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.