



When a mirror stares at me,
It gazes in scrutiny the curves of my lips,
The puff of my chins,
And the sparkle in my eyes,
Then concludes upon its sham.

When a mirror stares at me,
It sees my whole life in a glance;
The crashing of a thousand dreams
Into heaps of frustration,
Colliding with a stream of tears
To mould vessels of neglect.
High sounding vessels.

Like a child stripped off his favorite toy,
Like a fish in love with a bird wishing it could fly,
Like drowning helplessly and not being able to die;
My worth ends up with a question of what.
What worth?

When a mirror stares at me,
I can almost see it weeping,
I can almost hear it whispering into my eyes;
That there is no sense in the folly of pretence,
And no healing is found behind a mask.