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### **Hello to Me**

This morning I sit at my vanity—  
smile lines, aging spots and gray hairs—  
no refrain from hiding my six plus decades,  
yet my green eyes glow with vibrancy  
ready for a new day.

I'm told that they whisper  
bedroom songs to those I love.  
Oh, all those secrets stored behind eyes:  
boyfriends born and dead  
all teachings of universal love.

While I gleam with light  
behind these mirrors to my soul  
are shadows of cancerous growths  
and despair of being born  
to a narcissistic mother,  
and a Holocaust- surviving father.

Losses glare behind those eyes—  
as I remind others to cherish each moment  
of sensual desires  
and to live each blossoming fantasy.

Similar secrets lie on the pages  
of my adolescent Khalil Gibran journal.

What does your mirror show  
and journal tell us about you?