

Lost Memory

JANE STUART

You were—
you are—
a dream
I am your shade
we are two shadows crossing yesterday
with no map
or reminder
of what was
and no way, yet, to reach
our brave new world
that some have called tomorrow,
shadow-land
and spider web of mercy
all unknown
fresh sorrow spreads across winter's last snow
that meets your hands
while moonlight fills my eyes
and I remember
all that once was there