

My Room Is Mirrors

Jack Wilkins

My life is a room of mirrors
In which I alone am repeated infinitely.
Some of the mirrors show me as I appear to others,
But Fate has twisted some of the mirrors
So that I look horrible and grotesque.
In one mirror I am fat and gluttonous with a fishy eye,
And in another I am thin and pale for want of spiritual food.
In one, the mirror of my conscience,
I am a twisted, deformed creature
That no one would believe to be human.
But if I had you with me in my room of mirrors,
I would never look at the mirrors Fate has twisted.
I would sit with you all day
And look at the beauty of our reflections
In my mirror of perfect love.

A Country Rhapsody

Beverly Mussawir

The water was so clear that I could see the bottom at the deepest point. Bright shafts of sunlight shone through the branches of the trees and pierced through the water to the bottom where they glistened on the brightly-colored pebbles, transforming them into shining jewels. As I swam along under the water, close to the bed of the stream, it seemed as if I had entered another world. The song of the birds, the sound of the breeze, and the whispering of the leaves were all

shut out. A heavy, penetrating silence hovered over everything. In the places where my body brushed against the bottom, tiny swirls of sand rose and dimmed the water, then slowly settled down again. The current of my movement in the water lifted the satiny water plants in loose, waving masses of purple and emerald ribbons. The bed of the small inconspicuous brook was to me a great treasure land beneath a great sea.