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The Mirror

Caitlin Gilliland

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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