



We peer into the looking glass
Of the dark-wood vanity
Its smooth, rich chocolate surface
Holds sepia likenesses of those who went before
In the hushed, low-ceilinged room
Of the adobe

Beside, the ancient bed, pristine
Where only ghosts now sleep
Their frail, white linen night-clothes
Long ago embroidered by a steady hand
Many nights by firelight

We peer through the Ages

Into the depths of the

Quiet silvery mirror

The glass a little warped

Time Warp?

We smile at our images reflected there

And

Their images reflected there?

Deep, deep within the mirror

Do They peer back at us?

We look through Time

Held tight for us

Held still for us

By the thick, strong walls

Of the Serrano Adobe