

This Distorted Image

Take a step back.
From your shattered reflection,
This distorted image,
Step back from the glass and See.

But do not look with a sculptor's hand,
Chiselling away at the perfect imperfections –
Cutting away at the thighs and arms,
Until nothing is left.

Never look with a painter's brush,
Covering what was not as blemish
Until it was covered.
The paint marks you more.

On no account, look with a photographer's eye,
Seeing only the best light,
The best angle, or tone.
You cannot fit a soul in a frame.

Nor should you look with an embroiderer's thread,
Fixing the mistake with the sharp
Stab of a needle.
This only unravels what you have already done.

All you will become
Is impossible to view
If you use the hands, minds and hearts of others.
To look

With your own eyes,
Feel with your own hands,
Know with your own mind
Is to love with your own heart.

When attempting to write this poem using the theme "image" the first thing I wanted to write about the way humans almost constantly critique both each other and themselves on their appearance rather than focussing on the unchanging human nature that is of far more importance than what is on the outside. The second theme that came to mind when I thought about the stimulus "image"

was art, which I also thought was worthwhile in incorporating into my poem as unlike the inanimate objects that are created by others, humans are not and will never be formed perfectly.

In a world in which people ever increasingly see the “flaws” of the outside rather than the heart of the person on the inside I felt this was an important issue to write about and the emotional strain caused by a self critical and harmful nature could best be described through poetry.