

Existing

by Fran Duffield

I am not sure that I exist,
actually, now, this moment:
not seeing myself,
and no-one seeing me

there is evidence from the past,
but that softly-shaded face
has been screwed up and unfolded,
like a spoiled drawing
retrieved in regret

the image now reflected
is seemingly myself,
but then smoke and mirrors
are notoriously untrustworthy

all I can trust is my own gaze
meeting me in that dark glass,
the same as ever, sad and amused,
angry and patient, I exist
until those eyes are closed