

MEMORY

By Richard Paul

There's something lurking in a drawer,

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Proclaiming days that are no more,

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It's calling to the heart that's stored,

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The times that never shall leave.

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A photograph of childhood days,

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Shaded in that nineties way,

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Calls back what never went away,

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The times that will not leave.

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A song you have not heard in years

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Strikes a light between your ears

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Of memories you'd not guess were near,

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They hid, but never would leave.

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A film whose name you did not know,

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Watched with your parents long ago

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Watched with your children next to stow

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A sliver that never shall leave.

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You carry more than you can see,

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Though memory seems miserly

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Nothing true flies callously

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They wait for you before they leave.

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-* = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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