

to the man in the mirror

you there, yes, you
with these wrinkles from laughter, frozen
and these tears in the back of your eye
you
with that funny round belly from grief
with that mug fat and bloated from booze
full of void and resounding self-pity
hey, you –
don't turn your head

you, older than stone
since you gave up on your dreams
have you not gotten it yet?
the law which governs your fate
is in you
your longing for dignity, all this
unanswered yearning
for peace and for freedom, for love,
man, who is to answer?
who gives you a free ride home?
who hands you the crutches that help you
unlearn how to walk?

come on, you,
cry for a while

& then
get going.