

Four Shadows

Looking in their own eyes.
But they don't see themselves.
Hand to hand, they
passed the mirror.
Numb.

One of my best friends,
going through motions
scarily familiar to him.

I sat there among them,
wondering what to choose.
Nervous.

He stared at himself.
Plugged a nostril and
leaned forward.

His eyes widened as he
passed the mirror.
I accepted it.

Faced with my own
reflection. Wondering—
is this what I've
become?

Numb.