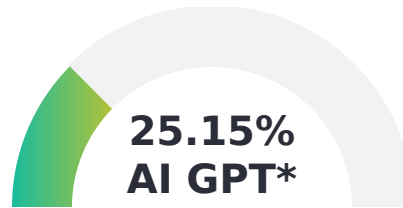




ZeroGPT

Your Text is Most Likely Human written, may include parts generated by AI/GPT



A Room With No Mirrors

There was a time I couldn't look at myself.

Not metaphorically. Literally.

I avoided reflections like they could burn me.

I'd pass a mirror and turn my face.

Catch a glimpse in a window and flinch.

Shave in the dark.

Dress without looking.

Survive without witnessing.

It wasn't just shame.

It was something deeper.

Like my own face had become unfamiliar—haunted by headlines, warped by public judgment, blurred by grief.

I wasn't afraid of what I'd done.

I was afraid I'd disappeared underneath it.

So I lived in a room with no mirrors.

Not because I couldn't face the world...

But because I couldn't face myself.

When you're vilified, the first thing they take is your reflection.

They make it hard to remember the person who used to laugh at stupid jokes, fall

asleep next to someone, or write songs under streetlights.

You become a ghost of yourself—still moving, but barely present.

Healing didn't come all at once.

It came in fragments:

A tear I didn't judge.

A sentence I didn't delete.

A moment I stood still, in front of a cracked mirror, and whispered:

"I see you."

I'm still learning how to stay with my own image.

To let the mirror reflect all of me—guilt and grace, failure and fire, weakness and want.

And not flinch.

So if you're reading this from your own room with no mirrors,

if you've lost the ability to see yourself as human,

if your past has twisted your reflection into something monstrous—

please know this:

Your face still belongs to you.

And one day, when you're ready,

you'll look again.

And maybe—just maybe—you'll see someone worth rebuilding.

—Billy Coull

■ Highlighted text is suspected to be most likely generated by AI*

1614 Characters

280 Words