

## The Hairbrush

From him  
I have this,  
Hairbrush,  
Plastic...

Sort of old,  
Sure, antique,  
And bent are  
Most its teeth!

On handle is his name,  
He wrote with  
A burning matchstick.

Since it was long ago  
Foregone are he and more,  
Track went to sheep, goats!

His name on the brush  
Reminds those stories...

It was in prison...  
Prison was a hell...  
Also was a school...

Read brush as a book,  
In its teeth see pages,  
Each one has many words,  
Which are carved, on brain.

He, jobless and in need,  
Took shovel, went risking,  
Worked, digging with effort.

His movements like breeze,  
He followed sound of wind:  
“This hill is old, ancient,  
With many treasures!”

Found or not, do not know,  
I met him inside jail!