

## Blurry Face

She puts mascara on a blurry face  
Hoping her hand remembers the movements  
She can no longer guide with her sight.  
She wonders at the years  
She's been performing this simple ritual,  
Designed to add color and definition to her features  
While the natural definition slowly fades.

She reaches for the mirrored image  
Softened by age and poor vision  
And wonder's where she's gone.  
Where is the girl who loved to write poetry  
And climb trees?  
Where is the young woman who felt so confident  
About each step into the future?  
Who viewed adulthood as one grand adventure?  
Have they been masked by career and family concerns?

She finds her glasses and reaches for her lip pencil  
Hoping to accent the twinkle in her eye  
With a sly smile.  
She draws the outline of her lips  
Hoping to capture herself again.  
Hoping those she meets will see in her  
What she has trouble seeing for herself,  
What she now takes by faith.