

The mirror holds her —
that other me.
Still. Composed.
A prisoner of glass and habit.

She stares, unblinking,
as if daring me to confess.
Who will break first?
Her lips almost move —
but she knows the rules.

She is the keeper of what I cannot say.
She wears the face I built for her,
the one that doesn't tremble
when I think of you.

But tonight,
the mask slips.
Her eyes soften,
and I see it —
the hunger she hides behind reason.

She loves you.
God, she loves you.
And she hates herself for it.

She knows she can't show it —

that if she does,
the world she's built will shatter.

So with a breath,
she steadies her hand,
restores her disguise.

I smirk,
pretending not to notice
the crack spreading through her reflection.

What a foolish, fragile thing —
that woman in the mirror.