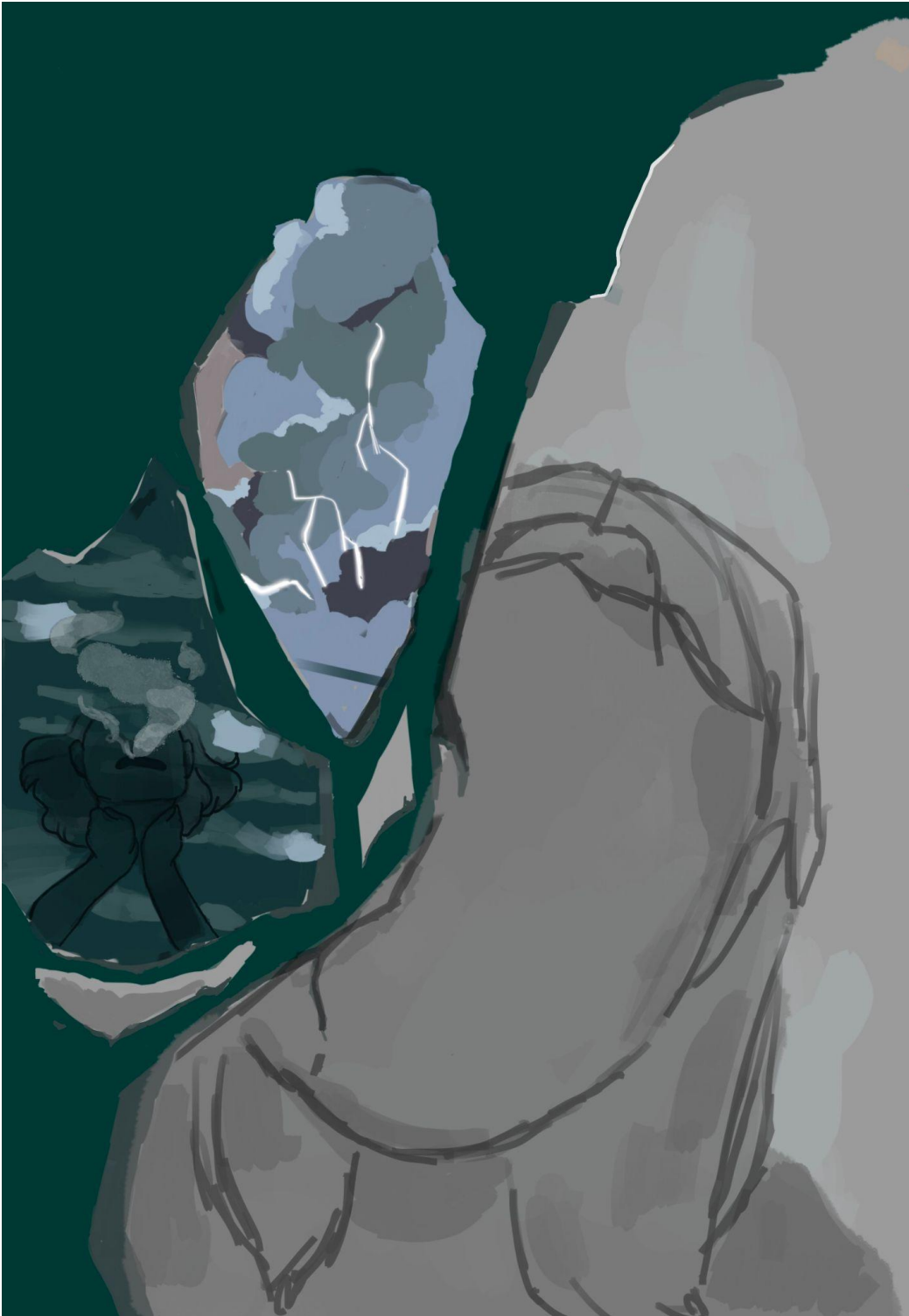


Mirror mirror...



Mirror, mirror
On the wall.
Could you tell me who I *really* am,

Once and for all?

Mirror, mirror
Oh muddy reflection of me.
What can i give for you
To figure out
Who do you *want* to be?

Mirror, mirror
Manifest will you please?
Is there anything to put me at ease?

Mirror mirror,
Are you there?
Tell me, do you really care?

Try to see past the mirror
Shatter what is in front of me
The fragments of my being
Unable to find healing.
The shards cut through

Im bleeding.

Im bleeding.

Im bleeding.

In the shards I see the broken pieces of me
Lying there like a mosaic
I always thought it was prosaic

What reflects back?
Where do the pieces belong?
I don't belong.
Where to piece the pieces of myself?
There are too many missing pieces.
It's building a puzzle blind.
I'm puzzled.

In one shard I see
A girl aged 5
Five and ready to thrive
With such astounding positivity
And the drive to be one and alive

She who
Enjoyed the barbie doll, play dough days
Engulfed in a fairytale
Shrouded in false realities
Thinking life would be such a breeze.

Shining so bright with a different sort of luminosity.

So bright.

So bright.

So Bright.

There is a spotlight that brings a fright
For the girl knows that the
blinding bright light
Means nothing without the darkness

In the shard
The girl aged 5
Tries not to fear the monster of the dark
But that doesn't stop it from leaving its hideous mark
Residing in her childhood,
Shoved so quickly into adult hood
The monster catches up
And it is
Chip chip chipping away at the glass
Creep creep creeping its way into the cracks
Of her reflection.

Refraction.

In another shard I see
Another piece of me

One that is
Double digits,
In double the trouble
They are
Drowning .

Drowning .
Drowning .

This glass shard is the color blue in hue
Sharp like harsh rolling waves of the sea.
SEA is the south east asian in me but you
See reflects back at me
Is but a mere reflection of
Someone who I don't feel to be

Almond brown eyes
Wide moon face
Sun-kissed skin

In the reflection,
Her lips move
But the words mumbled
Hover between
From here and from there

Tongue tied,
This isn't no nursery rhyme
This is no story
Where you have some magical ninang
And you stay forever young.

Not from here
Nor from there

The girl chokes,
She can't speak
The words hidden deep beneath,

She is

Trying to breathe

Just

1.....

2.....

3.....

More seconds

They try to have no expectations
but the voices in their head beckons.

This shard, is so muddy
So hard to see
It has experienced
The rain pounding thunderstorms
Awaiting for yet another sunny day

For the girl in this shard
Knows that all this is only what the
Stupid little voices
In their head will say.

Refraction.

In yet another shard
One as sharp as can be
This one is in hell
No high school
Who really could tell
This shard,
So melted, scarred
From the demons that lived in her head
Whispering the evil white lies,
Lies that she couldn't help but believe to think true
But there is beauty in the shard
Reformed, between the reflections

What map must i give you
To find the hidden secrets
The ones kept hidden
Behind the many reflections
They

Refract

Refract

Refract

Each reflection is locked up
Guarded with a 2 step verification
Breaking it once felt like a violation
You were as alien to yourself as a stranger
But between the reflections of the refractions

I see myself.

I am not from here.

Nor from there

I am not the unspoken voices full of despair.

The reflections reveal a truth.
Each shard that held a girl that was once
Trapped and unfree
Sculpts the mosaic that is me.

Mirror mirror,

On the wall

I hide no secrets

For you know them all.