

18. Awaken the warrior inside.

As I purged the nights sweat from my face,
I looked through the mirror and back into this place.
Somehow the image was different quite blurred,
And the face looking back was not one I preferred.

Tired and ageing, a shadow forlorn and weak,
Body ravished and dishevelled with lack of sleep.
Desolate eyes peer looking for relief,
Ears tuned now only to grief.

I saw someone else looking back through the glass,
Just a hint of the person I was in my past.
I stared, he stared back and then I realised at last,
I must find him and make sure that he can pass.

Travelling on a tidal wave of emotion,
Now he must return to the commotion.
My hand passes through the glass like a ghost,
Our eyes fixed, locked, engrossed.

And through the sunken wrinkles of time,
I look to destroy this phantom of mine.
Right into the crevasses of my mind,
And awaken the warrior inside.