Its flecked surface a map of disappearing islands,
the glass imposes a narrowing, flat sense
of time and limited space upon the room
at all angles. Looking into it head on,
I feel contained and ready to understand
the short lines' skewed New England syntax mouthed
into so strict a frame. A discipline
of words arrayed for the bridal and no groom
wanted. In each of us, there must be one
oracular, strait emptiness a hand's
breadth across that is ourselves in proud
fear, looking into our own eyes for doctrine
and the one audience whose accents we can
share wholly. The purist's God. Pride's mirror and island.