

Two faces appear before my eyes
One I don't know but I should
Looking past all the obvious
Just to see lines that can't be crossed
Dictate a presence
Lines carved with dirt and oil
Will lines be remembered when old eyes decay?
Will I ever be permitted back to a time when I knew who I
was?
Will I ever see past all the things I wish I could
forget?
Shards of glass inflictions jab into muscle and skin
No tone like the present, the flow of nothing begins
Today we'll start with a shortened breath
Until we breach the end of it
A child yawns, an adult cries
There's laughter in ignorance
We wonder why
Tired times, exhausted wishes
Bones crack and we are weak
Fractured images, decaying lines
Cannot cross, fading signs
Dictate a presence
Lines carved with dirt and oil
Will lines be remembered when old eyes decay?