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Glass Face

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Glass Face

Heather Peters

I live in a glass face,
my windows covered by curtains too thin.
Giving view to a room made bare by those standing on the street—
each thought makes an appearance without permission.

Surrounded by the shimmering shelter,
its protection an illusion, I did not
realize its ability to distort the view from within.
I see what I want to see, not what is.

But the light shows it for what it is—
A mirage, mocking me with false promises.
And I, too arrogant to recognize the difference,
Fall beneath the spell and am lost.

The timing is perfect, aimed for maximum impact,
the destruction is complete. While the fragments
do not cut deeply, the wounds are too many
To tend all at once.

The blame for the failure to hold, to stand firm
falls wholly on my shoulders, and stupidly
I stare at the pile of glistening glass, willing
it to magically return to its previous shape.

I have already forgotten that I live
in a glass face, a heart worn bare
and utterly unprotected.