

## Mirror Image

Hey, you over there  
Lurking behind the glass  
Spectacles, pipe in mouth,  
Smoke screening your face -  
"Who do you think you're looking at?  
This shape, those eyes,  
Catalogue of features  
Of some person or other -  
Is it I, Lord?

Who's for optical tennis?  
Rays of light reflect, they say,  
From cheeks invisible to me,  
Bouncing back as cheeks I see  
To eyes I cannot see.  
And yet I see  
You over there  
Among other things.

Nice intellectual conceit  
Or life's work?  
To see  
But not with your eyes  
You man of glass.  
Maybe you've got brains.  
But I know.

**Tom Chamberlain**