



# THE MIRROR TO MY SOUL

BY ANJALI JUNEJA, '21

*I see you  
through my cracked mirror.  
Rooted so deeply  
as if you were unable to move.  
Your stem slowly emerging...  
You want so bad for your colours to be shown  
but the dark winter months took them from you.  
Beaming of light on the inside,  
yet so faint on the outside.  
Craving for the slightest bit of life,  
urging to share your vibrance with the world.  
Slowly realizing that you are  
such a small part of  
this big  
terrifying world .*

*A flower,  
I thought I was talking about a flower.  
Until I looked through my cracked mirror  
into my eyes,  
and I didn't see a flower  
I saw myself.*