

memory stealer

paper shuffles
keep faded dates
times faces spaces
aligned, prodded from slumber

turn over
satin whispers across
brittle bones and
Sunday best

we folded our own
arms in

truths manifested
from stolen secrets
we carried with us
can we rest easy

grumbles, whispers, stutters

take it in remembrance
laid upon worn altars

dust powder steps
echo forgotten ground
teetering at the edge of finality.