

# *Remembered*

JOHN GREY

Years and months and days  
fade into one another.  
Only moments survive the chaos  
of bygone time.

It's the instances that survive  
or, at least, their ghosts,  
slight and untouchable  
but how they haunt.

It's another night  
that the calendar  
does not observe.  
It's these ghosts.  
The dark, the rain, the wind,  
set the scene  
but they really are unnecessary.

Yes, that's a terrible storm out there  
but it will pass.  
And the comfort in here  
warms well beyond the fire.

For half a second there  
I remembered.  
I sensed,  
I knew.

Windows rattle.  
Lightning cracks.  
Chair creaks.  
Fire crackles.  
Beautiful, so beautiful.