

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the me you see, the heart and strength of that who is me?

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the soul of lost loves, their silhouettes over shadowing me?

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the gentle kiss and smile that greets you in the morning and puts you at ease?

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the lover who steals you away in the night, leaving you in a breathless sleep?

When you look at me, who do you see ? Is it a reflection so true, deep rooted within the heart that reflects you, or is it the reflection of who you want me to be?

Broken and desolate - used and abused. Withered and bitter like the dying fruit on the vine. The life within that has begun to drain like air from a balloon.

When you look at me, who do you see?

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the girl next door with the smile that shines brighter than the sun that beams?

When you look at me, who do you see? It is the innocence of a five-year-old who skinned her knee seeking comfort from mommy?

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the super hero you seek, appearing from the darkness that puts your fears at ease?

When you look at me, who do you see? The felon, hustler, thug, or thief who robs you blind of your inner most peace?

When you look at me, who do you see? Is it the frail of heart, the decrepit in life, or is it the living dead who takes the final exhale when trying to breathe?

Abandoned and lost - bruised and bleeding. A body torn to shreds by the claws that dig into the flesh barely covering the scars that your pain has inflicted. A terminal patient begging for their last breath. Begging to be released - let me go so I can die in peace.

When you look at me, who do you see? The shell of a man, who thinks he understands the being of that which is me?

When you look at me, who do you see? Do you see the person you want to be – do you see yourself who wants to become the strength that is me?

When you look at me, who do you see? Do you see a fraction of what you will never be? Do you see the whole – the very essence of me?

When you look at me, who do you see? Do you see the pureness of love? Do you see the fullness of heart? Do you see the desire and part that can never part?