

I failed my reflection.

With my head hung low, my heartbeat
drowning my thoughts in a tidal wave,
I couldn't force myself to meet
my reflection's teary eyes.

No one likes to see their weakest state.

I can't shake the feeling of chills that
slowly drag a finger up my spine, ripping
any composure into scraps; breath becomes a
luxury that leaves me alone with a tile floor.

Water falls from the sink as the faucet
trembles, stable as my shattered
eyesight; waterfalls of teardrops
only slow when my throat dries –

my voice leaves me too.

The only one I'm stuck with
happens to be the fractured image
I can't look at.

How does one face their flaws?
My countless flaws chose to face me.

“Why do you hate me?”

My hands still.

“What did I ever do to you?”

Gratefully, my heartbeat quiets.

“Everyday, I let you walk,
I let you live how you want.

“Everything I do is for us two,

is for you.”

Only then I realize

You didn't want me to make you better.

You wanted to be enough.

The same way I wanted to be enough for him.

My reflection's lips seal. For once, I ignore
his imperfections, and raise my head.

His solemn eyes match mine; for a
moment I think he'll speak again,
but there's nothing more to say.

Regardless of a breakthrough, the years of
judgement take their toll, and the mirror cracks.

Built-up waves crash past my
eyelashes, my gaze rips itself from its
own fractured eyes.

– *I* hurt him.

I failed my reflection.