

TILES

i'm nine
when i slide back into this line of time
mint-green tiles the first thing to my sight.
that gape at me
as if they could see
the pitiful heap
bedded on metal wrapped in soft white
newly holding a dull ache and a dry taste
and one less spike to its spine.

i have forgotten most things, only kept
the beaming of the tiles
and the rush of understanding
how much it means
just to be alive.

