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# Ego

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## **Ego**

By Konner Jebb

I can explore every face except my own. Unless it's a recreation of that visage stained on the bathroom mirror. The rectangular frame hangs like an executed prisoner over coal tiled sinks where doppelgangers slink. Eyes meet eyes through the barrier, stoic as steel, where familiarity is unfamiliar. Those brown circlets ignite, the jawline drained of melanin tone - a devil's grin. Ego duels me in a waltz behind this glossed sheath as I brush my teeth and comb my hair. This wretch echos every glide. Pause. I ache, a sweat-drenched finger extending to his own. We touch, yet the tip of the nail, rim of the skin meets the chill of glass instead of flushed flesh.

A glance becomes the trance that feeds this beast as he punctures skin, burning his chin. Mangling any redeemable flaw. Milliseconds are curses of more mutilation. I punch the mirror and it bleeds with a crunch and twist. I leave the room, leave the house, and this city. He follows, crawling sideways through the cascaded rubble and shattered peaks of prison.