

# THE GUY IN THE GLASS

11/7/23

804

Days Down

A piece about realizing that you can redeem yourself in self-forgiveness even after destroying your life as you knew it, without even knowing you were doing so, before you made your list of mistakes. Self-forgiveness and compassion is the first step.

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I had a mirror on my wall. Big, bright, clear as you'd expect. I'd look straight into it every day, and the guy in the glass would shoot back that familiar smile I'd grown accustomed to. I recognized him, knew him well, even, from years of conversations. Or at least that's what I told myself.

I'd wipe it down, y'know, the mirror. Because once in a while I'd see a smudge or a stain on the glass. Something small. Nothing to ever worry about; that's just what happens. I'd smile, that guy in the glass would smile back, the smudges were just smudges. I didn't know how they got there. Or at least that's what I told myself.

Man, I loved that mirror. Really dug it. I told myself that every day. Convinced myself. You can imagine how upset I was when I went to clean a smudge one day and it cracked when I touched it. I stood back, took a deeper look. A jagged, black line spread right across the face of the guy looking back at me. It wasn't my fault, though; the glass was probably weak. Or something. I smiled, but I couldn't tell if the guy in the glass smiled back. The crack covered too much. But he must've been, right? I'd cover the crack soon and the guy'd be back to his happy ways. Or at least that's what I told myself.

A while had passed before I went back; I was busy, y'know? Had a lot of stuff going on. Work, stress, or whatever. I did go back, though, felt like I had to check up on the guy. Must've been lonely behind the glass. Plus I never did get to fixing that crack. Wasn't sure how he'd feel about that, but I assumed he'd get through it. I turned the light on and gasped. Rust. Cold-