An Alternate Mirror

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I check out with just a chorus of people all bitchin’
about how horrible the country’s immigration policy is
and the failing economy and the drought. ‘This exchange is
going to be tragic,’ I think to myself; then, almost like fate;
I get some older displaced farm worker who used to do odd
jobs for me on the mountain behind the house and he
recognizes me, really knows his stuff. Seems like he was in
an awful hurry though; no real time to chit-chat.

I pass the glasses shop on my way to the door and remind
myself to get an eye exam, soon. “Be sure and keep that
receipt,” Teiresias smiles a cookie sweet dough wrapped
around obesity smile. Where do they get these people
anyway? I hold up my bag, like a secret, like they want you
to, like you found the meaning of life at Walmart. I notice
the sun falling over the red western sky, a candy sundrop
fame flashing gone. How much time have I wasted on this
one errand in the wilderness?

“You might need to return something,” he adds.
“You might need to return something.” I say sarcastically
under my breath. What a know-it-all. And to think all
I have to look forward to at home is whether or not
the two boys have settled their argument yet.
I might as well wish my life away to retirement
in the white clouds and calm of Mt. Kithaeron.

**An Alternate Mirror**

**Daniel Hirunrusme**

Sometimes when I look
Into the mirror I see myself as
Unattractive. So, I found an
Even uglier person to
Marry.