

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

by Rivyr Faubert (629 Words)

I have never seen my mother or my father when I've looked in the mirror. My facial features are an assorted mishmash of genetics, telling stories of ancestors long since passed. The red mane that adorns my head has set me apart from the moment I entered this world, a spotlight no one in my family cares to share.

Yet, I still see the resemblance.

My mother can be found in the way that I curl my body into the furthest corner of the couch. A book in hand, content to exist alone in silence, with pages of words as my only friend.

She can be heard in the way I pronounce Wednesday, and the sound I make when I'm caught off guard.

A startled yelp which I have always lovingly referred to as the 'British Woo.' She can be seen in the way my shyness emerges, my face a bright red spotlight, daring those to look away.

I think we share the same smile, she and I, and I know we share the same stare. It is one that she earned from her years as a nanny and one that I learned through the many times it has been turned on me. I suppose I am my mother's daughter.

My father can be seen in the twinkle in my eye. It holds a madness that our very bodies dare to contain, a restless soul that yearns to roam.

He can be found in the way nature seems to beckon me. My love for water: rivers, oceans, lakes, streams, all flows back to him. The way my body sways with the trees, my feet carry me up mountains, and my eyes track birds as they dance along the sky; that is all him.

He is my love of art and the reason a camera feels like a natural extension of my body. Its weight is a comfort, and its flash is a blinding pain that my eyes have long since grown numb to.

He is the reason I have mastered all my laughs. Ones used to placate alarmed cashiers, forced to endure the awful “dad jokes” he has stored away, and others that come from deep within my belly; those are often shared amongst friends. And though I would never tell him, I suppose he is the mastermind behind all the jokes I tell, both good and bad. Perhaps I am my father’s daughter.

I am a collection and a compilation of my parents’ best and worst parts.

There are days when I curse them for making me the way I am. When my anger overwhelms me, and my temper refuses to be soothed. When my stubbornness decides to take the reins, denying peace in favour of victory. In the guilt that I feel when my idealistic perfection is not achieved. Those are the days when my pillow bears the brunt of my fury.

But then there are days where I cannot thank them enough for raising me the way they did. For teaching me to let things go because grudges never fixed the situation anyway. For teaching me to cherish the people closest to me because we have so much love to give, and so little time to give it. For teaching me that laughter is the greatest medicine and that a smile can truly brighten someone’s day. Those are the days when my love pours over, unable to be contained, much like an exploding volcano that has reached its limit.

So no, maybe my reflection will never match those of my parents, and perhaps that will never change.

But they will forever shine through in the stories I tell, and the way I see the world, for I am, and always will be, my parents' little girl.