

The Mirror

What little truth the mirror tells
But shrills in silvery deceit
Reflecting false and perjured selves
Malformed or incomplete

It magnifies the questions
Into infinite dimensions
And mocks our faith of answers
Makes pathetic our pretensions

No instrument can gauge its depth
Nor measure its domain
Distilling all to height and breadth
Within a metal frame

'Tis thought the soul finds complement
Within the grain of glass
It rather shapes our discontent
Well-trimmed in stylish brass.