

THE MIRROR  
*Caitlin Gilliland*

I sat face to face with my reflection  
Different faces and sounds and silence  
A damaged laugh  
A crooked choke  
And sobbing to attune  
Gurgled up inside me  
Blood bubbling from a wound  
Nothingness like fungus spread  
The meaning of it all  
It takes one thought  
One itchy thought  
To feel anything at all  
And so I sit with head in hands  
Different hands and head and self  
A worried sigh  
A deep inhale  
And looking into the mirror  
My eyes transfixed upon the glass  
The nothingness grew clearer  
A virus of pure thought and dread  
The emptiness of occasion  
Left a taste  
A bitter taste  
Of fear, dread, evasion