

Reflection

I look in the mirror
And I see her
Now my true, real
Feelings for my
Mother stands before me.
In my reflection

I see her in my reflection
My weight and age have brought her out of me
I see her in the way I move
The mirror reflects my beliefs and values
Of aging
Of weight gain
Of my mother
Of my changing movements

She shows up, reflecting all that still stirs within me
In-car windows,
Black laptop screens,
Commercial building windows
In the mirror when I lift my head from washing my face.

I don't stand there long
I shy away
Mostly I don't want to
Tell my mother how I really feel
It is never heard
She doesn't understand
She shies away
Remembering everything in anger

When I was young I was separated from her
People said I looked like her but I did not see it.
Now, I see it.
Reflecting back at me
Every moment, argument, hurt feeling
Everything stuffed away
Imprinted in my being.

I don't need to talk to her to move and shift these feelings.
My reflection can change, if I want it to, by my own design.

- Marlene L.