

Window

Reflecting to the other side of my mirrored image
In an antique window with glass partitions
Framed in small squares of blocks
Enclosed in silver steel
I can see duplicates of everyone in the museum restaurant
Eventually we become only mirrored images when we are gone
The reality of the human disappears
An emptiness prevails in the glass enclosure
As I observe all of this in an entity
They cannot talk, see, feel, think, love, enjoy
Be human
Whatever we do
But when we are gone
That's what is left
Somewhere in time
Someplace I existed
To think about
The mirrored image

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Published in: "The Taylor Trust"-Volume 2

On page 68-April-June 2009

On-Line-"The Taylor Trust Poetry & Prose"-2009

Published in: "Bell's Letters"-135

Page 23- February 2011

