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My Mother's Wrinkles

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My Mother's Wrinkles

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“You can’t stop them from coming mom”
She smiles and shakes her fist,
The timelines written across her face
Give me a laughing atlas.

Only I can’t make a copy of this
I must look and memorize,
What will happen when the map lines fade?
Leaving no trace of smile or eyes?

The wrinkled map will float about the world
That wraps itself around me,
A spiritual place that I can only feel
But wish that I could see.

Maybe it will wait halfway for me
Leaving trails of wrinkled lines,
And if I sit back and close my eyes
The map will appear in my mind.

Or maybe it will not wait, and I am alone
On this earth with an unguided fear,
I guess this means I must come face to face
With the aging one in the mirror.