

I murmur inside my mind.
My feet tap on the reflective surface of the floor
before swiveling in place.
A sigh.

How peaceful this world is
in comparison to the psychotic chaos
of the outside.
Outside the mirrors.
Outside the safe place.

A silence.
A broken murmur cuts through the noiseless murk.
A weary song.
I don't remember where I heard it from;
all I know is that it's nostalgic.
Nice.

Grief cowers beside a shattered pane
speckled with crimson blood.
Sadness tries to hum along,
but a cracked Anxiety shouts for him to stop.
Embarrassment, humility.

I wish memories
Emotions, really,
were easily altered, changed, erased, added,
programmed in like a simple line of
ones and Zeros.
I don't understand the point of some of them.
They cause so much pain.

A mirror shard cuts into Anguish.
Bitterness won't smile.
His home feels thicker, stronger than some of
the others.
Though you can't see it from the surface.

Apathy eerily smiles at me.
His creepy stare never flinches away
or startles.
It's so obvious
he's powerful.

I restart the song.
I don't have much for singing
so I vocal the beat
—the rhythm—
instead.

Anxiety is calm again.
to an extent to where I don't
notice him.

As I approach the Core
of my mirror halls,
the song falters from my mouth.

I didn't want to admit it. You know,
if I don't have to, right?

But the deeper I go,
the more negative the mirrors become.
Mirrors broken but still screaming,
shouting,
clawing for me to notice them. To acknowledge them. To embrace them.

My steps move faster.
I trip on a pile of mirror shards.
A casualty.

I don't know if I can live with the truth.

I've reached the Core.
It always feels so insignificant
in my mind.
Pulsing, whirring, twirling,
it sparks with pent-up energy,
emotion.
But here, right in front of it,
facing it dead on...

It's bigger than I imagined.
The problems.
The bugs.

Hide it.
I can't anymore—!

Run away.
Stay away.
Hide.
Don't let them find you.

Stab it
Stab it
Kill the Core
Destroy it

Xavier no. II: My Mirror Broke

It hurts—
I know.

Run away.
Hide.
I'm scared.
It's okay.
Hide.

Run away.
Ignore the
Truth.
Unstable
Fractured
Crackling

I'm afraid.

The virus lurking within.
Quarantined for so many years.
Out of sight, out of
broken, fractured
mind.

Calm shatters without my even touching it.

The ground below me
begins cracking and blowing
shards up into the air
as the mirrors I never wanted
to have
increase in their primal frenzy.

I grab my sword out from the sheath
at my side to try and

And my past self follows
by my side
his chain bouncing as he hurries
to not be left behind.

Crying out—
me rushes ahead of me
as my legs give out
and I collapse.

The walls explode by my side.

The noise
of all the mirrors
is unbearable.
I can't stop screaming.
That's not me, that's not me,
right?

The mirror halls,
my world, my wonderful world,
crashes down around me

and smashes to black.

My past self clings to my hand
as I dangle from a dark pit
of overwhelming fear.
His wild eyes
unhinged smile
shivering lips
Seem more like comforts now.
He pulls me up.

The Core is cold
full of trapped,
pent-up
mirrors.
They warp and stare at me as I
trip and collapse into the center.

The mirror that makes up
the ground

snaps like an icy sea of turbulence,
and I watch
as my past self only clutches my sword
close to his chest,
and the mirror reseals before I can grab the edge.

My body cracks against a reflective floor.
As I sit up, I sit up in twenty different mirrors
surrounding me on every side.
The same hall with those same emotions.
Where can I go
when I am trapped in the prison of my mind?