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Class: 12

Poetry

Killer In the Mirror

Twisting into a sinister smile,
Is the reflection in front of me,
She holds a knife in her claws,
Threatening to kill my peace of mind.
Stained clothes and eyes,
Tell of her late-night clubbing,
Throwing her pity party.
The mess that's caused is monstrous,
Streamers of tears web the furniture,
A confetti of destruction litters the tabletops,
Cups of hope draining into the floorboards.
These parties never end well,
And I'm mad,
Because she should know by now.
But once again,
The reflection does what she wants.
I tell her I'm good,
But she says we're the same,
Identical souls,
With different minds.
Maybe she is me,
And I am her.
Maybe we are the same,
Killer in the mirror.