

5-1-1998

Through the Looking Glass

Kathryn Allen
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Allen, Kathryn (1998) "Through the Looking Glass," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 5, Article 43.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol5/iss1/43

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Through the Looking Glass

Kathryn Allen

And I replied, "I'm not so sure you really understand me." But they did. They knew and they ripped me apart until the pieces were so confused that they lost themselves. Through their scrutiny and interpretation, I became what they wanted me to be. Looking down from that elevated pedestal, I realized that I had lost myself.

I was introduced to the next and rejected, tossed aside. I was too simple, too plain, and too easy to understand they said. Without even bothering to try to piece me together, they filed me away for later consideration. My message was unimportant, irrelevant. Again, I was lost.

Only a few came close to understanding. Yet even among those select few there were elements of me that seemed to be hopelessly unfathomable, ideas not thoroughly considered and explored, the absence of complete comprehension still adding to my losses.

Suddenly, I understood that in being what they wanted me to be, in saying what they wanted me to say, I was mirroring them. But I was never completely lost--a mirror is still a mirror regardless of what it reflects. Each reflection adds dimension to an otherwise flat object, as each perspective adds dimension to who I am and what I embody.

Each mirror reflects us in a different way, adding to the limited understanding we have of ourselves. Likewise, I give others a deeper and more profound view of themselves, presenting them with different images and perspectives to examine. I am not them. I am not like they are. Yet they see in me an element of themselves. Each sees me differently--does a mirror look the same to any two people?

They thought they understood me. I thought I understood myself. There were those who admitted they could not understand me-- "I don't get it." On any level of understanding, I am the written word, and though I never change, I am never the same.