

Louis Lukaza

It depends on who you are;
If you are honest, true and faithful
the glass is clear.

However if you are cruel, ignorant and evil
then your glass is nothing but blurry
as the winter fog in June!

Even for those who lead countries.
For those that think they are righteous,
everyone can see through their blurry glass.

Dami Salami

I looked into the mirror
And she stared back at me
Same nose, same eyes, same smile and height
But not the same Dami

Her eyes were still the same brown,
Her hair still light and straight,
But her once red, abundant heart
Was dark, empty and grey.

Her tie was neat, her collar pressed,
Her shoes buckled and shined
Yet her emotions were anything
But neat or organised.

With full pink lips and long slim legs,
White teeth, a perfect smile,
This young girl here was hideous,
So foul on the inside.

She smelled like a fresh bouquet
Of lively, vibrant comfrey
Though her oh-so-vile morals
Had the poison of the ivy

Guess what they say is not true:
The looking glass does lie.
It distorts, it manipulates
The clear lens of your eye

'Cause when you raise your left hand
It shows you that you're "right"
It tells us what we want to hear,

Not what is in real life
right

ORRRR

Not what is real or

Kevin Kodhe

POVERTY METAPHOR

*Looking through a shady glass,
I wonder if it's made of gold or brass.
The rich and famous inside bounce in up and down,
in amusement of why I am out and looking like a clown.*

*Money appearing once in a blue moon,
I grieve on how I will ever afford something new!
Out in the streets they call me the cartoon,
maybe because they can't make out what was used to make my shoes!*

*Poverty stricken here and there,
even my jiggers are in utter despair!
My home doesn't even stink of beer,
drinks are only served with tears!*

*The alleys mock me,
just because I have nowhere to take my pee!
Posh Range Rovers pass and diss,
only a penny I plea!*

*Will I leave this world of pain,
Is there a Jesus to help this widow of Nain?*

*This should not be a poem you see,
rather it is help I need!*

If I Were – Michael Kariuki

If I were a mirror,

Would you crave a glimpse into my shattered eyes?

Or would you

Seek a façade immersed in abundant lies?

If I were a mirror,

Would you gaze into the void that is my spirit?

Or would you

Be so preoccupied that you couldn't feel it?

If I were a mirror,

Would your glaring eyes rebuke the demon before you?

Or would you

Fall into the vicious web that is my voodoo?

If I were a mirror,

Would your shameless stares colour my skeletal exterior?

Or would you

Turn away, dreaming that you are my superior?

If I were a mirror,

Would your prying mind be enticed to give me your life?

Or would you

Crush my glass and make my ruins your knife?

If I were a mirror,

Would you let my lips of broken glass leave you bleeding?
Or would you
Stop this regular reunion that ensures my feeding?

*“Mirror, Mirror on the floor
You’ve ruined me yet
I still want more.”*

I Know.

Faith Wegoye

THERE’S A RABBIT IN MY BEDROOM MIRROR

Strange. Confusing. Rare.
All are words I now fear.
Wild things that drag me down the rabbit hole
to the days of men in white coats with cut and paste smiles and bleached sandpaper
palms.
Days of walking alongside mother, her expression of denial firmly in place.
“You are not broken,” she would boldly declare, her fierce eyes as wild as that of the
hatter.
Yes, I was not broken.
So why must they fix me?

Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap.
A worried frantic beat played by the foot of a rabbit in a blue coat.
He doesn’t have Todd’s.
He lives in my mother’s vanity mirror.
Tucked away in a corner safe from the world he glares at my slight frame.
His eyes yelling at me.
Grow! Grow! Grow!
Until my feet touch the floor and squeeze past the door,
Until the mirror is a little boat floating in the folds of my palm.
I squeeze and squeeze until it shatters.
Distress leaps from my mouth and runs
around the room creating echoes in all the awkward shadows.
My head brushes the ceiling and mother is yelling and I am still a giant with bleeding
palms.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.
One for each second that has wriggled from my grasping fingers.

The rabbit now lives in my bathroom mirror.
His small watch's arms catching all the minutes, seconds and hours that I cannot.
It doesn't care that time is a slippery floor and I keep falling,
Falling through cool tempered glass into a land where little jabberwockies lay in wait
to sink cruel claws into my head,
Where I most times wish the Queen of Hearts would lop off my broken head and
paint me anew in the shades of red.
So no,
It doesn't care that I have Todd's... and life is unfair.

Hide. Run. Hide

I am no bigger than a mouse but still He has found me.
His palms drip pain, His eyes cruelty.
But on His face He wears a Cheshire cat smile.
"Let's play a game," He says, and I am afraid.
He doesn't care that I have Todd's.
He doesn't care that my mind is just a roomful of mirrors.
There's a rabbit in my bedroom mirror his feet are still, his nose is sad,
For even in Wonderland, His kind don't exist.
He pulls and penetrates until I am a small mouse, broken in a million places.
Until I hide behind the darkness of my closed eyelids and find a hatter with a
madness in his eyes that makes more sense than my sanity.
He is finally gone but now...
There's a red river between my thighs its rushing current runs away with the last of
my innocence.
My head brushes the floorboards and the rabbit is hiding and I am still a child with
bleeding thighs

Safe. Far. Remade

There's a girl on the other side of the mirror lying in a pool of blood and shame
Her small thighs uselessly clenched tight as if to keep back the life that flowed from
them
Peace has finally found her and death –unlike life- is fair
She no longer alive. I am dead, but
There's a Cheshire cat wrapped around my neck and a white rabbit huddled near my
thighs
the flashing of the blue and red sirens illuminates the shock on his face.
His watch swings aimlessly at his side.
In spite of it all my smile is wide
for time is no longer slippery and
the little jabberwockies inside my head are all dead.
I turn away from the reflection of what I once was and mother is crying but I am
finally a girl with freedom in her eyes.

Joy Onyango

One

must

wonder

why

the

power

Of

the

looking

glass

Is

Magnified

when

the grasp

of

the reflector

Truly lies

in the eye

Of the beholder

Or the holder

Of the object that determines

Self-obsession

Or

Depression