

Memory of You – May 2020

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Catherine Heath

May 2020

Papering over the cracks--

Something rotten at the core!

Your soul is calling out to mine,

But we won't find

What we're looking for.

Anything you want,

And more?

Swimming against the tide,

We're all in

For a wild ride--

Feeling lost and alone,

So far from home.

Where have we roamed?

The ghost of you,

Shimmering in the dark--

Terrified of what we've lost,

But we're through with taking chances,

And raking over the past,

Finding nothing but woes.

Close the door to memory--

Who knows the future?

Not me, or you,

Though we certainly feel blue

When it turns out badly.

I'm glad for hoping,

And the rope I used to hang myself

Snapped.

We clap endlessly,
Like trained seals--

And yet I feel so alive!

Thriving in the puritanical box,
My soul bursts free,
Transforming endlessly
In a fiery waterfall of light.

It's so bright,

She cries.

I've had enough of your lies.

Marching on and on,

Footsteps etched in mud.

The blood has dried,

And we are in love;

Dancing, happy children

Running free

On open moors.

Close the door;

It's not what we were looking for,

Though it distracted us for a time,

And the clock chimes,

Calling us home.

The lines in my face deepen,

And your eyes burn

(Two souls cleaved will never meet.)

It's a feat of existence

That love ever exists at all,

That the flood of betrayal

Ever ceases to flow,

And children grow in darkness,

Wondering where birds have gone,

Yearning for someone

They have never met.

Yet we persist,

As our fumbled kisses behind bike sheds

Lead us amiss.

We hike up our skirts and carry on--

Don't tarry now;

He is waiting.

It's the ghost in the cupboard

Who called out your name!

We will never be the same,

After love's bright flame

Licks over dusty letters--

Unfettered and wild,

Now the child has suddenly gone.

I knew that you were the one;

I saw it in your eyes,

And to my surprise,

You were the echo

That replied.

Love's a funny old thing,

Not like gold rings,

Or the wings of a bird.

Danger lurks at every turn,

And not.

The false promises we made

Fall by the wayside,

And the pride we had,

It turned to dust.

The snide looks of girls

Who have nothing at all--

Enthralled to the king,

He seemed like he had everything

(But I know better).

And the letters we wrote,

Are so funny now,

The prow of the boat launching through the sea,

Bringing you

To me.

So you see,

When the way is dark,

And the branches tear your clothes,

You are not alone.

Beyond the clouds,

The proud king reigns no more--

What was it all for?

She cried.

One day you'll learn,

But you won't care.

If you dare to dream--

Nothing really as it seems--

You'll find that the treasure

Was under your bed,

All along.

And the throng--

Baying,

Bleating--

Fades to silence.

Revelations are so deep,

But we find meaning to keep

In the smiles of children,

All the while,

Your hand was in mine.

Your soul is mine.

All it took

Was time.

You look luminous--

I'm hypnotised by your eyes--

And to my surprise,

We are electrified.

So in love with you,

Eccentric genius,

That your words are prayers,

Floating up to heaven;

And we'll be gloating no more;

No one's keeping score.

I am yours.

Credit: Photo by [Timo Stern](#) on [Unsplash](#)
