

In the Mirror

By Francis Clark-Lowes

I looked and in the mirror saw
Five images combined in one.
Each distinct and waging war
Against the others, and never done.

The first I see's my outer shell
Which slowly through the years has changed.
This to the stranger I would sell,
But from my inner self's estranged.

The eyes are windows to the soul,
The yearning, lusting, fearing being.
Oh let me enter like a mole
And learn the truth I've not been seeing.

The third's the me that's made to fit
The preconceptions of our time.
I mean, of course, our blinkered bit
That thinks *our* culture is sublime.

The fourth by reason has been wrought,
It struggles hard to escape the third,
To think quite free, not what it ought,
To say what it's seen, not what it's heard.

The last's my universal sense,
The part that takes the widest view,
That scans the firmament immense
And knows that only this is true.