

HOWARD GOOD

Mirror, Mirror

1

Who is that with my name staring out at me from a grey newspaper photo? I stare back at him across the devastation of sixteen years and try to recall how he thought, what he talked about, if he ever doubted his own words. Half-sitting on a windowsill, he holds his head at a hopeful angle, his long, ragged hair and thin beard glinting in the light. Only his eyes seem familiar. They search my face as mine search his, looking for a trace of irony and finding none.

2

Who do I look like? my daughter asks from the back seat. I glance at her in the rear-view mirror. Not me. She is beautiful, like the witches and brides of the shtetl, the drudges of the sweatshop, the pale roses of the death camp. Your mother, I say as the road disappears with a hiss behind us.