To a Mirror

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Iridescent drops, slow flowing,
Sultry, particled with light,
Gild my back and breast and fingers.
   Bright and still,
   Soft fires fill,
Burnish my recumbent height.

Deep cast in a conscious slumber,
Though I smile I do not dream,
Only know the rhythmic impulse
   Of the breeze,
   Breath of trees—
Verdant islands in its stream.

I shall sun to saturation,
Until solar alchemy
Warms my heart to tranquil motion,
   Draws my hand
   Through the sand,
Stirs me to vitality.

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To a Mirror

By Marjorie Countryman

O MIRROR!
   You are cold and cruelhearted.
Do you really mean to be
So truthful, and so tactless?

Don't you sometimes wish that you
Could remodel just a few
Of the people you inspect?
Or do you think that you would falter
If you had the power to alter
All the faces you reflect?