

Mirror

Gazing in the mirror at me.
Is that the thing I will always see?
Not as much as I expected,
will I let it be rejected?
So many doubts fill my mind.
Looking deep, not much to find.
I visually cannot choose,
if I will win or if I will lose.
I cry out to be touched a little.
My voice so strained, my heart so brittle.
I will not be ashamed of me.
This mirrored image that I have to see.
Jesus speaks into my soul.
I shall reach a destined goal.
Through him who helps me face all terror.
Through him who sees what is really in my mirror.
He seeks my heart, always true.
I may not ever fit their shoe.
I will not try to be like them.
I would rather save myself for him.
Jesus Christ has always been here.
He has the only voice I will hear.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Megan Bilderback.