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Mother through the Mirror

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MOTHER THROUGH THE MIRROR

Mother through the mirror;
I watch her as she sews.
The thread goes clean, the blouse
takes perfect shape.
Mother doesn't know I'm watching,
she lets down her guard;
I see her weariness at once.
It occurs to me then
that she will soon turn forty,
Mother through the mirror
is suddenly more than a reflection.
She sighs;
I pretend to smooth my hair
as I gaze into the mirror,
but it is her reflection I see.
Mother through the mirror
notices I am watching.
She bows her head,
I bow mine,
silently we wonder:
When will we communicate
without having our eyes be our mirrors?

Ann Elizabeth Carlson