



A Fleeting Memory

Nathan Green

A bookstore void and empty late at night. Just me, the journals and the lone cashier. Although my parting words were not quite right, I hold to hope my meaning was sincere. Within my mind her manner calmed and pleased; Mature and light, I almost felt at home. Her earthen eyes both grounded and set free, And yet soon after I was left to roam. A misty maze confounds my every step, And pictures hide in dark and unknown cracks.

I find my recollection torn
apart,

And when I try, her semblance won't come back.

Yet remained the warmth that she imparted;

What mind forgot, heart had not discarded.