

## Mirror Stage

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One day when I was levitating, my twin flame told me that I smelled as sweet as the air coming out the back of a laptop. I told him his karmic debt was showing and slammed the door on the way out. He sang after me, “goo goo, *ga ga*, you are the babyfication of yourself”.

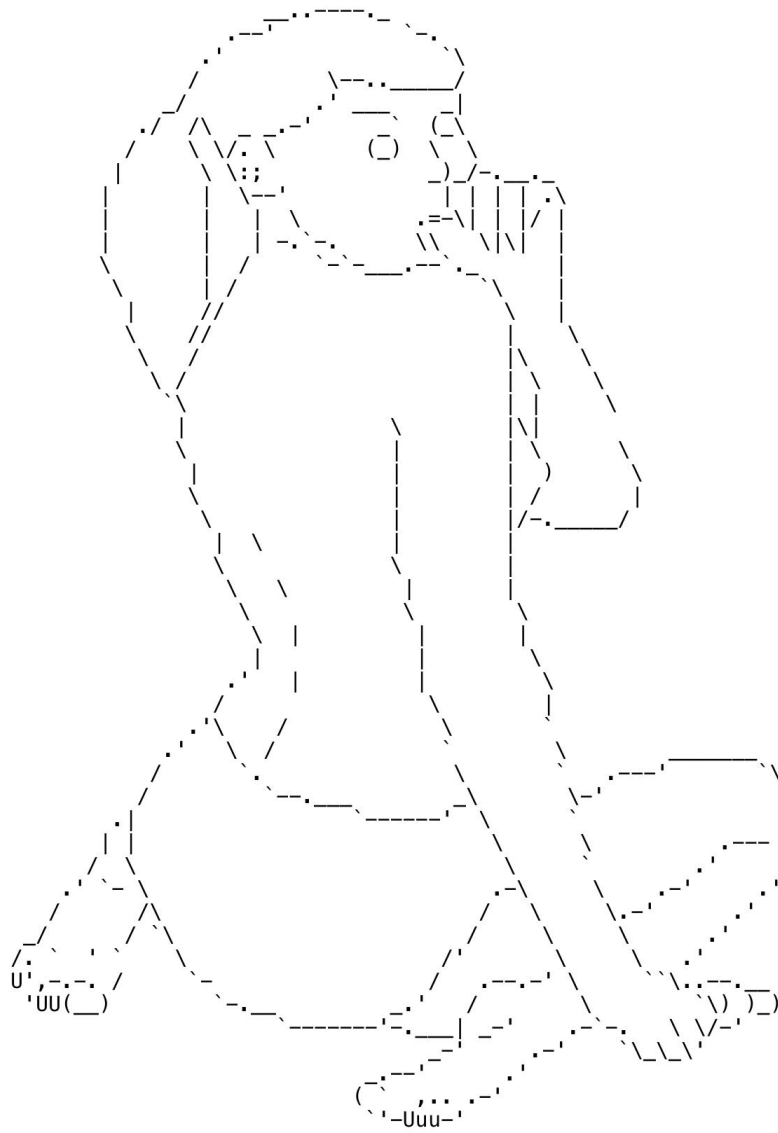
Like. Whatever. He doesn't realise I'm The High Priestess of Vibrations. Mirror mirror on the wall, when I grow up I will be the most intangible of them all. I have the cosmos under my fingernail and I am literally only 33 cycles away from breaking samsara. I know he's just jealous of me because the last time I got my period I saw his past life on my tampon... And guess who he was? A flea catfishing as Cinderella on OkCupid. Hah. Loser. I am a seer. I swallow fuschia and vomit silver - he likes matte beige and eats coleslaw with ketchup. I don't even breathe ☆.

Later in Heaven I met with my spirit guide over a hemp milk babycino. I love her because she's a star seed like me - she comes to me often in dreams as a platinum shadow. We sat together on a cloud and I watched her practice phasing between dimensions.

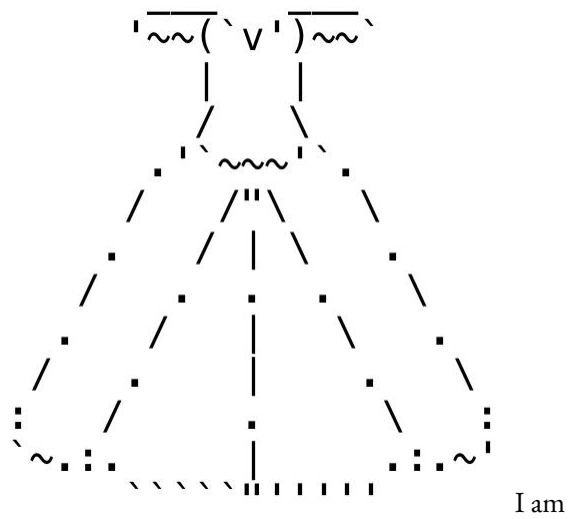
“I just wonder if other people actually, like, feel things?” I said sucking on a tapioca pearl. She nodded and responded blankly with, “-\\_(\`)/\_/-”. I had no idea what she meant so I said, “Huh?” Pausing, she snapped her neck away before looking back at me all shiny over her shoulder. Out of her third eye emerged a perfect holographic render of my face, stretching itself over her features until it fit seamlessly. I swear to God she is literally one ego death away from Total Abstraction. Bitch. She pouted and blew a kiss through her/my lips, purring “°. love... \*.” I stared into the mask's eyes and said, “You look really good like that babe.”

Now she was pissed. “!!!. love!!!!!! you boother” she screamed in 963 Hz. I didn't know what her deal was but before I could ask, she dissolved into the ether leaving behind a bubble of skunk fumes. I tried to look mindful, brushing my horn and then said to no one in particular, “Oh.... yeah... no, I totally get it”. Everything was awful. My aura was shifting to grey. I could feel myself glowing lonely and lame. The gang of cupids that had been watching us began to giggle in harmony. I stuck my tongue out at them and astral projected home.

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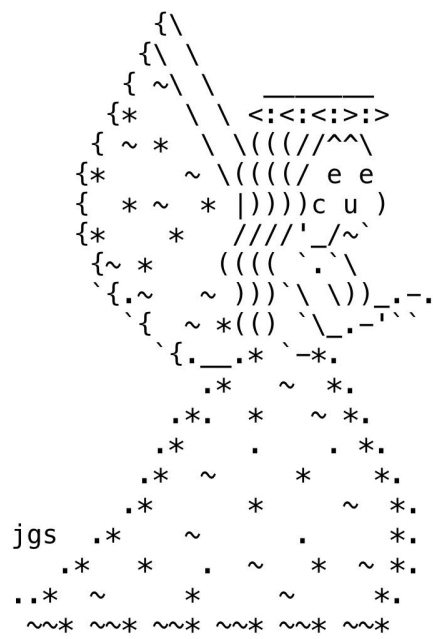
Mirror Stage



Free

Mirror Stage

On



My

Path