Elizabeth Miranda
Windows and Mirrors

my house no longer has walls
only windows and mirrors
what was once plastered with spackle and secrets has
disintergrated
but - the walls didn't didn't crumble
they simply ceased to be.
just like the truth of santa and easter bunnies these too leave me
with a cold empty feeling
now I see everything NOW I see
though it's far from pretty
the view is far better than the walls which teased me
all that's left are windows and mirrors
suspended in midair just like that
windows don't me warm but they love me far better than those
lousy old walls ever could
mirrors don't reveal me instead I see my reflection shrinking-
standing there growing smaller and smaller is an unfamiliar girl
when there were walls I knew no worries
now that everything is uncovered I know too much
so did they protect me? were they a blessing? were they a sin?
where do I go now?
do I build up new walls to keep the whispers deep behind them?
I think to myself
walls make a house but windows and mirrors make a home