

persistent highs and lows
up slow,
down fast! —
repeating life in rhymes
a Mom must know,
on balance — so? —

Facet of Disposition

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They say the mirror never lies
when, really, it's within the eyes
reflected in the foggy glass,
framed in tile, that disregard
the gentle curves that frame the face,
with softened lines that trace, with grace,
the mouth that laughs and cries and breathes
words of kindness, all unbarred,
apart from where the stone meets feet,
beneath a rug for her to meet
every morn and every eve,
the glass her eyes can barely greet.
So truly it's the eyes that see
an image that is skewed, empty —
don't tell me that the mirror's straight
when the one behind the eyes
decides with just one crooked flash
her worth based on a piece of glass.