

Distortive Mirror

-Kathleen Bauer

Some things have always puzzled me.
Sitting in a flowery upholstered armchair,
I stare at the edges of a mirror,
which reflect an off-centered image
so that my eyes are missing. At the angle I see-
just like the glass ellipses on my red front door,
the shapes that I imagine some days as roses,
others as a rounded mirror-
which brings me back to that accented mirror.
When I was little, I could not stand
mirrors like that - the distorted figures they reflected-
the nose less, hairless, chinless versions of myself.
Today, this mirror reflects me, book in hand,
crocheted blanket on my lap, legs swung
over the side of an upholstered arm.

2018 KET Young Writers Contest Winning Entry



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