

How Not To Kiss You in My Dream

by Ismim Putera

you are standing next
to a multi-faceted
prismatic mirror
you are the real image
at the top-most virtual plane
your oval eyes cast circular glare
enveloping my curves
into a cone-like
container

this mirror remembers
how we forget each other
I like its slick surface
the silvery hues are an arrangement of
pure metallic ions
a flux of memories
outline our magnetic fields
one at each opposite
poles

in dream, this mirror enlarges
and often delays magnification
it absorbs light from glittering nightmares
how not to kiss you in my dream?
this dream *is* a mirror
your three-coloured face
is entrapped—
kiss me, and you might
kiss yourself