

The Messenger

Volume 1987
Issue 1 *Messenger*, 1987

Article 24

1987

Reflections After Dark

Edith Demas

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Demas, Edith (1987) "Reflections After Dark," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1987 : Iss. 1 , Article 24.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1987/iss1/24>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *The Messenger* by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Reflections After Dark

With the sky framing your face, the wind in your hair,
furtive sideways glances and shades protectively drawn;
the crying begins.

Lights crash, strangers smile, and watches bleep. HELLO.

Chased and chasing you continue through the looking glass,
to stop is not an option. It never was.

Buses pass, bulbs flash, guides babble, monuments live forever,
but not so little boys or girls or little anythings.

With a giant martini for your backdrop space moves into time,
pinups fall and oceans wave. Carry on.

You do. To stop is not an option, it never was.

Every few hundred yards something irritatingly familiar appears;
a grosgrain bow or a quarter pounder with cheese.

You still ask "HowAREyou?" and stop listening
at the question mark.

When will you ever learn, when will you ever learn.

Or, do you want to? Or are you able to? Or more to the point,
do you care?

Sideway glances into windows fill your eyes with a familiar blue
glow, voices rage, faces plead, and ovens buzz. TIME.

Enough already. You want to click your heels and go home.

You don't. Remember, to stop is not an option. Besides;
Home is where the heart is.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Two heads are better than one.

And yours is certainly in need of at least one more.

If you go into the bathroom, turn out the light,
stare in the mirror and chant MARY FRANCIS over and
over and over you'll see the young girl's ghost.

Wasn't it only a couple of years ago that you realized it was only
your own reflection after your eyes got used to the dark?

Edith Demas