



Nails

by Cortney Cameron

In my father's closet, catacombs,
Upon the dusty, sacred wall
A humble hammer, aged, hangs
With broken stubs for claws.

The head is pocked, the handle chipped,
And taped around the ragged grip,
"Remember all the nails this drove"
Proclaims a note, in ancient script.

When the years weigh heavy on me,
And I feel worse for the wear,
I recall that one cannot grow worn
Without first driving many nails.