

Adagio, The Mirror Stage

What is that shape in front of me
Spying through the looking glass?
This figure is haunting me
Aping my every gestures
Stealing my soul, my self
The presence of menace is lurking
Behind the translucent surface

I can't face that figure
Who looks like me, like a twin
Who is in the mirror
The similarity
It can't be me!

I can't acknowledge that individual
That reflection in the mirror is not my Own:
The beholder may perceive the evil spark
In the clearness of the eye
Mirroring the darkness of the heart
The horror!
And yet who can it possibly be?

I can't face that figure
Who looks like me, like a twin
Who is in the mirror
The similarity
I doubt it can be...