Mirrors

On Perkins Street, I had to climb  
to the curved lip of the bathtub,  
hang on to one of the shelves,  
then lean out to the right before  
the image of a boy took its place  
in the far left corner of the mirror.

On A Street, I learned to shave  
and comb my hair. Mirrors on  
Boren Street and Champagne Point  
saw things that make rooms blush  
from fires that need not be named.  
On Farnam Street, the mirrors told

pathetic jokes and occasionally a lie.  
By Decatur Street, the mirrors watched  
as I lost my hair, grew gray as a Seattle  
rain, and learned that not everything  
that glitters is gold. I am a thing woven  
between mirrors, one long moment

of light dancing in the prisms that flash  
from one captured icon to another.  
And what of those images not caught  
by the mirror. Where have they been  
all these years. How do I know the lot  
of us can survive without one another?