Reflections In Ash

*Sifting through the ashes of my mind.*

*Digging for those golden nuggets of memory.*

*Moments unearthed; moments remembered.*

*Brushing off the ash; burnishing the gold -*

*until it’s aflame with life.*

A young you and a younger me

gaze at each other with adoring eyes.

Holding hands, supple bodies intertwine

in a lovers’ embrace while vowing eternal love

between fervent kisses.

Time and familiarity

breeds complacency,

arguments and power struggles.

Innate differences surface

as the tedium of everyday

threatens to rip us apart.

Yet, somehow, we weather through

before it’s almost too late.

An old me and an older you

forgive each other for their wrongs.

Comforting each other in solidarity

because time is ticking,

threatening to run out.

*Cherishing the dying embers of recollection.*

*Stirring up the ashes to keep the flame alive.*

*Moments re-lived; moments half-forgotten.*

*Treasuring those golden nuggets of memory -*

*reflections in ash.*

(Originally published in Fresh Voices, online publication by League of Canadian Poets, December 2020 issue)