

Mike Cole

He Says This of the Dark's Reflection:

You might think that darkness has no reflection,
and you would, in almost every context,
be sadly and darkly correct.
But if you could have been here last night
when the mirror of memory was wheeled in
out of the catacombs that house among the webs
and chittering of bats the unnecessary and unloved,
you would have seen, even with your eyes pressed shut,
the way great arrays of stars that steal the blood of rainbows
burst silently into flower and feed the spirits
that are otherwise never among the blessed.

Mike Cole is from Fresno, California where he attended Fresno State College (1971) and earned a pre-MFA Master's Degree in Poetry (2000). He was high school teacher of English, Spanish, and Creative Writing for 30-plus years. He now lives in the mountains near Yosemite. Over the years, his poems have appeared in a number of magazines, most recently in *The Red Savina*, *Review*, *Stirring*, *Front Porch* and in the anthologies *Highway 99*, by Heyday Press and *Yosemite Poets*, by Scrub Jay Press. He is a member of the Squaw Valley Community of Writers.