

THE MIRROR

The room was empty except for a mirror on the wall and me.

From where I'm standing I can see the mirror and the mirror can see me, but I can't see myself in the mirror looking at the mirror and me. Well, from anywhere in the room you can see the mirror, but only from a very vulnerable position you can look the mirror and you. It lurks and hangs on a wall of dark green plaster. The plaster is so old it is sagging at the bottom. The mirror cheekily blends in with the walls because all it shows is just a reflection of the opposing wall: a predator prowling camouflaged in appearance and scent in its own prey's shit.

It is a liquid. Glass is a liquid. That's what science says. I've never drowned in a mirror but potentially you could drown in liquid, it can drown and swallow us. Drown and swallow us whole.

I'm not afraid of mirrors. I can look at myself in a mirror long enough. Perhaps because I'm vain, but why wouldn't you when you've got a face and a mirror to look at your face in?

For one's own sake, methinks, one should not indulge too long. The mirror is a sea after all, a tiny wall-mounted sea. And what do you see when you gaze upon that image? Is that image real or a reflection of reality?

But I am digressing. I tend to digress when I'm nervous. Digress and repeat: that's what I do when I'm nervous.

The dark green plaster is smothering me. I need to stand in front of the mirror to see something, anything that isn't dark green plaster, because that's all I can see even in the mirror itself.

I'm in front of the mirror and I can see myself, and the mirror with myself in it now. Am I looking at me, the mirror, the mirror and me or am I looking at the mirror looking at me?

Either way I'm there, somewhere, or here somehow while being there too. Somewhere in between perhaps — looking or looked at?

Am I looking or the look itself?

I would say I am about a couple of metres away from the mirror and myself in the mirror. Yet that me in the mirror looks about two metres away from the mirror itself: does

that make me four metres away from myself or two metres away from my perceived self and is my image four metres away from me, two metres away or a few millimetres inside of me, upside down in my retina, as big as a speck of dust?

Or am I at least four metres long now? Being me, my image and I.

If I walk out of this mirror my image would still live in it for as long as I can see the mirror it can see me but I can't see my living self drowning in that sea, always as far as I am from it yet as close as the mirror itself is. And if I turn my back on it my image will turn its back on me but we'd both still be in the mirror while none of us can see either the mirror or us.

I'm closer to the mirror now. My nose is almost touching it. My nose is almost touching my nose. My nose is almost touching the nose touching my nose. My breaths is blowing condense on the mirror. Now the mirror can't see me, but I can see the mirror. I can fog the whole thing just by breathing on it.

Ha, I drew a dick on it and I'm out of there.