

MIRROR AND TEARS

By José G. B. Derraik

In the corner of the room,
I see a reflection in the mirror.
This man, this person that seems so unfamiliar.
Looking at his face, I can see years of life, love and pain.
The veins and scars on his skin tell me of persons met and paths crossed.
So many steps taken on so many journeys.
Memories of waters long passed.
But also, glimpses of hope in these eyes that look ahead.

Do I see an illusion, a figment of my imagination,
Or is he the one I really am?
Slowly, my hands move until they touch those of the reflection.
Lost in thoughts, I feel we bond by commonly shared experiences.
Abruptly I turn away.
I turn the lights off, and the image is no more.
I know though, that he is still there,
Somewhere in the darkness of the room.

I walk outside.
Stopping at the porch,
The freshness of a winter breeze bathes my face.
Stepping forward onto the grass,
I crouch down and slide my fingers through the soft green blades.
They are wet.
Web by tears it seems.
The same tears that I feel running down my face.

I shake my head, and stare at the clear morning sky.
Unintelligible words I whisper to myself, as if in a quiet lonely prayer.
Tears trickle down my cheeks.
Whether of joy or sadness, I am not sure.
But let them be tears that wash from my eyes the illusions of a transient life.
Droplets of saline wash my soul, and cleanse it from so many mundane desires.
Show me the right path in this confused world.

I yearn to find the way to higher realms of peace and understanding.
Let me weep not for those who left me,
But teach me to weep with joy for the beauty in the eyes of a child.
Beauty that envelops my being while I close my eyes.
The same eyes that I saw in that mirror,
But which are now purified by the tears,
The same tears that carved a path through my heart to lead the way.

I lift my head up,
And with hesitant steps I follow the way,
The path that lies ahead,
Wherever it takes me...
