

### 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.