

AGING

I makeup my face.
Blood colors me,
razors bleed my skin,
lightning-strike strong.
Stress lines worry, highlighting
wrinkles perpendicular.

Scars checkerboard
my future deliberate.
I am a chess game.
Criss-crossed cuts
confine me. Imprisoned by
past pain, old wounds
fight today's battles for me.

—Dr. Bonnie Raingruber