

PRION

Like a dance, the new shape
caught on quickly. One body
touched another, and the other fell
in line. Surprising, how easy
to reform what our maker forms
in us: press against a spine
just so, and it turns to imitation.
This new shape loved
to see its world as mirror,
but was also a lover of secrets.
It desired—or, because it couldn't
quite desire, demanded—
its own face invisibly everywhere.
It worked its magic so patiently
years passed before anyone noticed
the change: black, empty
rooms growing up out of matter.
Meanwhile, the shape was making
a vast army of itself,
its members indistinguishable
from that one, original soldier.

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