

## "Line Up"

I saw his eyes. They were brown like mine. The tattoo-tear underneath his eye was the only difference. Everything else was the same. The blood that stained his shirt. The skin that covered his flesh. His breath. The jawline hovering over his neck. He was me. Smoke from the gun distorted the face but he was me. Bandana over his eyes hung on my wall; it was mine. The rosario around his neck had been a gift from my grandfather; it was mine. Those eyes. Those eyes were my own and yet... I didn't recognize him. He was a stranger. A stranger trapped inside a mirror. The mirror which stood before me. He was there. But I-I didn't recognize him.