

MIRROR

ALEX

I face an identical image, split and repeated, boundary between the real and non. She blinks when I blink, smiles, frowns, cries, laughs as I do, as if fascinated, eyes transfixed, until I look away. But like she, my eyes hold hers, mesmerized by what she sees that I may not, by something unknown.

*I change everyday,
becoming different people,
setting new masks over my typical false countenance,
transforming into what the world, the moment, needs or wants me to become.*

Something unknown drives me to dive in, to take the plunge into my inner self, mutable and unfamiliar. I question her, beg her for answers, plead for her to tell me all.

*But she never changes.
She watches me from where she stands:
matching my gaze with a penetrating stare,
following my glance as it strays away,
mocking my angry tears with her own.
Mocking me.*

Tell me an answer; I'll give you a question. About anything you like, name a topic, random, obscure, because everything is flipped and I'm afraid I prefer down to left, back to under. I want to absorb the world, take tally, and see only the sharp curve of a question mark punctuating my thoughts.

*Each day I change,
offering my throat to this world,
sacrificing my very soul,
And still she mocks me.*

My thoughts circumvent the mirror, as I stare at blank, cold glass, and see myself staring back. I wonder if she cares. I wonder if she thinks. I wonder if I care, if I think. Each question spawning more, an endless spiral, cutting down against the grain of knowledge and comprehension until it cuts straight through.

*No matter how I change, I can never fool her,
she always knows me,
reminds me who I am, who I cannot become, what I cannot escape.*

Through the looking glass lie lies and truths, random as random may be. Where smoke billows up into a clear purple sky as a Cheshire cat grin floats slowly by, and rising from wild seas in the blink of an eye is such an unimaginable thing met only by a cry.

*I can never beat her,
never overcome her jeering smirk,
because it is my own.
She watches me from behind her glass prison,
and mocks me,
no,
I mock myself.*

A cry of confusion, a moan of despair, as the world flips, topsy-turvy, on its head, settling into a cold, cramped corner of the mirror's wrong side -- mindless violence, hate, rage, greed consumes the mirror's dark half, but we'd shudder to find the mirror had flipped, and we'd assumed the role of shadow.

*My gaze held by the mirror,
cracked facade held lightly between my fingertips,
limply at my side,
and I see myself.*

The shadow of a child rushes passed the broken coasters and crumbling Ferris wheels of an amusement park's cracked shell, hand raised as if grasping a swirled dollop of light blue cotton candy, the syrupy smell of sugar still hanging in the damp night air. The image turned suddenly and bounded along where crowds once gathered to trickle into the house of mirrors; here dreams are real and you are what you are not, hidden personae taking form by your side. The child peered into the dim room, once aglow with gleaming and shimmering lights, then with a start beheld twenty echoes of his own fear struck guise. He looked for a moment, only to find he couldn't recall which reflection was real.

*"You're not me," I tell her, resentment rising against her smug expression,
and she only smiles her broken smirk,
motion on her lips,
sound rising from mine,
"Someday, I will be."*

Reality; dripping and dodging from grasp, a step ahead of your progression. Beckoning to be questioned answerless questions, to be challenged, to be proven. Mingling with the mirror, switching sides, taking turns, fickle in affections for both. Attempting to control the uncontrollable, as the glass does not bend for desire. All that can be shown, all that can be seen, rests within the seer's reflection.