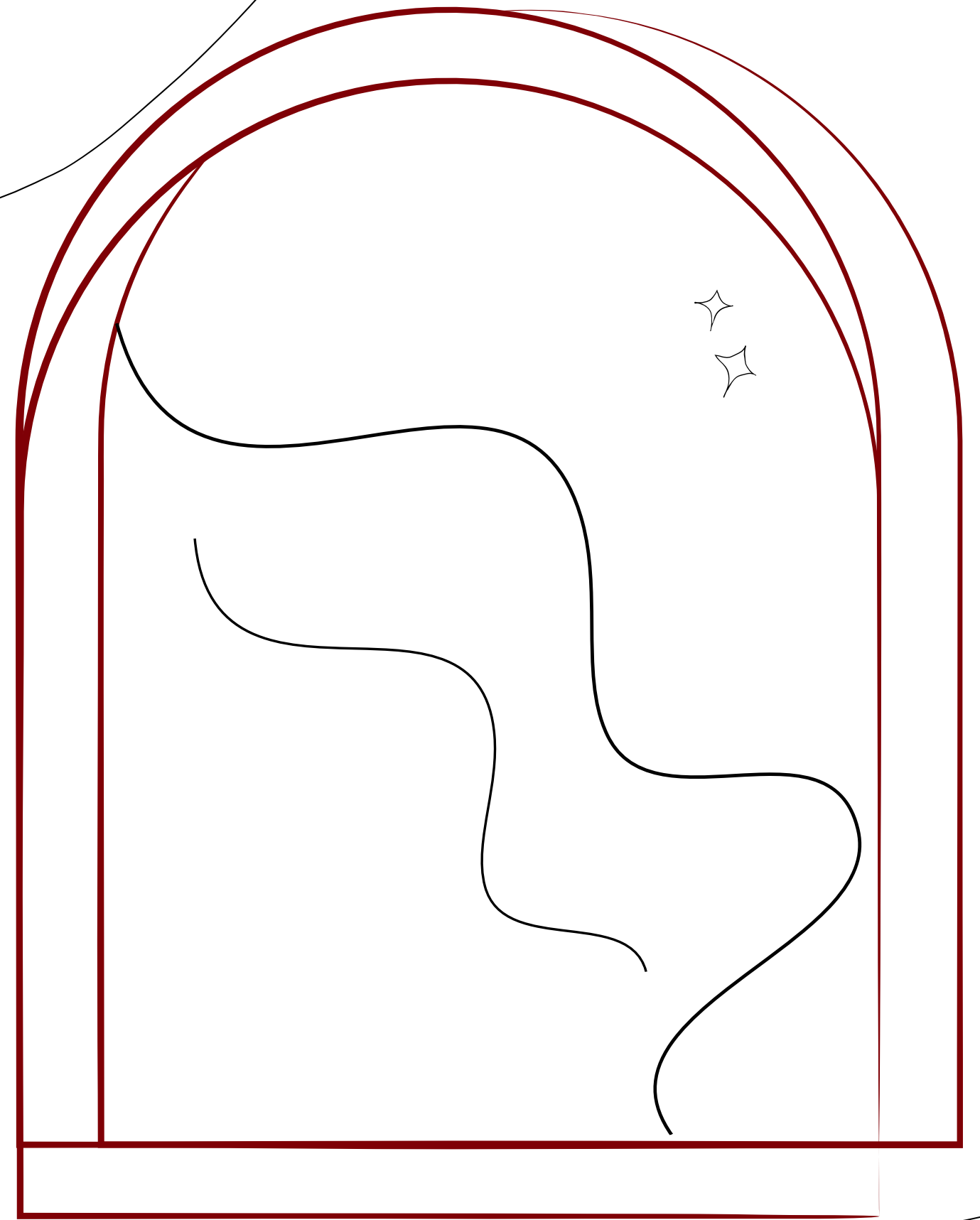




Contemplations Through a Mirror

By Eleni Maria Argyriou



The woman in the mirror brushes through tangled locks,

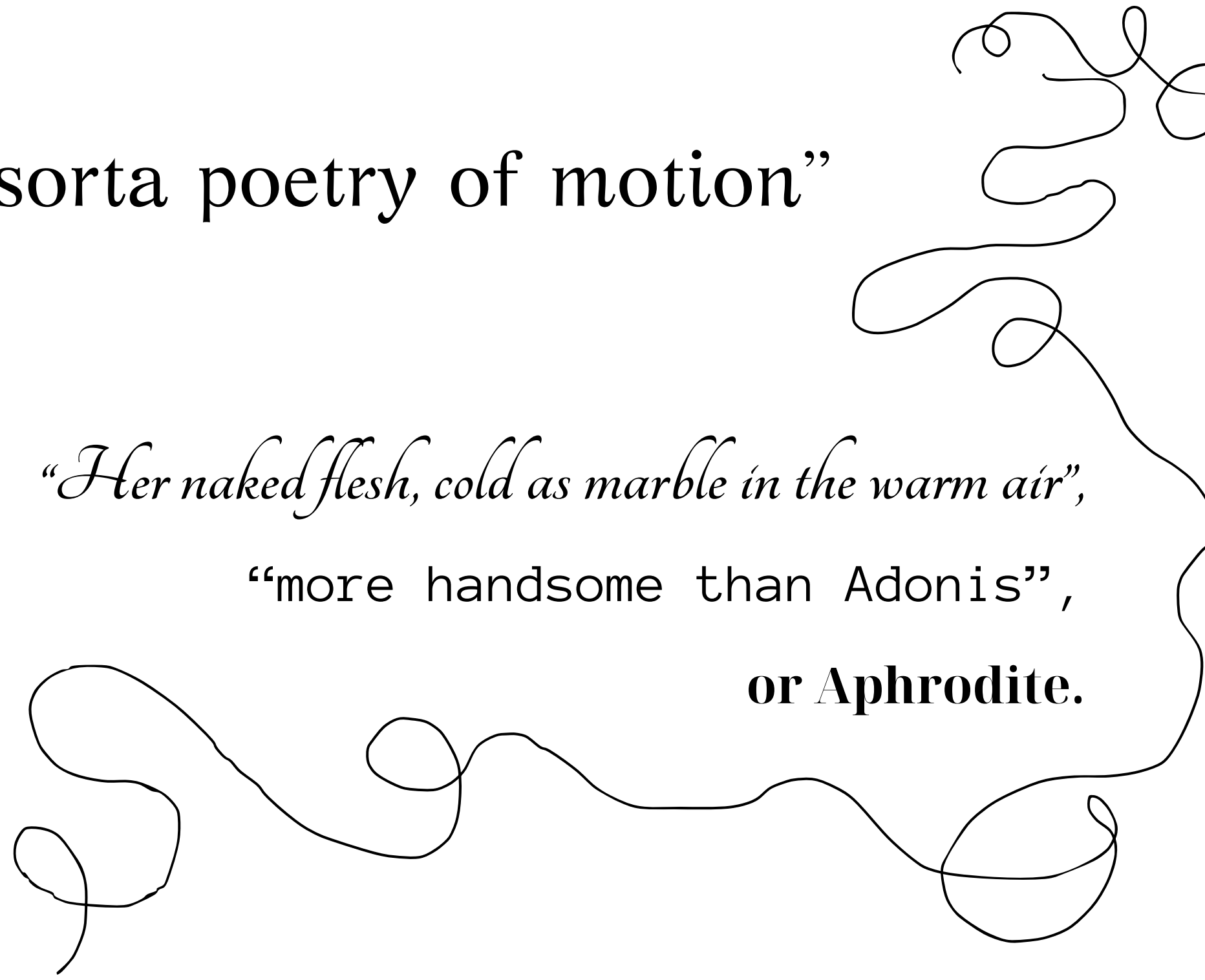
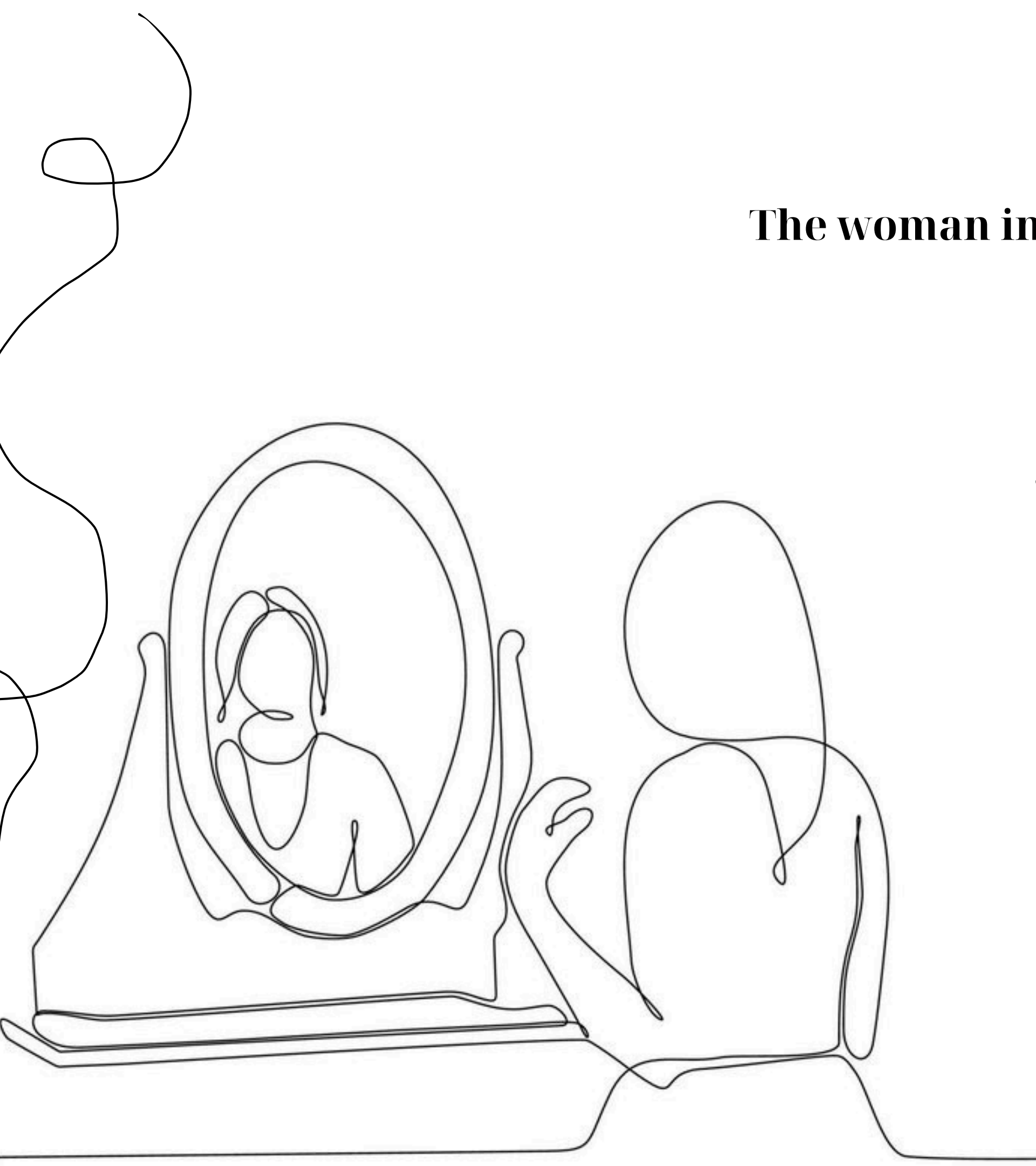
a secret ritual of midnights,

“sorta poetry of motion”

“Her naked flesh, cold as marble in the warm air”,

“more handsome than Adonis”,

or Aphrodite.



I look into her eyes in awe,

“a waking fluttering of breath”,

“a sensual understanding without end”,



She is me.

