

Wrinkles

12b

From a concerned start and a straight end
It forms under folds and smiles
Whispered stories and silly questions
Each wave or knuckle crack

Each bend of my wrists it begins to creep in
A story written only on skin
Unique on every palate
Graceful in a way not recognized by many

And each sip I take
Every pursing of my lips
It reminds me of how I can't escape it
No one can
Is that so bad?

Every step along the way
A permanent shadow
A reflection time
Of who I was
Or what I wanted to be