

Warped Glass

by Roshini Rangarajan

Passing by the streets,
The cars are breezing by,
From the two people who meet,
To the buildings, looming high
It can see all.

Lining the skyscraper,
From the ground floor to the taper,
It stands clear
Yet contorts those who stand near.

Drawing close to it,
Looking at the image in front,
The face has split,
One is blunt,
The other is the one that I need to confront.

Staring at my face with a frown,
With the curves of my lips turned down,
My eyes betray me,
A smile is shown in a mocking repartee.

Now, the image stands plain, but
Brittle, and willing to crumble,
Nobody dares,
As passersby glance, seemingly fully aware.

The facade it presents,
Grandiose, hopeful, bold
Protects the building no less,
Hiding an interior, that it cajoled

But all that is seen,
Is someone standing...
Is that really me?