

THE MIRROR'S PLACE

HE HAD VEILED all the mirrors of the house. Not only did he want to make time die but he refused to confirm that exact moment when the hangings of the mouth show themselves incipient and a fleeting glow appears in the eyes incisive indicator of the instant in which dreams begin to crack and heaped-up memories hang in bags beneath the eyelids that imperceptible point of day that accuses when the consistency of feelings begins to return to matter as fragile as dry leaves that can crumble in a single crunch to become merely lost dust in the air that first phase of the process that shows it scarcely outlined like the smile that appears outside of the mirror begins inside the mirror to transform itself into a grimace.

*translated by Carolyn Harris and the author*