

“Scarred” by Alexander Sheets

To the knife that scarred my right hand,  
I thank you  
Thank you for showing me myself  
For peeling back a layer I hadn't yet seen

My memories are tangible, I swear.

To the tree I fell from  
And the sticks below it  
My arm, adorned with maroon  
My appreciation is too plentiful for words

The rocks that bloodied my leg,  
I'll always love you  
Because who am I without you?  
I've never seen more of myself than when we met.

My memories are tangible, I swear.

And the asphalt that tore my knee,  
No one knows me like you do.  
Miles deep, I gazed inward.  
And found a sweet asylum  
One that wasn't present prior

My memories are tangible, I swear.  
I feel now as I did then  
My thumb, my arm  
My leg and my knee  
The skin still feels rough  
I can see the gashes, I swear.