

Reflection

Linda LeRoy

And life continues to throw me all curves
I will duck down and again pray for sun
It does not matter; no more impulse nerves
If I sit, I should stand or walk the run.

The familiar expression is broken
He fits the pattern of my mixed up life
And for this game I have one last token
With it one more play, loser gets the knife.

It hurts that you can't tell I've worked at this
It has always been no rewards for failure
Not even a shoulder to promise bliss
Listless I find comfort in the end lure

A red muscle deserves the blame for tears
True love only is reflected in mirrors.