

## Four Mirrors

Loudon Wainwright III

I've slumped in your chair  
Tossed and turned in your bed  
Lurked in your lair  
I have lived in your head  
Where others were closer  
No one is nearer  
As I glimpse you in me  
In the hallway mirror

I've grabbed from the plate  
And I've stabbed with a knife  
On day one, my first date  
I slept with your wife  
My common-law stepmom  
I desire and fear her  
I compare you to me  
In the full-length mirror

Sharing hair, forehead lines  
Scowling, worrying, thinking  
With a penchant for white wines  
A disposal toward drinking  
You had 'em, I got 'em  
I move my face nearer  
Broken blood vessels  
In the bathroom mirror

And your doormen all know me  
It's not so bizarre  
So it shouldn't throw me  
To go move your car  
But the ghost of your father  
He couldn't be clearer  
He's there where he haunted you  
The rearview mirror