

It starts with a tremor —
a heartbeat caught in glass.
The woman behind the surface
tilts her head,
and I know what's coming.

The crack runs between our eyes,
splitting what I pretended to be
from what I am.

For years,
I held her inside the reflection,
teaching her silence,
feeding her lies about strength.
But she was never still.
She waited,
pressed against the edges,
breathing through the fractures.

When the mirror breaks,
the noise rushes in —
grief, relief, love,
all the things I buried
come roaring home.

I pick up a shard
and meet my own gaze —

unfiltered, shaking,
but free.

She smiles through the cracks.

And this time,

I don't look away.