

Mirror

As she stepped through the looking glass
Alice looked curiously round
Beneath her was a bright blue sky
Above her was the ground.

She saw a book she couldn't read
Her frustration was immense
She held it up to the mirror
And suddenly it made sense.

She looked into the mirror
Her reflection was thin as a broom
She turned to get a side view
Now she looked like a balloon!

She ran away as fast as she could
But hardly moved from the spot
When she slowed to the pace of a snail
She went off like a shot.

In a glade she found a table
Set for afternoon tea
With seats for dozens of people
Although there were only three.

'Pass the cake,' demanded the rabbit.
Alice tried with all her might;
But when she passed it to her left
The plate went to the right.

'Pour the tea,' said the Hatter.
Alice tried her best
But when she looked in the teapot
She saw a dormouse having a rest.

Alice found herself yawning
Sleep she couldn't fight
She laid her head on the table
As the sun rose into the night.

Margaret Hardy, 2021
With thanks to Lewis Carroll

