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Impression of Self in Water

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About the Contributor (Optional)

Kathryn Brewer is currently promoting Maimonidean obscurity whilst simultaneously cultivating her image as a poet by frequenting dark corners and brooding over caffeinated beverages. In her free time she drinks tea, practices yoga, and leads raft tours down the Nile River. She drives a golden Buick and grows lavender.

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Kathryn Brewer

IMPRESSION OF SELF IN WATER

As Narcissus once peered over the edge, discovering
A new perception of the self as reflected by nature, mutability
Of water transferring the self-same property to the gazer's
Understanding of self. Paler eyes observe from the rippled
Face of the Other, brows punctuate upwards on forehead,
Signs of confusion for the sight of the reversed world.
Fear of the strange melds (as it so often does) into affection
Which tends towards desire. He does not love the image of himself
Because it is beautiful, he loves the image because it is his
And we are so easily captivated by a pair of eyes
That look into us, beyond us, knowing us as we know ourselves,
Yet distanced by the impassable membrane of water.
The I observes its own plurality. But how many selves
Are contained in the whole, and at what point do the segments
Of whole succumb to disassociation? The surface
Of the water is the extent of both mirror and image,
neither venture to assume depth enough to create
Being. It is enough for the Other to ape self,
Assuming the form while slipping the substance.