**My eyes fly elsewhere,
in fear of what this recognition might bring.**

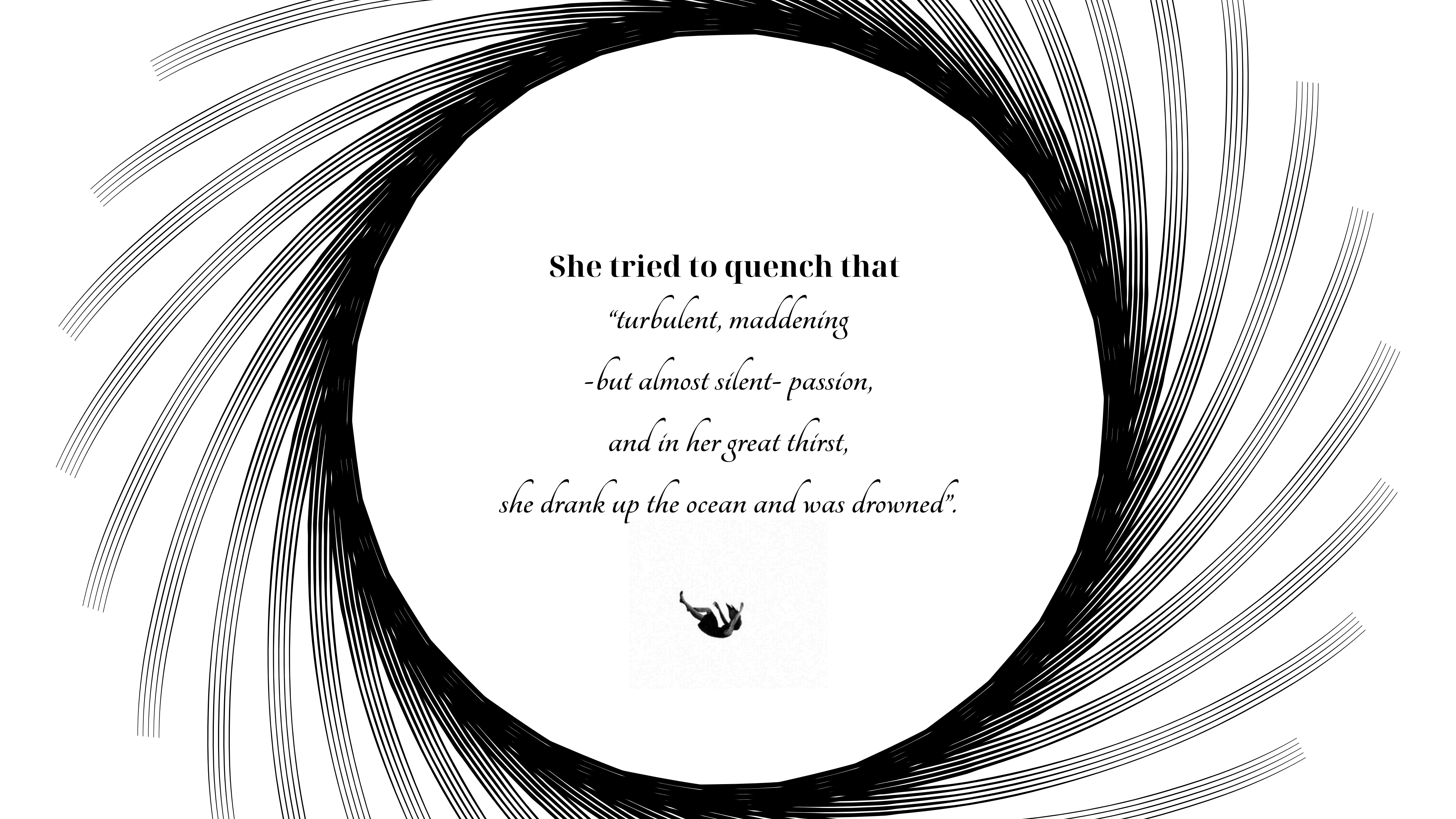
I travel back to the past.





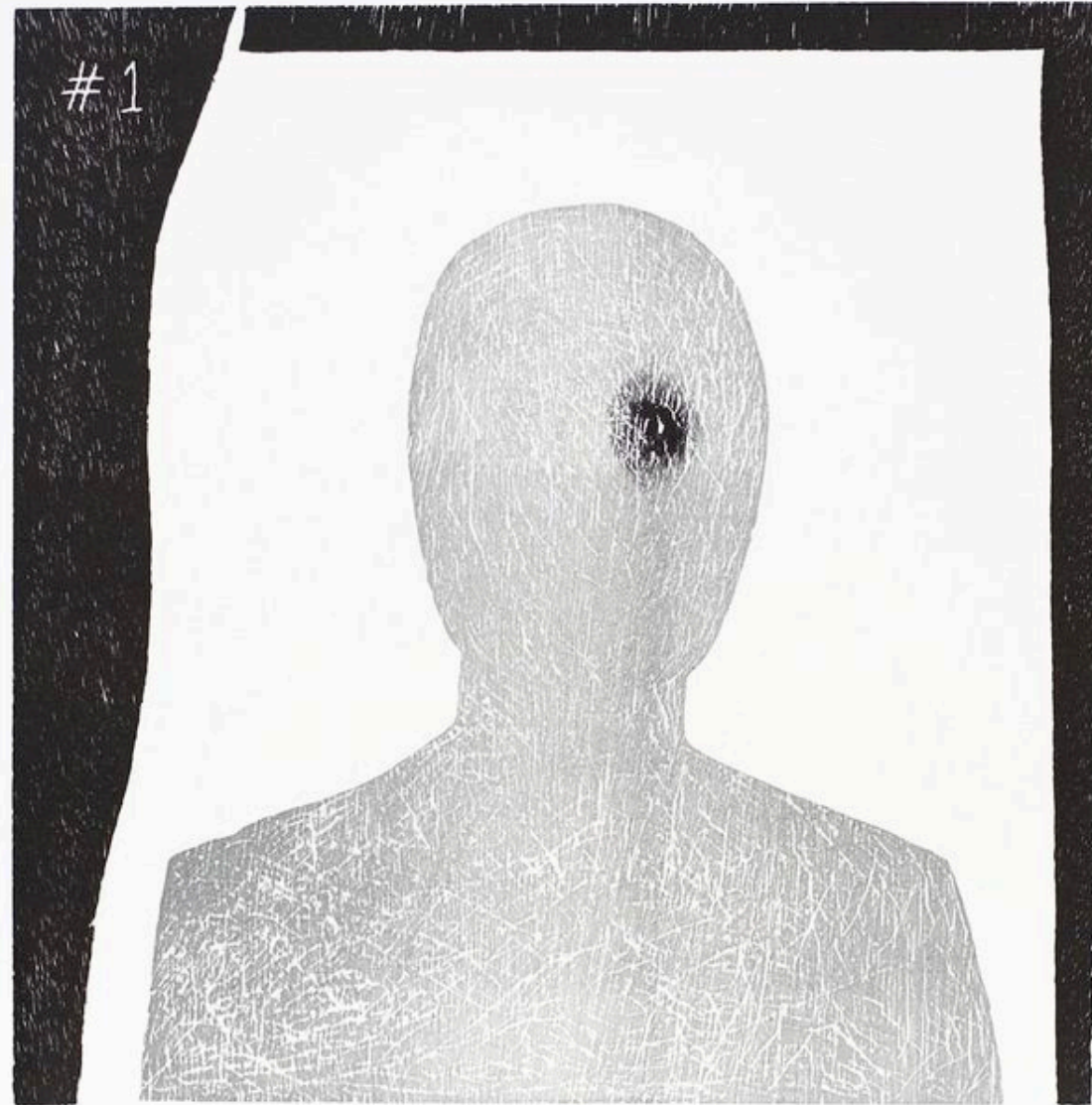
**I picture my mother,
chopping the onions that float in her tears,
“with automatic precision the knife rose and fell”,
repeating with each cut**

