Escherself as “Hand with Reflecting Sphere”

Tanner Crunelle

Victorians,
and Kabbalists, and Creoles, and
apparently Chinese, people cover, mirrors
when a loved, one dies, I didn’t, not because, I
couldn’t, but because, I wouldn’t, after you, looking at
myself, finally, I found this body, now stranded, looking to,
to the eyes, of someone myself, who I had, in fact, never met
before, when we die, which is not, a normal thing, to die, but
when we, do, do we, do we get to leave something here, for the
people who, who never knew us, who never, never could wonder,
as long or, as hard as we did, where we came, from where we, left,
or how, we, held the globe, and tossed it, from eye, to eye, leftright,
here with a stoic face, Greek frieze on the wall, and, in a clean and
well-lit room, to call one’s own, the whole world, its rounding,
seen, now, as I am looking, for perhaps something, other than
myself, looking upon, someone looking upon, oneself, I
am wondering whether he or I could draw or write
with just one hand, holding, holding the globe, now
for our tangled histories, uprooted, and for
defiant window lights, wondering,

wonder for you wonder

for me.