

TWO BEDS AND A MIRROR

One morning when I woke up in my hotel room
I saw my bed reflected in the wall
I looked there and saw another person
Instead of me!

It was the same me, but he looked so different!
Was it myself or some one else revealing himself?
The mirror reflected everything in exact detail
As if a new world waited just behind it
In the world, in my place
Another man sat.
Did I recognise myself? Was I so hideous?

Was it insanity?
The bed in my room
Was reflected
So there were two beds, a table
And a mirror.

A mirror to look at yourself
A mirror to look at a monster
A mirror to see things at your back
To see the devil in front of you and
At your back at the same time
To see the forwarded and backtracked parts of your life

A mirror separated two worlds, one imaginary and one real
We think our image was not real, but if “our” images
Were real beings, what else could they think of us as
But pale shadows of their reflections!

The worlds identical yet so opposite
Two world so closely related yet so hard to cross
This morning I looked at the mirror
I saw two beds, a table and a man, not me
In front of the table.

Written August 2001 – YMCA hotel room.