***My job is the home,*
echoing her mother’s whispers.**



She tried to quench that
“turbulent, maddening
-but almost silent- passion,
and in her great thirst,
she drank up the ocean and was drowned”.

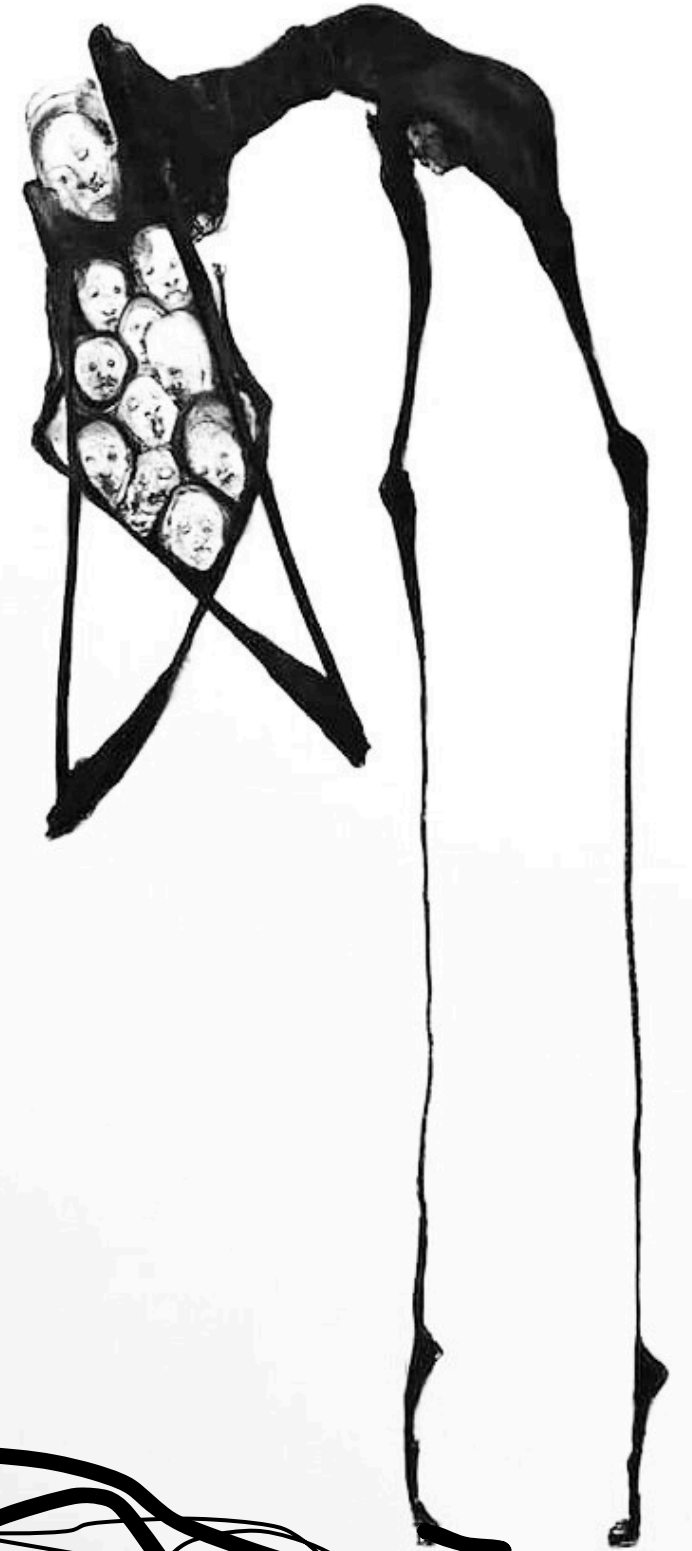
**The knife's rhythm vibrates through the body,
and trying to "bring order out of the chaos of my mind",**



"I feel the foreign shame of being unmarried",
"still uppermost in the ruffled reservoir of my emotions".

**“It gets into her stomach and causes havoc there”,
a cataclysm of whispers by people who don’t know her,
but who know better that**

*“the crop of sunflowers must be produced before it’s autumn,”
so that, through the rainbow showers of the morning,
“the sunshine from it shall penetrate
all the coming years of sadness.”*



“Feeling rage at my floundering and weakness,”

“I am a poet no more.”



Ah, the past, the past!

“Why did Father let the boys rave and never intervene?”

Their passion was divine providence, hers banished her from supper.

