

Memories – November 2014

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Catherine Heath

November 2014

Morning light,

Open mind,

Crossing bridge

In delight.

Same old work,

Another day,

Typing away,

Naught to say.

The whiff of medicine;

A darkened hallway;

A circular bath

Like a mermaid's cave.

Easter eggs

Are hid outside--

A childhood game

We play with pride.

Hating them

(A father's envy)

Insane anger--

Privately.

Years have passed,

With work and play,

Father's gone

But eggs will stay.

Credit: Photo by [Annie Spratt](#) on [Unsplash](#)
