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# The Mirror

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# THE MIRROR



I'm reminded of a chilling thought  
That never came to pass  
When last I gazed into the depths  
Of the painfully clear glass.  
When I took a good long look  
I found that all was foul and fair;  
There was a dark and empty world  
With a lovely creature there.  
She stood in deepest gloom and was far  
alone  
From tender memories of love  
And was distant from the one that walks  
under earth  
And He who hangs the stars above.  
She walked in Death's great shadow  
That covered her like a veil

Of forgotten thoughts and prayers  
That left her starved and frail.  
Winter did surely covet her  
For he wished to cover her in ice  
To preserve her pale blue beauty  
That against age never would suffice.  
Finally we both watched in silence  
As twin tears fell from our quiet eyes  
That rolled down our soft hollow cheeks  
And away from the watchful skies.  
Then as I turned to leave the sight  
My thoughts were quick to find  
That she was far lovelier in death  
Than she ever was in life.  
-Anna Ebert