

Where does the mirror end and reality begin?
Can you see the parts of me that I have been trying to hide?
Sometimes I think that my patients are mirrors that I don't want to be looking into.
Like they read my mind, knew my fears, and were disguised as a facade of my anxieties.
Their complaints are disclosed as if they are reciting my inner dialogue.
They present with grievances I have dreamt of in my nightmares.
When I look into the mirror I can pick myself to shreds.
Could you do the same?