**The Mirrors**

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Somehow, our house lost its mirrors.

The bathroom renovation project permanently halted

somewhere between throwing out the old

lead laced mirror and purchasing a new one.

If I squeeze past the unhinged door resting

against the wall, step over the jumble of pipes,

wince over the spilled screws and bolts,

I can peer down into the hole, the bare bulb

highlighting the cobweb shadows of the

cellar basement ten feet below.

In the morning, I find myself brushing my hair

and applying lipstick in front of the bedroom wall

where the other mirror once hung. Habits.

The other mirror became a hundred mirrors

the night you slammed the door.

Small, jagged shards and crumbs of mirrors

glimmering across the floor.

I thought of leaving the mirror frame on the wall,

a reminder of who we had become, but that seemed

petty.

Despite sweeping the floor three times I still

stepped in a sliver of glass. A purple circle swelled

at the ball of my foot until I limped to avoid the pain.

Reminders find ways of finding us.

Your pile of laundry on the bed grows until

we sleep curled around and eventually under.

You sigh when I ask if I look nice, or say

anything at all.

My stomach aches as my heart drips

blood down, my emptied womb dripping up.

Reminders find ways of finding us.

One night I dream all the sinks and tubs overflow

and pour to the basement, filling the cave in the ground.

I tiptoe from my bed to the bathroom hole.

A pond’s shore.

I sit at the edge with my feet dangling in the water,

cooled by the stone walls, the dirt floors.

Schools of mouse droppings swim past.

I peer forward, attempting to make out my reflection

in the hazy, dark waters. Years without a clear image.

And suddenly, I peer too far and slip beneath.

Down, down into the fish scale green water

until I rest on the bottom atop a wooden crate shipwreck.

A slow trickle of bubbles counts the moments

until it is time to rise again.

A shadow overhead. Your silhouette bends to the

shoreline and pours a bowl into the water.

Confetti, a bioluminescence cascading from the bowl.

My open hand fills with mirror shards.

The shards weigh my arms and legs,

a kaleidoscope of anchors root me to the ground.

The bowl keeps pouring. My shouts for help

are filled with streaming shards. My body buried

neck deep in a glittering urn.

The bowl stops. Your silhouette turns.

The shadow fades.