

The floor is silent. It makes no echo  
as I pivot my pace.  
A sigh, a cry, a mind  
not quite whole when it's made up of mirrors.

How peaceful this place is  
in comparison to the psychotic chaos  
of the outside.  
But who am I kidding? The inside is nightmarish  
-torturous-  
-vain-  
a silly manifestation of all my years afraid of my own reflection.  
Perhaps not me  
-whole-  
But the pieces of me  
the panels that make up the labyrinth.  
Every emotion,  
outcry,  
sigh,  
peace of mind  
piece of mind.

Afraid of humiliation,  
afraid of the mocking, of the belittling,  
of the hurt, the fear, the abject anxiety  
that eats at me like locusts  
as all I try to do is survive through the stings.  
Loneliness, perhaps,  
perhaps loneliness,  
the strongest of all, the talons that dig in deep and won't let go,  
that whisper that no one cares,  
no one likes you,  
no one appreciates you.  
Loneliness breeds bitterness, breeds apathy, breeds anger,  
breeds a hate for others,  
but moreso  
just  
a hate for myself. For myself, of myself.  
I hate for myself. I hate to protect myself.  
I hate myself. I hate... No, it doesn't align. I can't finish the line.

Who would want to be around someone who's too sensitive,  
too loud,  
too whiny?  
The needy want, the neediness, the need.  
-I need-

What is it I'm looking for? I don't understand.  
I loathe, I know.  
I loathe the fractures of me. The flaws no one can see  
but me.  
They see everything, the mind whispers,  
they see awkwardness, and weakness, and confused childishness.  
You look small, sound small, behave small.  
Say it. Say it. You don't want to say it, say it. Say it.  
A bitch in youth's clothing.  
Is that what you think you are?

Twisted mind, that's what you insist.  
Evil thoughts, negative emotions.  
Murder. Anger. Hate. Kill  
the feeling inside of me that writhes like tendrils  
when I'm faced with what I can't control. Can't command.  
Control freak  
in your control box  
controlling every face, every pose, every fragment  
of your crawling, flawed, blemished, imperfect flesh.

You spit at what you can't twist into perfection  
with your scarred fists still bleeding  
from all the mirrors you've broken.  
What did you think would happen  
when you tried to hide away the parts you hate the most?

You sing when you're alone.  
You cry when you're alone.  
Your song is warbled, out of tune, cracked.  
It's so intolerable to hear, the mind whispers,  
and you shut up as soon as motion betrays an intruder.  
Sadness likes the song. It likes to hum along,  
but Anxiety tried to ruin it, it doesn't want to listen  
to its own song back at it. How embarrassing.  
How flawed.

Perfection, you say, is unobtainable,  
and yet you hyperfixate on the unobtainable.  
The subtle behaviors, the steady feelings  
that pound like a heart, like a drum, like a shrieking cacophony of words you can't voice  
because you're too afraid to give them control.  
Everyone is staring, your mind whispers,  
they think you're a freak. How flawed you are. How broken you must be.  
What a child. What a creature of clumsy kindness.  
Is that what you think?

You're proud of your eccentricities  
until that little worm of doubt whispers  
that they stare  
-they judge-  
-they sneer-  
-they question:  
How old must she be?  
How childish can you get?  
That doesn't match.  
But I like that, you say,  
I like that, but maybe it does look silly  
-and vapid-  
-and stupid-  
and how childish, yes,  
how childish.

I hate  
myself  
the parts of me I overblow  
and want to fix  
bury  
bury bury bury  
beneath layers of shattered glass and blood and  
myself, I hate myself,  
why can't I be "normal"?  
But I don't want to be like everyone else.  
But no one will like you, no one will ever like you, who would want someone like you?  
Hush now, listen to the broken glass beneath your boot  
as you pace through what you've buried.

Look at it  
Look at it  
Child, look at it

There  
There you dig,  
you seek,  
you look for what isn't there.  
You try to ignore what is.

Self-hate, why do you self-hate?  
Back to loneliness, yes,  
back to loneliness and the root of the Core.  
Loneliness leads to  
Isolation leads to  
Hurt leads to  
the expectation of a strike, a slap  
from someone who ignores you once again.

It stings worse without contact.  
Your deepest passions, your joy  
desired to be shared with others  
and rejected with neglect.  
Loneliness leads to  
the feeling like you aren't enough  
like your passions aren't enough  
like everything you do is a disappointment  
a crash of fallen expectations  
a blemish against the eye

Loneliness leads to  
the feeling like you are not understood  
like your mind is an outlier  
like you are a failure  
for not keeping up with the march of others  
running the same race you are

839 words of loneliness in this poem  
7 million words of loneliness in your labyrinths  
The Mirror Corridor forces you to look at yourself  
incessantly  
sick and sick and sick and sick and tired  
of obsessing  
over the cracks of my mind  
Eccentric, odd, strange lies one  
misconceptions of a beautiful mind  
Animalistic, wild, monstrous lies Zero  
misconceptions of a broken mind  
Hurt, destroyed lies X  
lies only lies only lies  
Is that what you think?

Bitterness can't let itself go.  
Envy stalks the success of others.  
Sadness spins its wheels in sludge.  
Anguish can't understand its own keens.  
Grief is blind to everything except memories.  
Terror cowers at its own invisible shadow.  
Neediness whimpers for reassurance of visibility.  
Calm often overpowers to hide the panic inside.  
Anxiety claws its heart out with one hand  
and its skin off with the other.  
Apathy has given up with everything  
and everyone, and itself.

The Core  
is nothing but the essence of your labyrinth  
is a twisted room  
is nightmarishly dark  
is why you hide within the halls of your mirrors  
is the malware contorting what you hate about yourself  
The mirrors are warped  
because your perception of the mirrors you never wanted  
is warped.  
We all have mirrors.  
You've built your castle with them  
to monitor every flaw and shatter what you hate.  
Control. You want control over yourself.  
Breathe.  
B r e a t h e .  
B r e a t h e .  
B r e a t h e .  
B r e a t h e .

De-warp the mirrors, tease out the tangles of your emotions,  
sort out the broken pieces  
and seal them back together again  
with solid gold.  
Melt the Core.  
MELT THE CORE.

L E T  
T H E  
C O R E  
M E L T  
L E T  
T H E  
C O R E  
D I E  
A W A Y

Tear down the walls  
Thrust the sword -in your heart- through its mechanisms  
Scream like you're the only one screaming and the only one fighting  
Because this began with you  
And will end with you  
You are high voltage  
You are the master here  
And you have the metal conduit  
Of the Lord's sword  
In your hands  
As you electrify the Core  
And melt its blinding wall  
And you scream like you're the only one screaming and the only one fighting  
But you know you aren't alone anymore.

the core is melting  
and the heat of my high voltage  
eviscerates the crooks  
and hairpins  
and channels  
of every bend and every corner and every corridor  
of the mirror labyrinth

until I stand in nothing but silver and gold.

Xavier's footsteps cut off as he finishes his stride alongside me  
out of what was once a labyrinth of mirrors  
of self-reflection  
of self-preoccupation  
of self-loathing  
and as he turns, his smile is evident  
even before I see it.

He sheathes the sword after kissing it once on the pommel's center gem,  
a rainbow-rimmed eye of a white so pure,  
it must only be from Heaven's forge.

"Now you can finally be free."

His hand is as warm as his emotions.

"Now we can finally be free."

Xavier no. V:  
Now We Can Finally Be Free