

Magic mirror, sinister speculum. Handheld and full-bodied,

telescoping-transforming trap. Vermeil framed, till it psychically

bores into heart *and* soul. Reflections twisted

to reveal what is cosmetically concealed and persona hidden.

Disfigured bodies, festering wounds, burned skin.

Standing before this Hephaestus-worked abomination, it is tempting

to recite the spell: to see yourself through the eyes of God.

No need to speak it aloud, merely say it in your heart and see:

every heartbreak, scar, sin, and imperfection made manifest,

as pottery broken, unrepaired and unmendable...

“Eyes open, eyes close. But do they see you and me? Goodness knows.”