**Reflections in the Ring**

In the ring, where echoes dance,  
Mirrors face in fleeting trance.  
Each boxer, a reflection true,  
Of dreams they chase, of battles due.

Silvered glass, impartial view,  
No bias here, no love undue.  
Reflecting punches, swift and clear,  
In the mirror's eye, no fear.

Amusements echo through the crowd,  
As boxers dance, strong and proud.  
A medical report, stark and bold,  
Records the tale, of young and old.

In this formal verse, we find,  
The truths of life, intertwined.  
Mirrors show what eyes can't see,  
In the ring, where souls roam free.

Faces blur, in darkness lost,  
But mirrors show, at any cost.  
A metaphor, a lake of thought,  
Where reflections can be caught.

Thus, in the ring, where battles rage,  
Mirrors reflect, a timeless stage.  
From boxing's dance to medical lore,  
Amusements echo, evermore.

**"Reflections of Rarity"- [using Leopard concept]**

In the silvered stillness, I reflect,

No preconceptions, truth I collect.

Pink-speckled wall, part of my heart,

Faces and darkness, keep us apart.

Amidst this dance of light and shade,

White leopards roam, rare and displayed.

Symbols of rarity, their elusive grace,

Stirring souls with their elusive trace.