

That I Might Be Known by You

one verse sowed the seed,
pregnant thoughts germinated
in sparkling moments

coarse grains of raw sand
growing in my aging shell
promised shining pearls

swelling over time
until my littered shelves sagged
under weighty words

scattered bygone bits
wrote this sequel to my life
on memory's page

that I might be known
by you, in maturity,
around evening's fire



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