

The Man in the Mirror

Lance Klemple

I forget what I look like
days and days go by blocking out
my own face
hoping humanity has smudged
my picture out in their yearbook

Ginsberg made me do it
he spoke like a hippy angel
in my ear to look in the mirror

what do you look like to yourself?

he asked, he
asked and asked until
my eyes rolled to the back
of my head, pen on paper
drooling grey ink from my
fingers playing on the page

imagine each word set on display
for the whole world to see
I hate this body, this mind, this life
I push so hard for
so long, my legs snap like an icicle
crash on cement but

it's not snowing.
I don't actually hate myself.

So Ginsberg,

who is that in the mirror?