

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.