

# *Touching my Reflection*

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I peer into a mirror  
of last night's rain,

pieces of the sky  
gathered on the ground.

The face I see  
is somehow sharp  
as glass,  
more real than my own

so I lean forward  
until my nose is wet,  
until my eyes and chin feel  
the ripples of themselves

and I keep going,  
turning inside out  
into the sky.