

She Shares My Face

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By : Mistress of Word Play

This is another reflective poem about examining myself.



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She Shares My Face



Somewhere beneath the face paint
and the outlandish hats
she exists, the girl who loves
dogs and cats.

I feel her struggling to gain control
sometimes
it becomes more apparent in the stories
and rhymes.

She is a crucial entity
one of the more important parts.
The child who adores
pink lace covered hearts.

At times I can spy her laughing
as I peer in the mirror

She Shares My Face

and with the passing of time
her image draws nearer.

Jump rope, hopscotch, all abandoned
silly little childhood dreams
are relived, retold, not compromised
by her it seems.

She skulks and lurks
in some other mystic place.
she is the inner child
she is the one who shares my face.

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