

For How Long?

Chloe Deeba

Each memory captured within my mind

aware of each day that passes as I know

he is just that, a memory. Far below,

a lonely tree stands with our young names signed

blissfully clueless of path we would find.

Our lives at odds, my expectations low

the world was fighting against us though --

somehow, we won the long battle, unconfined.

His coat still hangs with hope on the tall door

crying out to be remembered. My heart

unwilling to forget. But for how long?

My fingers drag the coat to the floor.

The fabric slowly sinking as it departs

into the forgotten ground nearly...

Gone.

