Alice, Again

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Press your hands to the mirror, girl,
and your cheek to the glass.
Does your breath fog it up, or does it flow
beyond?
Press harder, push through.
Does your breath fog it up,
Or are you seeing more?
Are you seeing past?
Past the end of your own nose, past your fingertips,
past the glass that shows everywhere you’ve already been.

If you wiped the fog away now,
are you sure
it’s your own face you’d see?
All ways
are your ways.
  You just haven’t chosen one yet.

Press a little harder, push through.
Don’t need to look at the reflection;
you already know what’s behind you.
It will wait for you to come back.
  and even if it doesn’t...
  and maybe you won’t...

Press harder, push through
to what you can’t see.
  You might fall all the way to the bottom.
  You might find the claws that catch.
  Or you might be a queen.