

## I Look in the Mirror

By  
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I look in the mirror and my mother looks back,  
An air of surprise on her face.  
“I remember,” I tell her, “when *your* hair turned gray,  
Like the silver framing my face.”

“When I’m eighty,” you said, “I’ll let it go white.”  
Now I dye strands in your place.

I look in the mirror and my mother looks back.  
Seventy-four years on her face.  
“I remember,” I tell her, “how you parasailed,  
While fear locked my feet in place.”

“When I’m eighty,” you said, “I might sit tight.  
Today, I’m flying through space.”

I look in the mirror and my mother stares back.  
A wistful look blankets her face.  
“I remember,” I tell her, “when *your* toes were bent.  
And *your* shoes too hard to lace.”

“Almost eighty,” you said, “It’s been a good life.  
I’ve enjoyed running the race.”

I look in the mirror and my mother looks back.  
Tears streaming down her face.  
“I remember,” I tell her, “when you reached that day.  
I phoned so we could touch base.”

“I’ve turned eighty,” you said, “The end is in sight.  
Time flies at too swift a pace.”

I look in the mirror and my mother looks back.  
An angry look crosses her face.  
“I remember,” I tell her, “when we heard the news,  
Which you took with your usual grace.”

“I’ve passed eighty,” you said, “and run out of fight.  
It’s your turn to finish the race.”

I look in the mirror and my mirror looks back.