

It's Only Melted Glass

By Robin B Lipinski

The young dog saw his reflection,
On the mirror upon the wall.
He yelped and ran and then again till he decided to chase his tail.

Youth have always been concerned about their reflection,
Getting ready for that first big date,
Combing their hair and checking apparel,
Vanity, a human's fate.

You would think this custom would fade with age,
Yet for some it only gets worse,
To tummy tuck or Botox smooth,
We seem to love a young age.

Without the mirror, our mind shows us sixteen,
When sixty-five is the truth.
Now tell me friend, which would you choose,
The mind of confidence?
Or some boring earth-bound, melted silicone.
However people choose to answer, I myself shall stay sixteen,
And God willing, forever.

The End