

Perspective
Clara Mount

“O, image!
Your beauty, ever reflecting,
show me perfection
that I may woo her divine soul!”

O, image!
Speak not such words to me,
For how—
how can I portray your perfection,
when you assuredly have none?
Humans—
vain, hateful creatures;
You bathe yourselves in demeaning opinion.
How distraught you make me!
lost in this chaos
of mass imperfection,
while humanity fishes for some extinct utopia.

Nay, it is you, weak specter,
who should reflect me.
For a mirror, captured in stillness,
Has no purpose but to relay an image
to his Creator,
And can do no wrong.

“O, image!”