

Lament for My Eyes in a Mirror

Ronald Wilcox

I am Ron involved in me now Norma's gone.
Norma knew me more than my mind only.
I know me only in eyes gone dead as mirrors.
More than I Norma knew me in my eyes.
Inside my soul she knew me body-bound
near her dear and sorrowing heart the night
she sighed aloud her last sound and died.
O my soul alone shall sigh again her sigh.
I shall lie alone and close my eyes and
know my Norma knows I love her always
long and knowingly and all involved
to slip away as silver gleams in mirrors.
Reversed in the mirror my Norma knowing
my mind: *Norma I am Ron, Norma I am Ron,*
endlessly repeating our names intertwined
into eternity, in verse reverse reversed,
I write again my eyes in her *I am Ron.*

I closed her eyes gently when she died,
her eyes gone hard, unfeeling as marbles,
the soft lids open on their own I closed them.
Her dead eyes shown as round mirrors.
As I touched the orbs she did not blink.
"What love this?" I whispered.
"Still warm? Still mine?"
And then her secret name only I know:
"Nay, oh my soul, be still as ashen snow
upon your skin in bending rays
alive in your eyes in smiles—
and all-consuming Love of Christ—*Live!*"
I testify she lives in my eyes in a mirror
beyond seeing: I see my angel waiting
to say my name as I say hers: xxxxx
We will flower in veils of fleeting light
forever rearranging toward perfection.