

DEAR PRISM,

You are mundanely cut glass on an astronomer's desk for his child to dapple their fingers in the shredded light. Once men held you, refined, to the sun, and "Ah," they would say as they supposed they were a step closer to touching primitive ideas like god. It is this urge to flay the light, this death drive of separations which creates the desire to rupture the supple. Forever in and in, ignoring the suspicion that this may be the infinite project—the thing we do over and over with the same results. But, what do I know? When the dazzling mirror drops, I won't be around to breath in the fumes, my body is just a doppleganger of light, only existing in refraction. There is this continuing thought in my head about gravity being a thumb on the edge of my flesh, a precise and discrete force that holds me into oneness, even

as I long to,

like you,

fracture

everything

that comes

through

me.