

Stephen Robertson

All done with mirrors

One Friday morning when we set sail
and our ship not far from land
(Navigation was always a difficult art,
Though with only one ship and one bell.)
we there did espy a fair pretty maid
with a comb and a glass in her hand.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there—
Who can that attractive girl be?
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.

Mirror mirror on the wall
who is the fairest of them all?
(The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As comely or as kindly or as young as what she was!)
I am not cruel, only truthful—
The eye of the little god, four cornered.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side.

I look into the mirror, but it's cracked
And won't be fixed and always did refract
The one before it into at least two.