

# **“Fossil”**

by  
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You look into the mirror,  
what must you think of that  
solemn, weathered, face?

Those eyes that have seen too many years,  
did they once laugh and shine?  
The snowy hair that melts so swiftly,  
has it replaced dark and twisted locks?  
Your lips, so thin and sad,  
joyous sounds of a young man must  
have found their way from them.

I hear a new sound break away from you now.  
An unmistakable noise, constant and quiet,  
trapped since tomorrow's yesteryear,  
the slow drumming of a  
discontented heart.