Emily Dickinson's Mirror, Amherst

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.

