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## to measure feared and coming naught

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# To measure feared and coming naught

// Sam Crusemire

To measure feared and coming naught,  
despairing, I commenced  
and lost whole days. But pressures taught  
that it's no matter, since

my head will soon be crowned with stone  
and when the sun agrees,  
his arms won't scorch the thick-dressed wound  
in shade eternally.

Then each rewoven scratched-on sheet  
helped stitch to health my doubt.  
Just rites achieve some regal feat  
once breaths have been crossed out.

But now's to sleeplessly conclude,  
since I've still time and more,  
I won't use light to cry nor brood  
my erring, erasing ends.