

Reflection

by Brit

I search the face in the mirror
and wonder at who I'll see
Is it the man I always thought I'd become
or the part of you that's the best of me?

Eyes once cynical toward a bankrupt world
where life is cheaply sold
Now gaze back in shades of hope
as our destiny again unfolds

Around my eyes run tiny lines
like the leaves through a wind-kissed field
And speak of times your laughter danced
its sunlight my shadows revealed

There's a bit more gray at my temples
and you tell me I've earned every strand
as you taught me about the courage
that comes when men take a stand

You've often called this forehead thick
at best, just a stubborn mule
But I know that *you know*, we're an even match yet
even though I play your fool

Over the years this jaw's seen damage
and more than one thrown by you
But even the pain is gentled
by the bond that got us through

Finally, the mouth so quick to anger
and pour out a frightened man's rage
But you calmed the child and held back the night
and freed my song from its silent cage

The man I see in the mirror
is not a reflection of one, but two
for all that's there is the best of me
that comes from my knowing you

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