

In the Silt Nearby
6/2/2020

In the silt of my memories,
I sift through the dust and fragments.
You gradually reappear in bits and pieces,
and thoughts and prayers,
and shards.

I try to reconstruct.
I try to move ahead and reassemble the jumbled and disparate parts.
Gradually.
Slowly.
Without pause, I put you (and me) back together.

The waves wash over,
cleansing,
clarifying.

I return to that place,
to that time,
to that walk
alone
with hope and you in my mind.
Forever.