

"Personal Reflection"

by Brian Shrock

Out in the distance I detect a sight,
The image is fuzzy, but gives me a fright.
A scary person, weapon in hand, is what I see,
And clearly this person is a threat to me.

So I spring into action; I attack, I defend,
I'm resolved to protect myself to the bitter end.
I punish and I accuse,
I'm desperate and determined not to lose.

But then I grow weary as the struggle never slows,
And notice that I'm fighting but feel no blows.
Wondering, I recognize at last
That some of my targets are just shadows from my past.

Then as the fear and rage subside from my eyes,
I am shocked and amazed by what I realize.
As cautiously I gaze, then move a little nearer,
Only to learn that I've been looking in a mirror!

And then I discover to my chagrin,
The person I attacked was the one who held it – my friend.
Now finally, clearly I see,
The scary person I saw... was me!

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