

ECHOES IN MEMORY

Token

In the wake
of what might
be, the drag
of what is;
a silent offering
stolen:

Nothing
became of
nothing.

Defunct

The surrounding
assembly of eyes
pales into darkness:
defunct.

Clasping my hands
to my face I
feel the dampness
of tears.

Retreat

With another soul
to latch onto,
another tenuous grip
made: the peace of
mind from involvement
withdraws from
isolation, leaving
only silence's whispers
to meander into
the unforeseen.

Undertow

A glass-eyed glance
unemotive, cold
discovers the
impossible
sought by touch

Finding fear
in the iris light
of undercurrents,
Surfacing

Unprotected, swept away:
a harsh half stare
left in the circles
that dissipate.

Relived

At once unknown,
the plethora of
knowledge, strained,
becomes clear
as blind eyes see
through waking
thought.

Before clarity,
the understanding is
broken by the
day-to-day:
reconstructed in
the perverse hope
of resurrection.

Allusion

Every moment mirrored,
reinvented, lapses into
daydream: the need to
forget

Descends from the
fantastic to become
the allusive imagined,
destroyed, lived –

repeated.

Once

Seen
sought
gestured
alone:

A cursory
glance
decides
fate.

Futile

Imagined
the day long
as nothing ever
comes of it
as ever, forever,
the final breath
echoes in memory,

Fractured into
futility and seconds
long since spent.