

"Imperfect Line" by Colleen Machut

Hypnotic mirror mist
Unfurls its silver tentacles,

Cascading
Billowing
Grasping
Metastasizing

Bristling

in the silence
With
Cold electric chill.

Its eye
probes spines,

And Winces
At every mediocre curve,
And each imperfect line.

Let's sacrifice our sight,
And feel.

Feel what's true.

Buoyancy.
Poise.
Length.

Close your eyes.

Freedom is the absence of reflection;

Just dance!