

I Remember You.

Layers and layers of years fell upon my head
Whitening my now thin hair

My face follows its path paling away
As the paint on my wheel-chair chips slowly

I saw the plain grasses burn to ash
Only to spring again to house mice and fauna

I wonder now as I lay

If my Creator will allow me to spring forth again

A wild flower

A tulip

A rose

A human-being

A new spirit no less

My feet are cold, haven't walked in days

Maybe weeks

I just rock back and forth, my hands blindly searching for

Hair, ears, smiles, I hear their giggles

The giggles of the fourth generation, gentle creations

Creations of mine who won't listen

Creations of mine who call me blind

But who are only leading each other into the pit