

The looking glass predator

by Ed Higgins

In the mirror an owl staring you in the face once again,
a fraught fragment of life's puzzle. But you pretend it's

a lesser predator maybe some buzzard doppelgänger
looking out. Not remembering they go first for the eyes

eating until they reach your immortal or mortal soul,
whichever it is. Or maybe instead you want a liver eating

eagle feasting steadfastly on your then regenerated fears
and failings. Better yet, make it the extinct Kelenken

its massive beak shattering your ever-shifting self. Emitting
from the staring-back mirror some kind of predator truthfulness

which like the more staid mirror-staring owl keeps asking
whoo-whoo-who-the-Hell are you anyway?

