

The Fairest of Them All

There is to be a wedding in the house
In the hall, tall and wide
I have been placed
To grace and greet the bride
This special day
Sparkling crown, whiter lace and silken shoe
The image of loveliness must entrance
I calm a nervous disbelieving glance,
Now, reassured, surprised
She sweetly smiles
Ready for the scrutiny of the aisle
Into my depths little faces peep and play
Time to go
But in reflection, I must stay.

Margaret Wells

The starting point for this poem was an invitation to write a short story involving a mirror. It is not unusual for members of the Writing Group to take such suggestions in a different direction, be that form or topic.