**You left me crying on my bedroom’s floor until I learned to be quiet,
then let me out to do the dishes.**

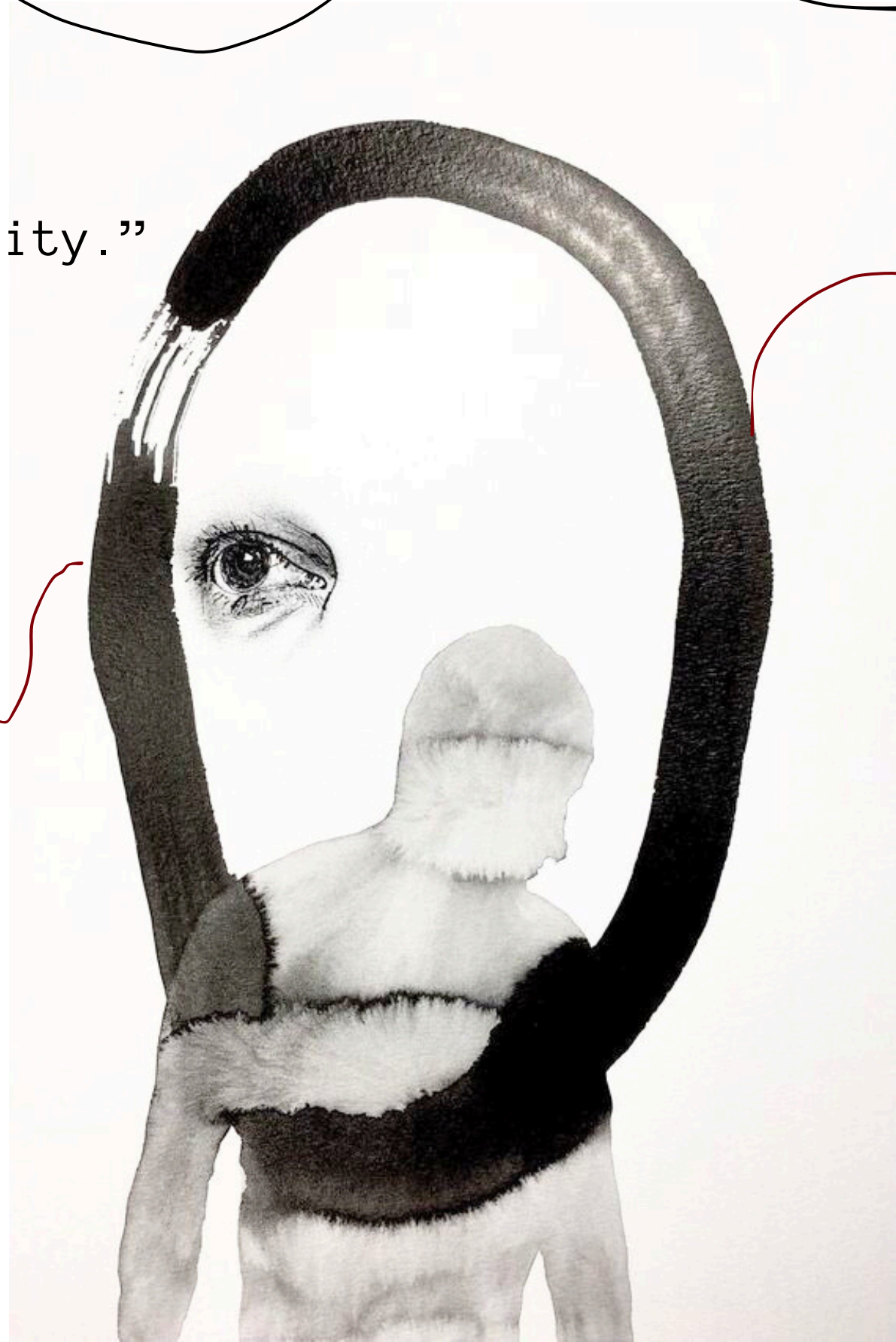





“No matter, your sin against me has bound us together for all eternity.”

I cried, “and from the torture of my mind,”

“I made poetry.”



