

## The barbershop

A mystical microcosm  
of mirrored mirages  
images in the left-wall mirrors  
reflected in right-wall mirrors  
similitude repeats again again  
ad infinitum

Which image is the real one  
It is like looking back on  
life's course one plodded  
on from better to far worse

Which myself is a reflection  
or reflections of a reflection  
Peering directly into the glass  
held up for me to track  
a reversed myself stares back

Is there a real myself  
behind the glass  
a myself that is never seen  
Hair is cut to suit the day  
clipped hair is swept away