

Mirror

I look in the mirror; I like what I see,
Impressed by the one that looks out at me;
I fix up my hair and powder my nose—
Not a thing out of place or so I suppose.

I'm youthful and brash, have the world at my feet;
Whatever may come I'm ready to meet;
Step brazenly out in swagger and flair—
In awe of myself—Let the world all beware!

I look in the mirror; What a change there has been;
Fifty years have elapsed since I was nineteen;
Some silvery strands, some creases and sags
And beneath my two eyes the beginning of bags!

My outlook has changed with the years fleeting fast;
I work hard on my image retrieving the past!
But all of my efforts are useless and vain,
I know in my heart I can never attain.

I look in the mirror, this time it's His Word,
See my views in the past were by vanity blurred;
This image is trusty, shows up every flaw,
Leaves me naked, condemned, in light of His law.

On searching much deeper His image I see—
Righteous perfection which He promises me;
Humbled by Truth I avail of His grace,
His Word's now my mirror where I see His face.

Vincent Lyons.