

# Reflections

by

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Mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Tell me truly, tell me all,  
What thou seest is it right,  
Is this apparition such a sight ?

Please don't let me wander astray,  
Be honest in thy comments, pray,  
I know my being needs some remoulding,  
Will it require much scaffolding?

Thou art so wise in thy observance  
Of wayward humans' wayward dance,  
Guide me in new realms of existence,  
E'en thou it take much persistence.

Lead me out of this dreamlike trance  
To the promised land, where stance  
And uprightness of mind  
Are virtues so clearly defined.

On my bended knees I implore thee  
To release me from bondage of perfidy,  
So that thoughts creating ungainly contortions  
Cease, thus allowing bewitching proportions.

To express what thou desirest  
Choose words not spoken in jest;  
For my heart's sole ambition  
Is to change my appalling condition.

I wait with bated breath for thy reply,  
Yet catch I only sound of mournful sigh,  
Thy answer please do not delay in giving,  
If thou wouldst have me go on living.

Silently thou gazeth out on me,  
Glassy-eyed, reflecting on eternally,  
Waiting for the clamor of the human tide  
To be still and all ferment subside.

Then, comes the message of truth revealing  
All what's needed for unsealing  
Human shapes from webs of intrigue,  
That keep them in the devil's league.

"While ye mortals blunder along  
Caught in perpetual theories wrong,  
There can be no meaningful phrase  
To free you from your mental maze.

"You must awake to the proposition  
Of being ever watchful for traps of condition  
That stem from trusting head's false inclinations,  
Brought on by surfeit of intellectualisations.

"The beguiling path of over-verbacity  
Is a barrier to real simplicity,  
Be ready for constant adjustments of course  
To balance the pull of opposing force.

"Now comes my hour to rest from reflections  
On mankind's 'orrible, 'orful defections,  
I need a break from this arduous task  
Of framing each human mask.

"During the coming weeks of holiday jinks  
Which could bring unwanted twists and kinks,  
There may be occasion you need a guide  
For temporary repairs to your wayward backside.

“Thus for mirror image advice in verse  
You’ll have to look for a substitute nurse,  
Or outwardly lean less heavily  
And strengthen supreme self-sufficiency.

Now ere the strain of diagnosis of so many human backs  
Spoils my complexion and develops a few cracks,  
Tis time to draw my curtain, or turn me to the wall  
But first, always UP is my blessing to you all.”