

Beware: Do Not Read This Poem
by Ishmael Reed

tonite, thriller was
about an old woman, so vain she
surrounded herself with
many mirrors

it got so bad that finally she
locked herself indoors & her
whole life became the

mirrors

one day the villagers broke
into her house, but she was too
swift for them. she disappeared

into a mirror
each tenant who bought the house
after that, lost a loved one to
the old woman in the mirror:
first a little girl
then a young woman
then the young woman's husband

the hunger of this poem is legendary
it has taken in many victims
back off from this poem
it has drawn in your feet
back off from this poem
it has drawn in your legs

back off from this poem
it is a greedy mirror
you are into this poem. from

the waist down
nobody can hear you can they?
this poem has had you up to here

belch

this poem aint got no manners
you cant call out from this poem
relax now & go with this poem

move & roll on to this poem
do not resist this poem
this poem has your eyes
this poem has his head
this poem has his arms
this poem has his fingers
this poem has his fingertips

this poem is the reader & the
reader the poem

statistic: the US bureau of missing persons re-

ports that in 1968 over 100,000 people
disappeared leaving no solid clues
nor trace only
a space in the lives of their friends