**Reflections of Truth**

I am silver and exact,

No bias clouds my view,

I reflect the world intact,

In me, what you see is true.

I do not wield cruelty,

Only truth in every glance,

A little god, observing silently,

All details within my expanse.

Yet I fixate on a wall,

Pink with speckled hue,

It resonates within my soul,

Though its image flickers too.

Faces and darkness intervene,

Dividing reality from my realm,

A barrier stark and unseen,

Yet I reflect without overwhelm.

Now transformed, I am a lake,

Depth and clarity unfold,

A new perspective I partake,

In reflections, stories untold.

In me, truth finds its place,

Unbiased, impartial, and clear,

A mirror's solemn grace,

Reflecting all, far and near.

This poem encapsulates the essence of the mirror as described in the knowledge graph, emphasizing its objectivity, truthfulness, and the nuanced relationship it holds with what it reflects.