

# WHAT WE SEE

Mirrors, of all kinds, shapes, sizes, metaphorical or not, are inherently full of questions. A simple glance to your left can sometimes open up a chasm of experience, and of course, it's easy to shy away. There's simply too much, sometimes. So flick off the light, it's best to be in the dark. If that's not possible, please, take down the mirror! But of course, it's always there, isn't it?

Everything is a mirror. Everything reflects. Our eyes are constantly looking around us, gathering our identity from the matter that light reflects off of, matter that is only separated by our own perception. A cup, a blanket, a pillow, plastic, a microphone, a book. And we say to it - 'you are this', and 'you are that', and 'you reflect something I'm uncomfortable with', or 'you are a great memory, I'll keep you'.

We are talking to ourselves, in truth. We are looking at our surroundings and, in constant conversation with ourselves, consciously or not, we decide what we are.

And so, objects are mirrors. All of them. This probably isn't new to you. But sometimes the reflection we receive from the same object changes, quickly, drastically, suddenly it's all we can do but to tear it down and leave a blank wall in its place.

You and I know, though, that the matter itself has none of the meaning we give it. The stories they really tell us are only ones of questions. There is no definitive answer given. Sure, ask the questions that are apparent, that rest on the surface of the object... 'where are you from?', 'what are you made of?', or 'who gave you?'...

And so on.

But past all of these questions, there is always the same, fundamental question, left unanswered. At least, it seems that way to me.

What is there to say, then? What are these mirrors? Why are they here? Do I need them? Do they need me? And for what?

The most beautiful questions will always remain unanswered. Do roses love? Do trees have memory? Does the sky feel? Why?

Perhaps it is simply this: to give the pieces away. To gather, to let go, to gather, to let go, to gather, to let go, until you are a puzzle spread out amongst the stars, to be pieced together as haphazardly as the earth itself also was, at its birth. Perhaps you are a mystery that will never be known, save in small, small fragments, that upon meeting, and joining, leads inevitably to the timeless conversation - 'who was that person?'.

So I smile at all of these objects. They cannot be known, so immune to whatever I mistakenly say that they are, truly independent, timeless, and silently waiting for the day

when the questions are answered.