

Morning Ritual
Brian Allan Skinner

Each day more of my father
glares at me from the mirror
with a scowl on my face.
All I've shunned, I've become.

Some days I smash the mirror,
each crack a scar or wrinkle,
wishes unfulfilled yet undiminished.
There is a medicine chest full of anger.

On other days I am compassionate,
forgiving everybody everything,
but not myself, for anything.
As the man in the mirror says:

“When God gave out brains,
you must've been in the bathroom.”