

Memory of Mirrors

Is it wrong that I still keep
Some of the things you left behind
Like your toothbrush, still in its cup
Even your favourite CDs
That I play on repeat
But only on nights, I feel brave enough
Not to cry myself to sleep

Such sweet reminders
Cut deep
All the way to the bone
Like your one-liners
and cruel jokes
irrational and easy

Is it wrong that I still keep
Some of the things you left behind
Like your unfinished crossword and dictionary
Even your full length mirror
That I still keep free
From dust
Each time its cleaned I ask if it could reveal its memory

of you
getting ready in the morning
of you
coming home from gym in all your glory
of you
watching yourself making love to me

Such sweet reminders
Cut deep
All the way to my heart
Like a bystander
At the scene
Of an accident who's played no part

Is it wrong that I still keep
Some of the things you left behind
They are just things
That gather dust most of the time
Except for the mirror
That I'm still waiting to reveal a glimmer
Of you

even if
it's you crying on the edge of the bed
even if
it's you packing your suitcase in a hurry
even if
it's watching you telling me it was a mistake to love me