

Mirrors.

I had a day when everywhere I looked, and everyone I saw had a mirror that faced me, so as I looked at them, I also saw my face in their mirror. I saw myself in the mirror, and I saw behind me. Mostly, my face was devoid of expression, but at other times, it was happy, surprised, confused, and once angry to see certain people.

It was interesting and a little confusing to see how others saw me as I looked at them. However, my initial emotional reaction was to make myself more pleasing to these people by applying a smile. After a short time, however, I became just another stranger in the throng of people out doing whatever we came out to do.

I found that intentionally smiling and pausing an extra second to some got more positive reactions than remaining expressionless. As I slowed down that one second, everyone and everything around me seemed to slow down just a little, too. Some people seemed able to feel the extra second I looked at them.

At times, I merely looked down, and no mirrors were there. That gave me time to take a deep breath and compose myself. I popped my head back up and saw everyone and everything with mirrors attached facing me. As I saw them, I also saw myself, but a hundred of me all at once. It was confusing and interesting at the same time.

It was similar but not as confusing as the House of Mirrors at PlayLand. The mirrors were floor-to-ceiling, and I couldn't tell where it was safe to walk. Despite having my hand out and only walking where there were spaces, I often bumped into mirrors. But here, the smaller mirrors allowed me to traverse the throng of people safely while enabling me to see myself as others saw me.

I woke up happy to find I was lying in my comfortable, cozy, warm bed. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the emptiness of my thoughts.

Written by Peter Skeels © 5-18-2024