

Reflections of Vanity

by Barbara Anderson

She has always been vainly aware of her loveliness, undoubtedly, reminded of it often by her many suitors. Sometimes she lingers here to admire her reflection. But this woman has a deeper beauty she is yet unaware of, something she cannot see reflected in my shallow surface.

She's sitting before me, as many times before, but something's different tonight. Her face has been mutilated... slashed nearly beyond recognition. As she touches her face, silent tears spill from her horrified, pain-filled eyes.

Finally, her *true* beauty is about to be revealed.

I am fortunate, to be owned by one so fair.