**Achievements**

*January 19, 1972*

The man came by with grade in hand,

I did my tricks, I took the stand

And told him all the things

That he'd told me.

My face composed. No sign he knows

That I know he has never learned to see,

Or feel, or laugh, and dance and sing,

Cry out in pain at what life brings,

Taste all the joy and fear of living free.

My time knows where it wants to live,

But the clock on the wall won't let go.

The man in the booth still sells tickets to life.

It doesn't mean much now to know.