

## SELF

Mirrors don't lie  
Reflecting what I can't see  
Inner turmoil runs deep  
So deep burrows appear  
Frustration or age  
Skin sags pear like  
Around lips upended  
Self-portrayal or despair  
Head turning right  
Ear lobes hold tiny mic  
Age or decline

A subtle smile  
Widened to reveal hash browns  
Former glories now crowned  
Tinted here and there  
The whale-like tongue swoops over  
But crevices hide what I seek  
Days old meat wedged between  
Latter day teeth  
Head bowed  
Hands spread across porcelain  
Niagara Falls rain through brass outlets  
I splash to hide what I fear to see.  
Self.  
Me.