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STRANGERS IN MY CRACKED MIRROR

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Strangers in my cracked mirror
Faces many,
Familiar none.
Some laugh,
Some sob,
Some stay cold.

Everyone blames me
For the stains of blood,
But nobody notices
The cracked mirror.
I bleed too.

In that hollow space
Between my ribcage,
An ember glows
With dying smoke,
Holding the last breath
Of hope.

The unfamiliar faces
In my cracked mirror
I hear their fading footsteps.
An army of the dead
Marching toward
Eternal darkness.

A child remains,
Unwary of any emotion,
With a bag full of masks.
Plants and flowers
Crumble at his touch
A cursed existence,
Or existence a curse.

He smiles,
A ripple in the ocean
Subtle,
Yet something moves



Behind that smile.
In his eyes,
A cemetery reflected,
Each grave
Bearing the same name.

He shifts in his clothes
Uncomfortable,
But it's his last pair,
Covered in ashes
Of what,
Or whom,
I do not know.

It is supposed to be dawn,
But the sun has stalled
Halfway
And so has
His hope.

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