

THINGS PASSING: GETTING OLDER

For long, for so long
I wove dark, nail threads
that coiled and echoed
in my brain till despair
knocked hollow in my throat.

Now I treat myself
gently;
after these years of living.
With tenderness I cushion myself
against spears hiding in my days.

I get older,
I find dim gems
collect in my hands,
and flicker some pale truths.
I only pray
their light grows
as my stumbling
carries me onward.