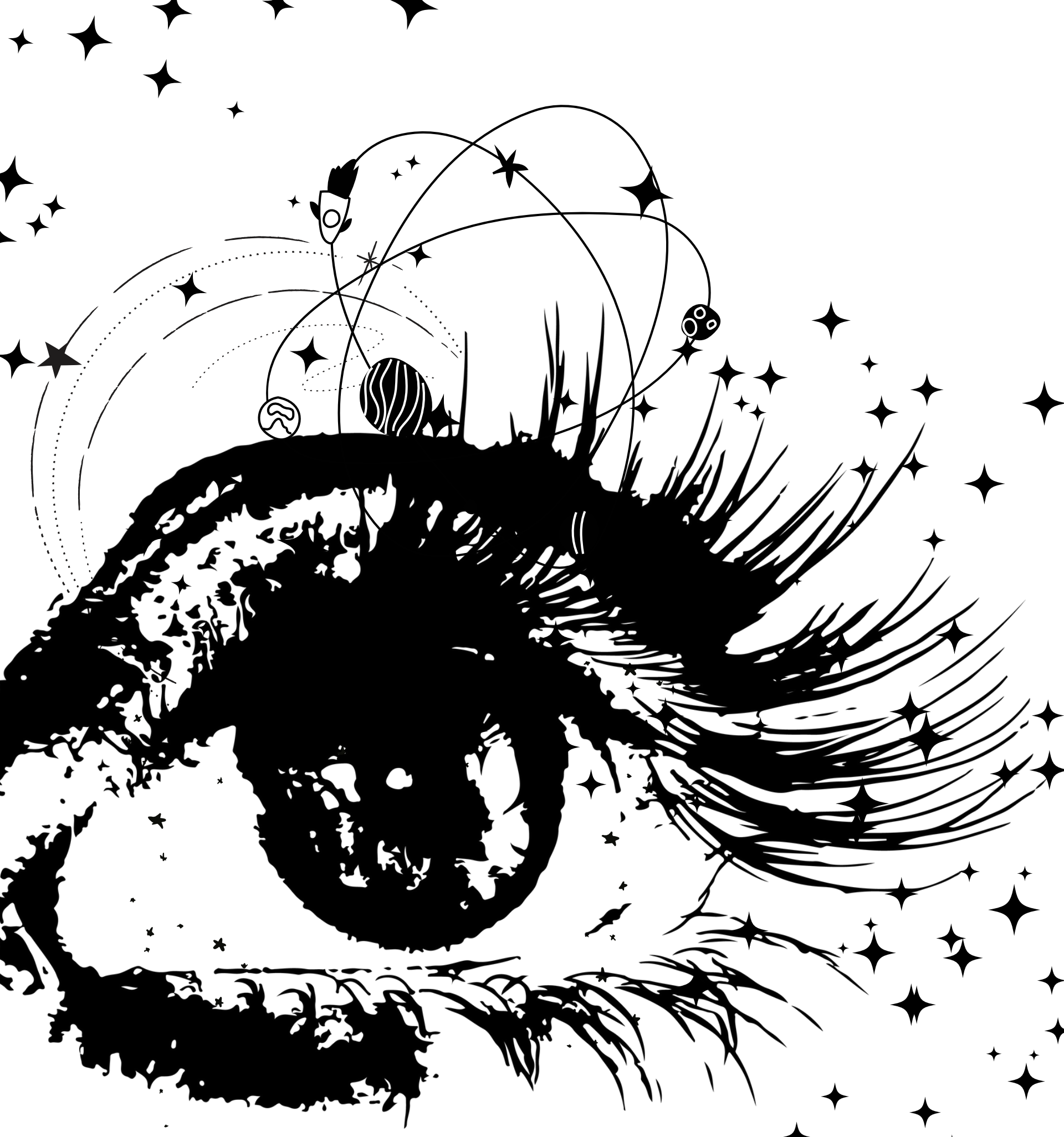


**The room became my fortress.
The room unfolding through the mirror,
Became my silky cocoon.**

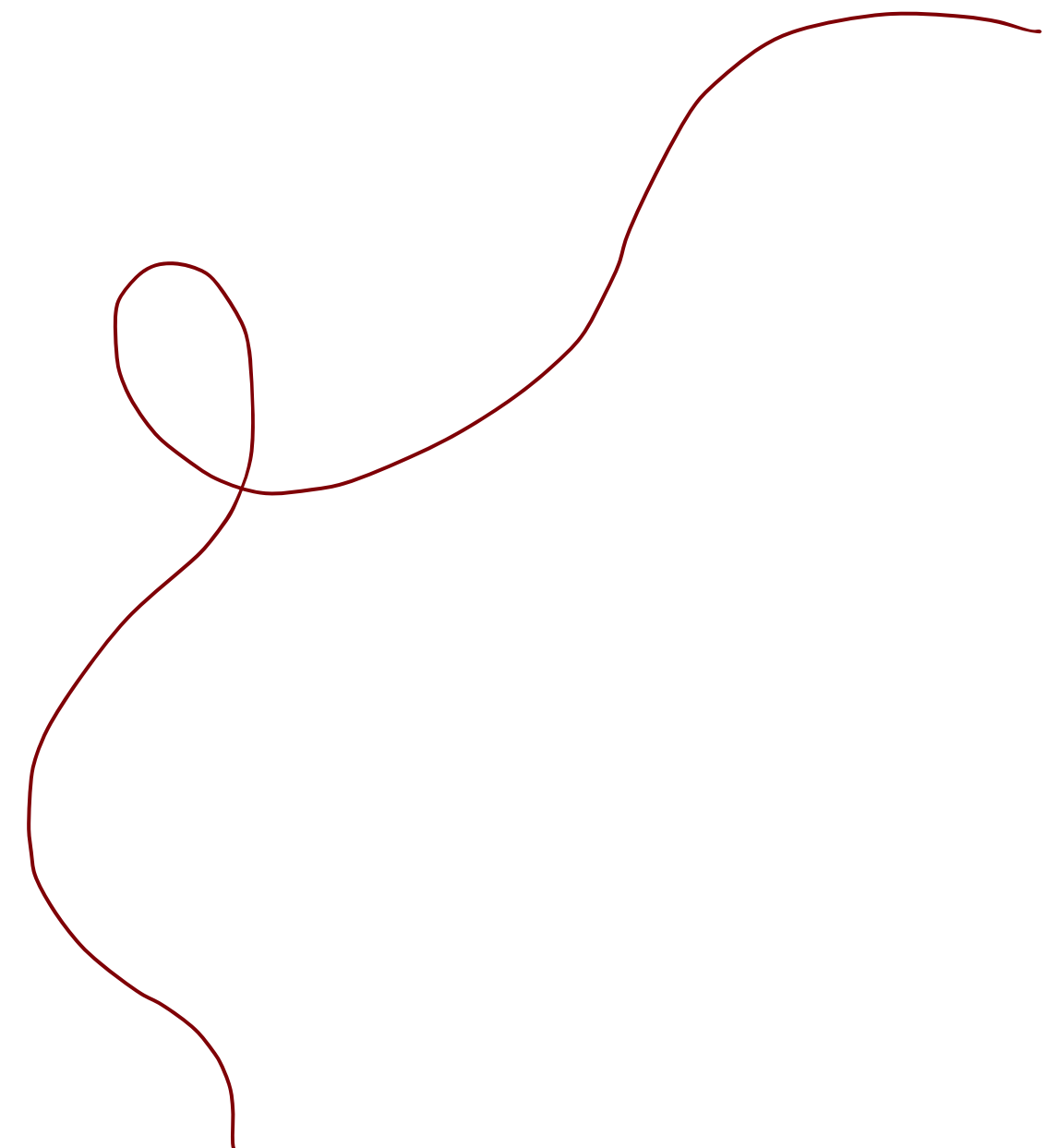


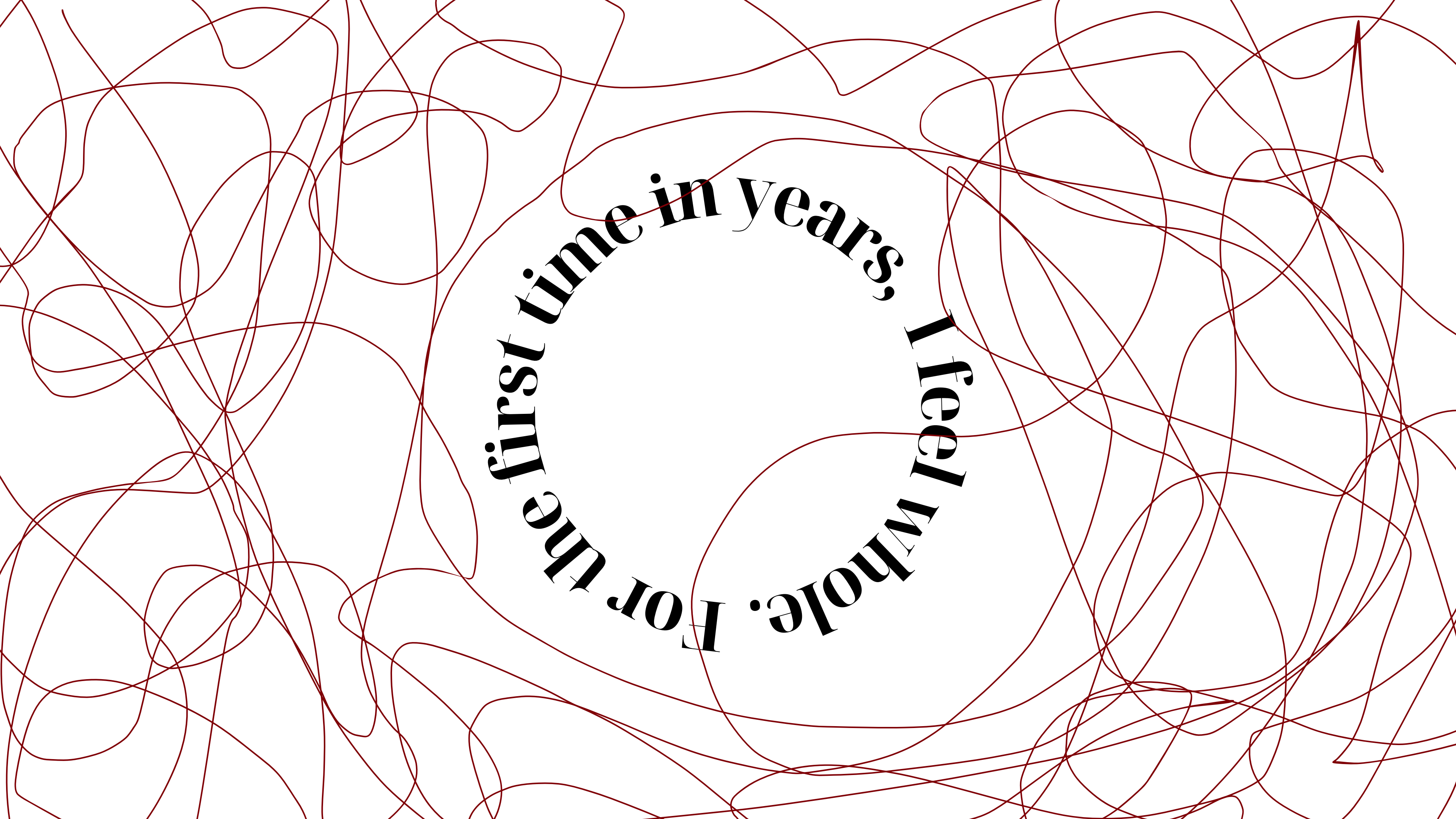
**And when he tried to break in,
Tearing its threads with his big forceful hands,
She howled and kicked and clawed at him,
Until he was no bigger than a trembling beetle,
