We peer into the looking glass
Of the dark-wood vanity
Its smooth, rich chocolate surface
Holds sepia likenesses of those who went before
In the hushed, low-ceilinged room
Of the adobe

Beside, the ancient bed, pristine
Where only ghosts now sleep
Their frail, white linen night-clothes
Long ago embroidered by a steady hand
Many nights by firelight
We peer through the Ages
Into the depths of the
Quiet silvery mirror
The glass a little warped
Time Warp?

We smile at our images reflected there
And
Their images reflected there?
Deep, deep within the mirror
Do They peer back at us?

We look through Time
Held tight for us
Held still for us
By the thick, strong walls
Of the Serrano Adobe