

Mirrors  
Den B  
Old Donation School, 8th grade

I sell mirrors.  
But only the ones people like.  
Even if they are broken.  
Even if they are glass.

I sell mirrors.  
But others rarely buy the working ones.  
They prefer the pretty ones.  
The kind ones.  
The ones that make them feel comforted.

I sell mirrors.  
But many are paintings.

I sell mirrors.  
But I'm the only one who uses them.

I sell mirrors.  
But most just walk by my shop.  
They'd prefer not to see themselves.

I sell mirrors.  
But only I want mine to work.

I sell mirrors.  
And everyday I have to see myself in them.  
Who I am.  
What I've become.

I sell mirrors.  
I could stare for hours.  
Repulsion.  
Fear.  
Hatred.  
Regret.

I sell mirrors.  
I throw myself into the only one I own.

I sell mirrors.  
And as skin meets self.

We shatter.