

Merely Mirrored Image

He is patient, but silent, staring at me
with my eyes, never offering a word
of advice. I believe he is selfish
with his experience, he prefers that
I should make as many mistakes as he did,
that I should fail where he might have
succeeded, lose everything he might have gained.
This is the only way I can explain the morose
silence with which he regards me. For
I have asked him, in my straightforward way,
what he thinks of me, his opinion of the life
I am still living, what I should do about this or that,
and each of these questions is very important,
even vital to me. But he never says a word
that does not form first on my own lips,
the stubborn old man, the brutal bastard:
so long as I remain silent
he doesn't make a sound.

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