

## **THE MEASURING MIRROR**

When I was a boy,  
I used to watch the way women  
Stretched their faces in smiles  
I thought were tears.

Then as a young man,  
I discovered the paltriness of value.  
The insignificance of decisions.  
And let through my fingers  
Insects on the run.

When I was forty  
The streets started folding up.  
The moon turned grey  
And I got married.

Took a friend's dog for a walk in the park.  
And didn't care when it whined  
For ice-cream.

Years passed. Then during a business trip  
Abroad, I saw in the measuring mirror  
The definitions of age.

Quite. Until one crisp Good Friday,  
My daughter cut her wrists and left  
Separate notes for her mother and me.

Then -a few moments ago,  
I tore in half a letter that promised  
Happiness. Dipped the pieces  
In red wine; and chewed on the words  
That never change.

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