

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

*Michael Jerry Tupa*  
**Back In Front**

I am he,  
the man in the mirror,  
I couldn't see me  
any clearer.

I rub the glass,  
but feel no tingle,  
yet, it could be  
no other.

Does this man  
still have dreams,  
does he still believe  
in moonbeams?

Who else could it be,  
this man in the mirror?  
A fake -- is he farther,  
or nearer,  
from that little boy  
who saw rainbows  
in crystal blue skies?

Do I really know,  
the man in the mirror,  
part of him  
wants to be purer,  
struggling between,  
the pull of heaven  
and the gravity  
of the mud.

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I stare at the red eyes  
of the man in the mirror,  
believing life  
is dearer  
than a daily shave  
and echo of the alarm clock.

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### **Time to go.**

I leave the man in the mirror,  
not knowing if he  
remains imprisoned  
in the shiny reflection,  
or if he is set free  
when I turn my back.