

Robert Beveridge

Mirrored Glass

Sarah
at the zoo,
tiny fingers pressed
against the glass,
eye to eye, intent,
with the grey wolf
outside.

“The window is made
of mirrored glass,” the guide says.
“The wolves may look at you,
but they only see themselves.”

At twenty months,
too young
to understand the words,
Sarah looks,
waves.

The wolf
shakes his mane,
blinks,
runs off
with the pack.

Robert Beveridge makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry just outside Cleveland, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *Chiron Review*, *Pink Litter* and *The Litterateur*, among others.