

An aged face reflects the person behind it. We will have our story written upon our face, so let it be a story of style and grace.

MIRROR

A strangers' reflection

smiled at me through tears of neglect.

Once a silken shining beauty,

now drab and drawn with age.

Not from the years,

but from the fears about the years.

Doesn't she see that

my dreams free my feet to run

racing into the crimson sun of life.

So let me fly on wings of fantasy dust.

Soaring above the wretched rust illusions.

Illusions that hold earth bound

beings bent and broken beneath

their burdens of despair.

Let me once again embrace

life with seasoned style and grace.

Let my mirror reflection reveal a portrait –

Beautiful.