E. Haworth Hoeppner

True Romance

From what room does this bitter doll appear,
lips in a deadly pout
and eyes a little team of oxen yoked
to some black cart and harness
moving now so slowly movement can’t arrive?

I’ve given up trying now
to recognize you in the next light wave,
scrap of music.

But please you whisper,
a window.

Pointless begging.

Even should we step outside,
nothing in the world would change.

And as for sky you’ve claimed to want,
deeper blue than evening was?

The mirror in the mirror, and again.