

Peculiar And Beautiful

Loïc Nottet

What is a mirror?
What does it tell us?
Lies? Truth?
What is it reflecting?
What we are?
What we want to see?
I know nothing more capricious than a mirror.
It can choose to make us love or detest all that we are.
Our face, our body, ourselves, nothing escapes it.
And in this game where it is familiar with all the traps and pitfalls,
It never ends up losing.
It laughs at our tears, our fears, and our pain.
It mocks us.
And what do we do in return?
We encourage it.
Some even believe what the mirror says and sell their body to it.
They begin to lose weight and money in order to please it.
They mark themselves with countless scars
Hoping one day to become more beautiful than Narcissus.
And God alone knows that to obtain the most beautiful smile,
Man is ready to suffer a thousand trials.
How sad..
Because in the end, it is the mere fact of being us
That makes us peculiar and beautiful.
But man is afraid,
He's scared by his differences,
Scared of what others might say,
Scared of what the mirror would think.
Fear, what a strange feeling.
An overdose can poison a whole life.
But let me give you a piece of advice.
Break it, break the mirror.
It blinds you.
And be you, simply you.
That will be enough.
Believe me.