

'Answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.'

Caroline Dixon

I hold the mirror up to nature.
I take off my make-up.
Reveal the lost persona face.
Child, Romantic and mother
Faded in the final call.
Lights have been killed,
Words a breath of air.
Clapping faded to sleeping
As I sit and gaze
Towards the mirrored image.

Before me lies a child
Lost in the coldness of poverty.
An orphan child in the dark
For whom no soul could pity.
I gaze at the beautiful heroine
With wit to spite the tongue of man
And her beauty to spite the spring.
Sitting in a hard-worn chair
Rests a woman engraved with life
Who is left to live her memories.

All these people and more
Have seen through my blinded eyes.
They talk through my mouth.
They think through my mind.
What room can there be for that other
Who sits in front of the mirror?
Can she only exist through other spirits
Written by another hand?