

MIRROR of ME
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By Michael Erlewine (Michael@Erlewine.net)

There is, then,
One mirror,
And someone,
Looking to see.

Am I,
Mirroring you?
Or are you,
Mirroring,
Me?

It can't be both.

Someone blinks.
And sees,
That dread,
Mirrored,
Reflection.

Once reflected,
Who can resist?

A matter of time,
Until I look,
And look,
Again.

I can't escape,
A mirror,
No matter,
How long,
I wait.

It waits on me.

When finally,
I do look,
To see ...

Right there,

I still,
Will be:

Seen ...

And you know,
By whom.

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