

Memories of Youth – September 2015

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September 2015

My inarticulate ramblings

Of a Sunday morning:

I love the way your piercing eyes

Rove over youthful bodies.

There was a kind of beauty

And a promise

Dripping over girls--

Delightful ecstasy.

Heady days

Of catalysing dreams

Unfolding soft, slow and dark.

Microscopic changes kindle,

Burn, and fade:

No one knows

You never were the same.

Tortured difference;

A repugnant shade Of orange,

Standing burnt and crisp

Against their cooling gaze.

“It’s just a phase,”

They say.

One day, some day--

Frightened, pioneering,

Amazed--

You’ll forget what it was like

To feel afraid.

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