

If you bear the front marks, of a teeth engraving  
you might wish for deeper ends. But they  
do not come as wishes at first;  
they come as recollections. To how much  
grain of sand-dust you could hold on to, to keep  
in the glass,  
where once you have trodden and  
bled to feed time, the brown remains of a  
red alignment, to remind you that living is trying;  
a carpet, (and you follow), that creates multiple labyrinths,  
stairway to stairwells, and  
the scratchmarks recover, you will notice  
that you were never alone  
and that with the prized souvenir you will  
carry along proudly as experience  
wishing for a better future  
hopefully, wishing for deeper ends.