

## A letter from the bifocals weary of my shortsightedness

I write you a tunnel.

I scratch in stalagmites that won't groan with their years of reaching for the ceiling,  
I carve registers prophesying future memories in the pockmarked walls  
and sprinkle in seeds that will outgrow the roots permeating in doubt.

I erase the withered floor to engrain grooves  
stuffed with friends that smile with their teeth  
and family that laugh with their eyes-  
Stomping out worries with crow's feet.

I draw a flaming symbol.

Something that will burn away the dead skin on your fingertips  
and the calluses on your eyelids.

I use it to light your way,  
then stab Janus and close his mirroring doors.  
Life is always the right choice.

— *Travis McClerking*