

## LIKENESS

Looking in the mirror  
I see how the child I was,  
the young man I was,  
turned out.

Staring into my own eyes,  
I am not nervous or shy  
or my usual fake-polite,  
withholding self.

I'm a man in a mirror,  
two weathered faces  
with crumbling complexions  
and retreating hair,

eyeing each other  
with disappointment in ...  
and disapproval of ...

Goddamn our  
shared history  
that keeps us

from meeting  
as strangers,  
starting again.