

Poetry Second Place
“The Mirror” by Callie Carlson
Concord Academy Petoskey, 10th Grade

When I look into the mirror,
It's not my face I see.
It's a girl who has lived a thousand years,
Whose face stares back at me.

Upon first glance, she's ordinary,
But further insight will reveal,
Through pain and joy and misery,
This soul has always healed.

This face has been through thick and thin,
A long and leaden journey.
But still her smile stays set and true,
This girl I'll strive to be.

There's a certain kind of calm,
Upon the mirrored face.
A contentment with her life,
All doubt has been erased.

Aged scars lay stagnant on satin skin,
A timeless sort of beauty.
The story of always buried deep,
Tell tales across centuries.

Every morning she is always there,
And every night as well.
She tells me it will be alright,
The impossible, I will quell.

Within her eyes, I see the world,
Carved with rivers, framed with trees,
The wind rushes to catch the stars,
The fire chases the seas.

She watches as I live her life,
And falters when I fall.
She smiles when I come home.
She waits upon my wall.

I ask her what her name might be,
Through glass she cannot speak.
But a silent voice breaks through to me,
Her untold name I'll keep.

And one day after I've lived my life,
I'll look into my mirror.
And I have a inkling that I just might,
At last, see myself in there.