# Me in a mirror

It is impossible to like what I see

I cannot look at my reflection

without making the same wish

I have made a million times

but there are good things too

my straight jawline

my deepset eyes

I don’t get along with my nose

we are enemies, my nose and me

it’s not enough that it is too big for my face

it has to grow hairs

which must then be removed

not a delicious process at all

I often think

I am only one surgery away

from being handsome

my eyes are the blue of a hazy sky

when I was young, they were the blue of a clear sky

but all things fade as one ages

I like my eyes, they make up for my nose

they have mystery, but they are clear at the same time

this is a good thing, my eyes are an oxymoron

my hair has retained its blondness

when the blondness of my brother has faded to brown

blonds do not have more fun, but we have fun trying

there is a 96 percent chance that I’m taller than you

in most mirrors, the top of my head is truncated

it is as if my braincase is not important to

the manufacturers of mirrors

I don’t like looking at my pants in the mirror

they’re always too short…it’s hard to find a 35 inch inseam

with a 38 waist

which brings me to my fatness

I have put on a lot of weight lately

4 years ago, I was 160 pounds

now I am 240, a big man

it’s good to be big, but I’ve started to jiggle

this is not a good thing at all

my belly hangs over my belt slightly

oddly, the weight only shows on my trunk

neither on my legs, nor my arms

but I can tell you, it’s better

than being the effeminate bone rack

that I once was

I am hard to intimidate, as I have the security of size

I know my girlfriend thinks I’m good-looking

I won’t permit her to call me cute, although I have dimples.

I hate cute.

she’s biased, but I like it anyway

I wish I could see what she sees, but almost nobody

can see him/herself

without cringing

the only people who can are usually repulsive in another way

they represent to us the triumph of form over substance

I don’t hate them

ok, I hate them

no, I don’t hate them

wait, I do

not

I admit my vanity

I don’t know from whom I inherit this

it is a good thing I am not better-looking

or my perfection would go to my head