

The Broken Mind in the Mirror

by Tess McLaughlin

I wonder what it's like to come here oft
A gentle breeze engulfs my broken mind
Splintered lines upon the aging frame
Reflections of a girl who stays purblind
A longing like the handprints on the glass
A cool breeze rushes through my tangled hair
I look around and dwell among the prey
Yet feel two piercing eyes begin to stare

A narrow road begins to call my name
The handprints reach and pull me through the frame

I gasp and hold my chest before I gait
My broken mind still carries me along
Once piercing eyes, now hands that hold my fate
My sense of doubt or hoax now surly gone
No comments of resistance leave my lips
The narrow road and handprints all I grip
They beckon me to act but not for good
I stare confused and now it's understood
There are no hands that grasp or eyes to see
No narrow road in sight, there's no one here but me

Once a mere reflection now a silhouette
As tender darkness starts to fill the room
A moment of adventure paid my debt
And yet the feeling of great fear becomes my tomb

A world of pure set madness pokes at ease
For hours I stare blankly at the shards
A girl who now sees cracks upon appease
The girl who now writes out her best regards