

Echo

ECHO: THE ADOLESCENT

He'll never look at me, I just know it.
Yet I could stand here, like the merest leaf
Until my feelings murmur in their grief:
Love you, love you, love you. I don't regret
The offerings I leave in watered shrine:
He touches them, the things that once were mine.

Don't give me pity but the surest way
To make him kiss me, see himself in me.
They say, *Narcissus sees his own reflection,*
And then, *Narcissus will only break your heart.*
My heart, I say. If he finds satisfaction
In the rippling of my skin, I'll play that part.
Someday he'll see me too. In my body's glass
He'll see the woman there beneath the surface.

ECHO: THE WOMAN

He didn't see me, nor has ever seen
The self I offered; now I want to leave.
I can't, I can't, I can't. The reflection in
My mirror stops me, makes me want to grieve
For who I was and what I'll never have.
Who will want me now? Who will know to love
The girl who sang her love song on her grave?

He liked the first encounter. Love was thin,
But love is love. That was my theory then.
Now my dreams are different: not a man
Whose love is practice. Instead a bookish one,
A man who knows the way to love a woman,
Beyond the body, but through the body's skin.
To him I'll say: *Again, again, again.*