

"I could have done better," she said  
And glanced at the number 90 something  
with fraction.

"It is imperfect," echoed her voice  
But does she know, I thought, that nobody knows  
and nobody cares? That nobody sees and no one  
remembers?

Does she know, I thought, that what is remembered  
of her is not written in ink, but in the sight of her smile  
The sound of her laugh, wind of her Joy and arrow  
of her wit?

Does she know, I thought, that she's worth more  
than a hundred? More than a million?

"I could have done better," she said.