

At What Point?

At what point-

Does a wrinkle become a tale?

Meandering, like breath on frozen wind.

And at what point-

Does a breath become a body?

A body, on which wrinkles

May play.

And at what point-

Does a fold become a crease?

And a crease become a scar?

Are not all traces,

Traces of that which went before?

Evidence, then-

Of touch. Of memory. Of existence.

And that, in it all-

We have lived.