

Broken Mirror

I stare into busted glass.
The spiderwebbed pane
reflects the life I lead,
broken and compartmentalized.
What was once whole is now segregated
and struggling to function.
Clear eyes are parts of a distorted face.
Only one cynical blue iris
can be seen at a time.
This mirror and I are both Broken.
The glass violently cracked,
forced into separate pieces to reflect.
Similarly, I was forced to isolate
my emotions to survive,
rarely revealing how I actually feel
or the truth in its entirety.
Despite our troubled histories
neither of us has fallen apart.
We are strong and determined
each in our imperfect ways.
This fractured perspective of myself
has ironically provided visceral clarity.
Flaws can evolve into strengths.
Any obstacle can be overcome.
A sly and confident smile appears.
The spiderwebbed pane
reflects the life I lead.