

Etched into the wall  
I pass it every day  
barely a glance in their direction  
But now as my time here  
-my time in this doorway-  
draws to a close,  
I look at them more closely.  
the little notches,  
four feet from the ground  
marking my ascent into  
Who I am now  
Oh what I wouldn't give then  
to move up those notches  
Oh what I wouldn't give now  
to go back down those notches

As I look down those notches  
through the shrouded mists of time  
I see the hand marking them  
the familiar hands that raised me  
I see the battle between  
the two of us, siblings  
Oh what we wouldn't give then  
to move up the notches  
Oh what we wouldn't give now  
to go back down these notches