

My mind is like an endless hall of mirrors.
Twisting, turning, a sharp curve here, a slow arc there.

.noitsReVerberations.

Some have accused me of retreating too deep into the halls.
Say that I tended to get lost wandering the corridors.
Really, though. It's just harmless travel.

Some days, it's when I'm bored.
Other days, it's when I'm stressed or anxious.

It's been happening for years, years prior.
Back deeper into the hall.
Maybe even before being "programmed."
I don't know, I can't remember that far back,
but I sense there is a "far back."

Breaking, shattering.
My voice echoes in silence.

Eccentric, odd, strange
Animalistic, wild, monstrous

All reflections in the mirror.
How long will it take until I find the real "me"?
I'm getting fed up with this search.

I draw my sword, spin it in my hand,
go to drive it into the silver pane before me
with the cowering, withdrawn reflection.

My sword jerks. Stops mere centimeters from the mirror surface
as a thin hand reaches up and pulls at the hilt.
"Let go," he whimpers.

I yank it away. He grunts and grabs at the chain
connecting his neck to the blade.
"Let go," he repeats.

Xavier no. I:
Welcome to My Hall of Mirrors

:I .on reirvX
WElcOmE to MY HAlL of Mirrors

But I don't hear him. I only see
his disheveled hair and
unhinged smile,
his shivering lips and
wild eyes.

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"Let go!" he screams.
But I don't see him. I only see
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me.

.bess6rC .citzIsmInA .bJiW
.bW Destroyed.

Wild. Animalistic. Crazy.
Hurt. Destroyed.

He lifts up his arms
and gestures abstractly with his hands
before wrapping his fingers around my arm. "Let go."
I shake my head and go to drive the sword in again.
He screams and chokes
—I watch—
before throwing his entire self backward
and ripping the sword from my hands with a crunching clatter.
Lost eyes find terrified eyes.
He grasps his head with his hands and moans.
My withdrawn reflection starts to cry.

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I can only stare.
The scene fuzzes with a wet film
that I angrily brush away.

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Voices clamor in my ears. Clamoring for attention, clamoring for me.
I barely turn my attention to them.
They don't really want to be around me.
But my reflections cry out in pain and loneliness.
I glance back to the man curled up on the ground
among the glass shards
his arms wrapped around our sword.

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A rough hand slaps my back.
I jump, the mirrors shattering in my head, and turn to see my friend
always all smiles.
"You drift off again, Xavier?" He laughs. "Come on."
I force a smile back. "Alright!"
Some days I wish they could see it. But most days,
I'm glad they can't.

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