

disc

thin, perfectly symmetrical,
orbiting its singular universe
I listen, evaluate
the translation, physically
explodes through the color wheel;
I look at its rain-bowed nakedness,
and discover my own reflection.

It adjusts to my ever-changing mood.
This time, I'm driving sixty and
cornering at ninety degrees
in the perfect elasticity of darkness
the diminishing of light
increases attitude exponentially

first, gesturing slowly, smiling
subtle continuous nods
like only my head was placed on a rocking chair
timed with the precision of a metronome
without knowing my right foot,
joins in concert and I've escaped

later, I'll become the translation;
at that moment, every place in particular
is no where to be and I'll step inside the circle; the symmetrical floor
I'll look at my own reflection again
but this time, from the inside out.

-Abel Contreras