

Beyond the Looking Glass

I don't wander betwixt broken shards
And under cold glares and awkward silences
That twine the empty road inside me
Wide enough that two people can walk abreast
But not so wide that the sky, so once so blue
Can't peek out behind the rugged mountains
And becomes only a thunderous grey
And I walk the path alone
Step, by step like boulders
Each a shadow that cling onto my silhouette
Just like how the antique paintings stare
Like I am the adornment, and my old
Grandfather's clock doesn't stop to pity me.
Though I don't envy the clock, it's only job
Til its demise is to forever stand and watch.
And next to it stands the like-antediluvian mirror
I do not like mirrors, this one is no different
Framed in black, a sharp crack
Running a low from the left side
Cracked, broken, like threads torn asunder
They remind me of a cat's jaws
Mere moments afore it claims victory.
I do not like mirrors, they show me
My messy hair, weary eyes, imperfect smile
that glare back at me like fractured glass
Reminding me that everyday I stray further
From what I desire to be,
I would have liked to be perfect
But I don't wander betwixt broken shards
I don't smile anymore in pain or tears
Because this time I stood without regret
And peered beyond the looking glass