

## Cycle of Mothers and Daughters

Last week I glanced in the mirror quickly  
as I hurried by the bathroom with an armload  
of dirty socks.

But it was your face I saw  
staring questioningly back at me,  
not mine.

Startled, I stopped and drew closer,  
examining for the record  
the few strands of graying hair,  
the puffy eyelids, the creased face.

And it was your weathered hand  
that tried in vain to smooth back the wrinkles,  
not mine.

I used to think our paths were worlds apart,  
you and I, and now find that after all,  
I have met you on your path, in the process  
of finding mine.

—Cherie L. Burket