

TWO-FACED

The reflection they see
Is what she should be
But deep in her soul otherwise
Tales of vision's demise
Disheveled face of a drug dealer
Of snipers and silencers

The reflection they glance at
Is who He should be
But deep within, truth glares
Conscious's piercing stares
Tales of a man pious
Of dealings malicious

The reflection I regard
Could have him an award
Sleek and gentlemanly smart
But then falsehood departs
Whispers of a preacher's guise
Straying lambs with the disguise

The reflection I behold
A cause of forgetfulness of old
But tells of a heart cold
Not everyone's sold
Portraying a child abuser
Echoes of a substance user

The reflection I look at
Mesmerizes that no eye lid would bat
A sight endearing
A body tempting
A face veiled in pretence shatters
Revealing a reputation in tatters
Tales of an adulterous woman

The reflections they see are of
A gentleman
A lady
A Godly man
A successful man
A virtuous woman
A good mother
An inspiring sister

A hardworking brother

A faithful wife

A loving husband

If only you could peek into the surface below

You would know the characters they carry in tow.

Natasha Munde