Running to flee through the drain.**



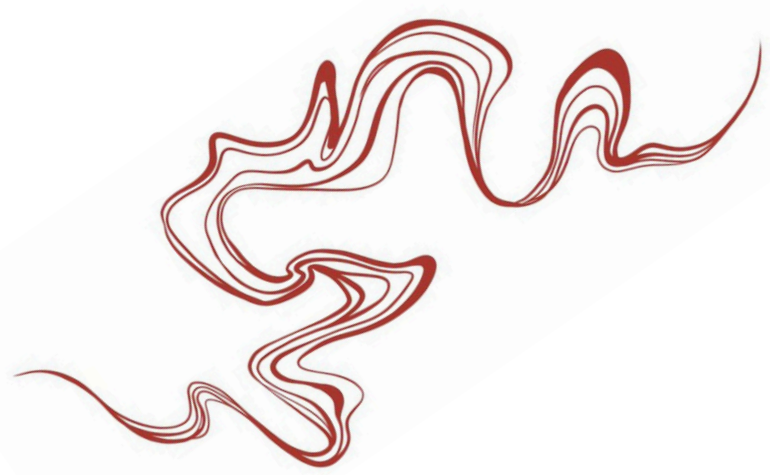


I stare back at the woman,
and through her eyes, I see stretching
“the Milky Way, with its great stars and nebulae,”
“a great Ithaca.”





*For the first time in years,
I feel whole.*



*“I know every hour of the night,
and the meaning of the witches’ Sabbaths,
when the full moon shone fiercely on the full-bellied sea.*

