

## Breakdown

My bedroom mirror insulted me yesterday.

‘Pull yourself together,’ it said,  
‘for my sake, if not your own’.

‘An inappropriate phrase to use  
to a woman in my condition’

‘Some condition! Old, Fat and Ugly.  
Definitely not much to look at.’

‘You ageist, weighist, aaaa-pearanceist  
freak’ I shrieked.

‘Just you wait!’

(It didn’t have much choice).

I rummaged for my most elephantine photograph,  
had it enlarged, copiously copied and pinned to the walls.

My mirror is silent.

It is in shock,  
from exposure to such multiplicity of  
enormous unwelcome sights.

‘Now you pull yourself together’ I advise.  
It can’t. It’s beginning to crack up.

*Brid MacSweeney*  
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