

Forgetting

I worry about forgetting
That somehow I haven't packed
Tonight's stars
The hum of the television
And the peeling paint of my walls
Into my suitcase.

I worry that time will bury them like sand
until only their vague shapes can be made out
A house that was once my home
old friends that were once good friends
Once rocks and pillars
Now dust on the wind.

I worry that there won't be room for them
In my new life
That the scent of Mum cooking
Or Dad's footsteps in the corridor
Will be lost to time.

But maybe that's how it's supposed to be
That the old memories fade like photographs
In the light of all the new days
The new memories
To come.

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