An intimate alcove at night: a wooden vanity with an antique standing mirror. A lone figure sits before it, seen from behind, shoulders relaxed. The mirror shows a fading succession of reflections dissolving into mist, a gentle strange loop. On the table, small symbolic keepsakes: a feather, a compass, a green glass droplet, a laurel ring, a cracked porcelain mask, and a tiny candle with a trembling flame casting long shadows—values, admiration, envy, fear made tangible. Warm candlelight meets cool moonlight from a window, painting soft gradients across worn wood. Velvet curtain, dust motes, breath-fog on glass where a fingertip once traced a circle. Shallow depth of field, poetic realism, no text, no watermark.