

Returning 9-19-07

I find this book.
3 and a half years have passed.
That past lost.
Unremembered.
Unencumbered by the present.
It strove to intercalate itself
Into the interstices of time's mind, mine.
But it could not.

Unlike unannealed memory
It was fixed, by the pen.
And unlike lost memory it returns,
Mute and indifferent,
But true and present.