The Broken Mirror

In the dawn light
I see my face
in the shards
of a broken mirror

There are few teeth left
to smile with
and my hands shake

Noise begins the day

It beckons from everywhere
to explode

The ravens come
landing on a wire

even as furtive
as if
still wavering
between the fragments
of night and day
It is very hot
    and dry as a bone

and worrisome

the threat of fire
is everywhere

I wander down
to the lower end of main street
    for solace

and the comforting shade
of old brick buildings

“the fire warden’s been here”
    the bartender says

I’m reassured.
Bring me
two eggs scrambled
with wheat toast
    and a tall beer
Off in the distance
there is the sound
    of a freight train

it seems loud
because of the emptiness
of the saloon

The back door is open
and Audrey appears suddenly
    across the street

She turns her head
to glance off
    as a raven might

I ask her in
    but she says no
it’s too early
    in the day
she’s on her way  
   to a job interview

the bartender  
   brings my breakfast

when I look up  
she’s gone