Spiral

I step down the spiral stair in search of secrecy from the past will inform me of my story--other ghosts there, haunting dingy corners, lit rooms in library basements? Perusing my clawing through the genetic alphabet of castle document, an almost accidental meeting with identity. Hear the whir as moving transparent past the light. The weeping ink of yesterday refusing to validate suspicions. Variations legend from another. In quest of ancestral truth. There are no counterfeits in all the existence. The greatest progenitor of all times Father to son, Father to daughter, Father to original autograph—the spiral signature of

Martha Everett Smith