

The Innocent

I open my eyes to solid white,
A surface that isn't completely flat.
There are random ridges.
If I squint, they morph into different shapes.
I never noticed this because others presume
The lack of color to mean level and mutable,
An empty canvas upon which they place things,
Ideas, achievements, hopes.
Sometimes they cover it with more white,
A reset to a semblance of perfection
In immaculate smoothness.
It is at this time I realize
The blankness before me
Is a mirror.