

Lucas Carpenter "Making Mirrors Extinct"

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4 am,
2 car garage,
she sat alone with headphones on,
tears smeared black,
a cracked compact,
she's curled up on a musty couch,
every night,
hating herself.
she said,
i could never get anyone
looking this way,
these shoulders, these legs,
i mean, come on,
look at this face.

she wants to blow up
all the glass factories,
and shatter reflections 'round the world,
but til then she'll keep it all locked up
behind garage doors,
mumbling to deal with her pain,
it's the next best thing,
to making mirrors extinct

in her room
there's a wall of dreams,
with models clipped from magazines,
paper thin,
with airbrushed grins
inspiring an inferior girl to
think up tricks and cut corners
wiping off her lips she stepped to the scale
stumbling, and shaking, unsatisfied her,
her figure fell frail

she wants to blow up
all the glass factories
and shatter reflections 'round the world
until then she'll just knock her knees
to the cool tile floor
and blast the bathroom sink,
it's the next best thing

to making mirrors extinct.

well it all came to a head,
broken shards,
slicing arms,
and hospital beds
the doctor comes in and says
"i know what you're going through"
and the girl says, "no, how could you have a clue?"
so the doctor rolls up her sleeves
and shows the girl faded scars
that read like a poem
you're not alone

see, i wanna blow up all the glass factories
and shatter reflections 'round the world,
but until then i'll talk to girls and then i'm reassured
i'm not alone in how i think
it's the next best thing
to making mirrors extinct

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