

Self-Portrait as Orpheus on T

The dog no longer recognizes my voice. At
the window, I call his given name. Spoken to,
he runs in circles, he looks up to the sound
but can't see me through the glass.

That, or he no longer recognizes my face, either.
I can see my face now in the window, mirrored back.

Sometimes it takes me a second to remember:

I gave up my forever face for this new one.
I wanted to feel right. To align out with within.
To get inside of the word *who*. To feel *I am*.

Under my eye's constant photography, I look
for traces of the forever-I. Once, I looked at
my face for the last time. I wanted to. I saw
nothing changed. Becoming was how I was
right there when I turned me around.

I selfed a little. I felt self-ish. I selfed a little more.

I can start to stop but I can't start over.

My forever face softens in reverse photography.
When I touch the picture, my hands lift from the
puddle of a window still reflecting our face. In the
right light, glass jumps out of and back into its
frame. The dog is inside now, looking out,
searching for whatever it is I see there.

Not all mirrors mean to mirror.

My eyes have always been my eyes.