

You asked me with your eyes  
gaze downturned, frozen, gray, and  
I turned to pick your body  
set **you** on your pedestal again,  
bent back the creases of your corners,

if I loved you,  
off the floor and  
tape on every fray.

Because if I am the now, then  
associate, dissociate,  
a knowledge pen to paint to form to face, the  
grieving absence long and late

you **are** the past,  
essence of the human race caught  
of knowledge lost to tumbling time

Because if I am **the** sand, then  
push and pull, ebb and flow,  
not knowing where the pencils  
will lead

you are the sea,  
stains and tears  
as hours sink to depths below.

Because if I am the sentence, then  
favorite books and plastic covers  
each moment, each minute, each pore, each fleck,  
telling tales I could never hope to

you are the story,  
each scar, a **mirror** of constellations  
read aloud.

Because if I am the mind, then  
the insight, foresight, hindsight, true sight,  
when every darkest secret comes to pass

you are the thought,  
**of** every hidden place.

If I am the word,  
If I am the move, then

a mirror image of  
every divot, every crevice, every mark,  
that makes us both human

then you are the voice,

you are the choice,

You asked me with your eyes  
gaze hopeful, finished, real, and  
I turned to pick the pencils up  
and set to work on you again, a **legacy** of

**my** mark I wished I could erase,  
more than I would care to admit.  
if I loved you,  
off the floor,  
sharpened edges etch the pieces of