

## Mirror, Window, Mirror

Carl Phillips

Yes, any sky at night, when the flickering of snow-lightning gently punctuates it, whatever it is when it's not bewilderment, or daring, and not fear either; also the mottled bark of sycamores in autumn for where the skin was like that. Yes.

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—But more like arousal,

or more instead like the mind just before the idea of arousal courses bluntly through it?

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That part about the body asking for it,

to be broken into—is that the first, or last part?