***I am the sea, and the moon,
She is the sea and the moon.***

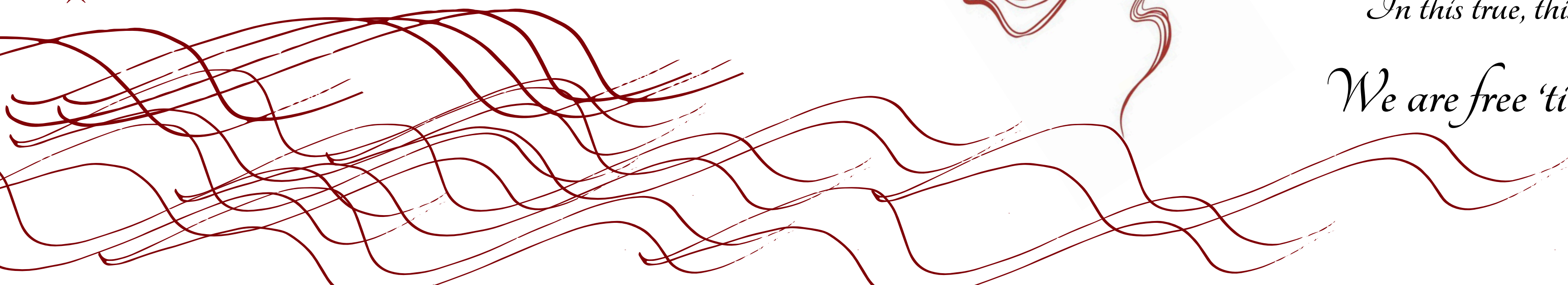
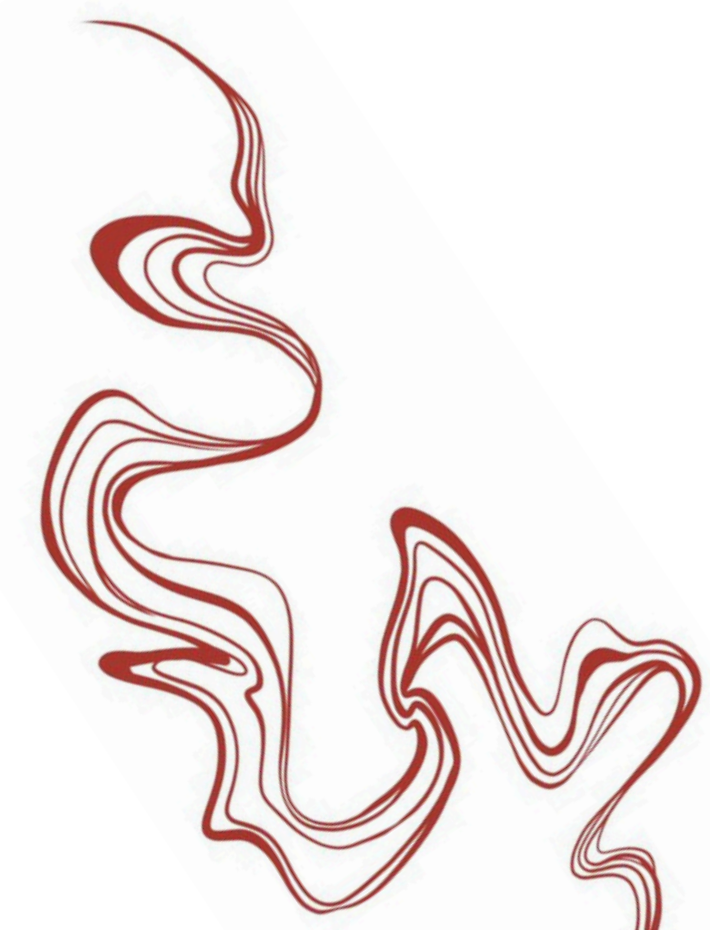
A woman who has known everything,

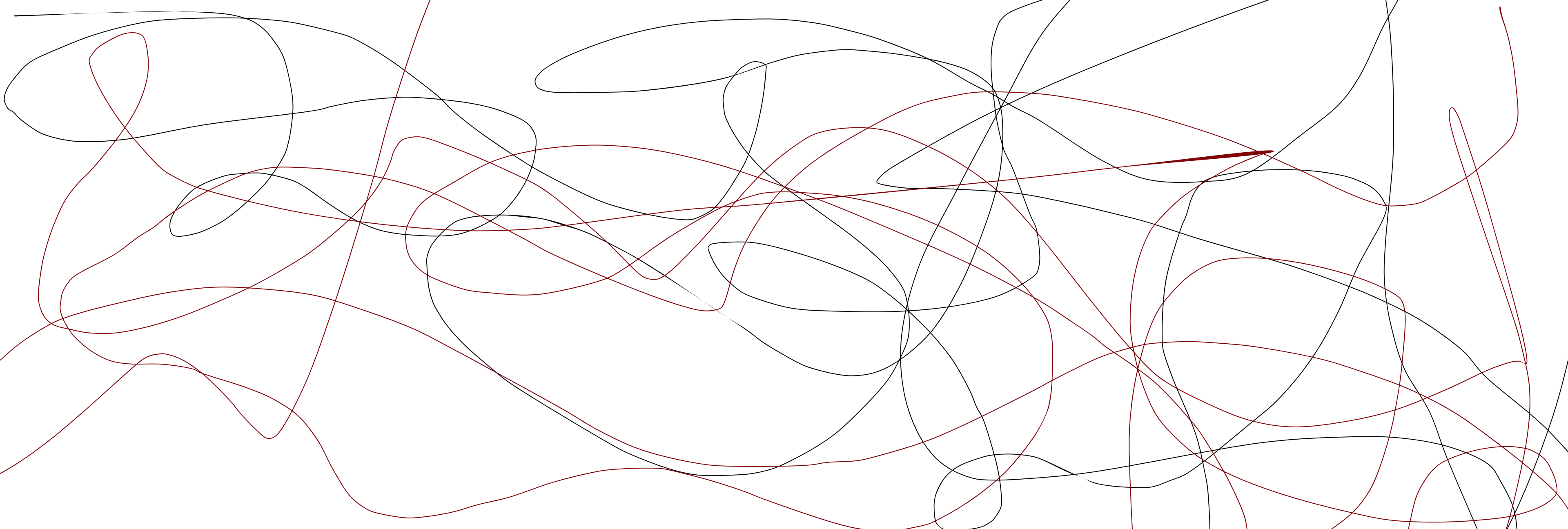
Ravished, trembling with ecstasy,

Blooming with a profound joy,

In this true, this hidden life,

We are free ‘til sunrise.”





Quotes taken from:

Devanny, J. *Sugar Heaven*, Vulgar Press, 1936.

Langley, E. *The Pea Pickers*, Angus & Robertson, 1942.

Stead, C. *For Love Alone*, Melbourne University Pub., 1944.

Source of Artworks: **Pinterest**