Stephen Robertson

All done with mirrors

One Friday morning when we set sail
and our ship not far from land
(Navigation was always a difficult art,
Though with only one ship and one bell.)
we there did espy a fair pretty maid
with a comb and a glass in her hand.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there—
Who can that attactive girl be?
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.

Mirror mirror on the wall
who is the fairest of them all?
(The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As comely or as kindly or as young as what she was!)
I am not cruel, only truthful—
The eye of the little god, four cornered.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side.

I look into the mirror, but it's cracked
And won't be fixed and always did refract
The one before it into at least two.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting_lines/