

Reflection

To sit and stare at yourself
To analyze your face
the roundness,
the heavy circles,
the disheveled hair
You sit as if in a trance,
focusing your eyes
trying to pick the locks of your own mind
Sometimes they are heavy.
other times they are light,
depending on how much you want to see

And you sit and stare
hiding from beyond the glass
Your reflection beginning to take the shape of a coffee stain
at the bottom of a black mug
You listen
You can hear the music play in the background
telling of coming battles with enemies that you are destined to
meet

Occasionally you put hope in time,
thinking that if you stare long enough
time will cease
leaving you with a frozen reflection of
Inward eyes, straight hair, and dark skin
Your hope fails
You get up and leaved your tired reflection
You go on continuing to face the world with a frown
And your reflection haunts your shadow,
which is staring back at you with dark hollow eyes