Mirror Image

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How can I be sure that you’re me?
I stare in the mirror and what I behold
Is some entity with a false identity
And a propensity for lying,
Hiding behind masks of no substance,
Showing to each person the most appropriate version
Of the individual who lies dormant.
If I could enter your mind through those hollow orbs
I’d see infinite doors and each would lead to a labyrinth,
And each would bear lies and confessions,
Blowing along the walls like leaves in the wind,
And a guard would be waiting to rescind my invitation
Should I proceed too far without your permission.
Because I would discover the undeniable truth:
You are the product of assiduous deception,
A crude amalgamation of the personas you’ve displayed.
You are, cruel doppelganger, my monster.