

## Blind Reflections on Invisibility

The light traveled between your face and the mirror.  
You spoke in light waves and the mirror replied,  
speaking the same language but perhaps with  
a slightly unfamiliar accent surprising you a bit.

You had seen this other every morning as you both  
brushed your teeth and fixed your face for the day.  
You recognized this other as being from your tribe,  
familiar despite small changes you did not expect.

The conversation went pretty much the same each day  
between you and your familiar, near twin in the mirror.  
Then, perhaps, one day your twin was shrouded in mist  
and it was not condensation from the steamy shower.

Or maybe, as you both brushed your teeth or shaved,  
you realized your twin was missing a nose or a neck.  
You shifted your gaze, and the missing parts returned  
as other facial features vanished into gray emptiness.

Your almost twin had changed the conversation.  
The light wave messages were breaking up and  
spoke of only a shifting percentage of the whole you.  
Or perhaps you had indeed begun not to exist at all.

Do you exist if the light waves no longer bounce back?  
If the bathroom mirror doesn't notice you're there,  
are you indeed still here and part of the world?  
It's scary but oddly familiar, this sense of non-existence.

You've wondered in earlier years if you were solid and real  
or only transparent vapor, silent breath without body.  
It was in those spaces where you were one of your kind,  
an unmatching being amongst a matching majority.

Then, too, the light waves did not bounce back,  
did not reflect or mirror you and your kind.  
Then, too, you began to doubt your own solidity,  
your own existence, not seen or seen only in part.

One can purchase talking clocks, talking books,

talking thermometers. We need talking mirrors,  
mirrors that shout, *Yes! You are indeed here!*  
*You are solid, valid, and truly part of the world!*