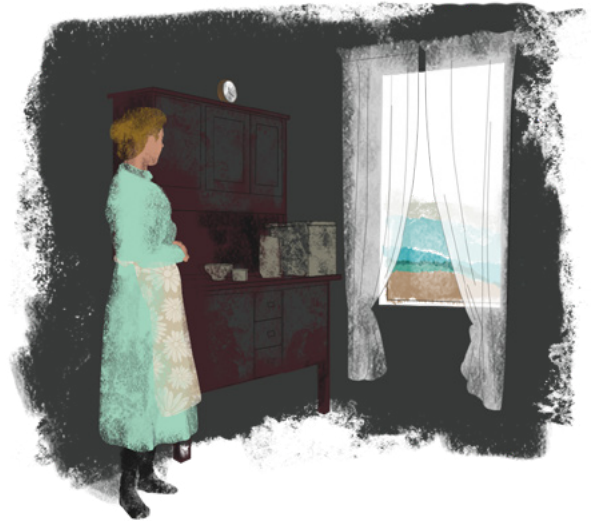


Mother's Mirror



The breath of the moon
Makes the curtains sigh,
It's light cutting through
In stripes that pattern
My naked skin like a tiger,
Fiercely feminine
As I cradle my round belly
And gaze at my reflection
Staring back at me from the mirror.

My body is a landscape
My breasts and belly, mountains
And my skin, smooth to sight
And textured to touch.
Above my brow the sun shines
Out upon this fertile landscape,
Out into the mirror,
Out beyond the mirror.
Landscape art in flesh, framed by glass.

ACCOMPANYING NOTES

Taking as a stimulus Chris Guthrie's frequent reflections on her body while gazing into her mother's old mirror, I wrote this poem reflecting on my own body. I have identified with Chris Guthrie's connection to the land as elemental to her sense of self. For myself as a pregnant woman, I feel particularly close to nature right now and like a landscape, fertile, changing and powerful. But a mirror's reflection is only one image of me, and I consider how fragile a single image can be in the vastness of human reality.