

Mirrors

*When I first looked into the mirror,
I was a year old.*

*I stared into the void of reflection,
and it looked back at me.*

Unforgiving.

*A plethora of horror movies, stories, and poems have
given me such an intense fear that I almost
fell off a balcony when someone opened the door.*

What if that's all the mirrors are?

*Doors,
to where, we don't know.*

*When I cake my face on in the mornings,
I don't take time to observe what occurs
beyond the clear cut glass of
reflection.*

*That's all they have to be –
reflections, a tool to aid in beauty.*

Momma didn't raise no fool.

*I can feel eyes, so familiar, on my back
when I turn away after my shower.*

*I can feel them following me
minutes after I finish my morning routine
and walk out the door.*

Mirrors.

*Voids that we look into every day –
voids that we look at every day –
the things that haunt my nightmares every night.*

*How many times have I stared myself down
and wondered how to kill off all the bad parts?*

What if I killed the parts in the mirror?

*So now there's an alternate me
running amuck in a universe I shouldn't care about.*

*But it is my face haunting another dimensions' nightmares
the way a horror movie lingers in our eyes hours after we watch it.*

Why would I not run from myself?

*I can hear myself calling,
A version of me that is far, far away*

Her voice is deafening.