

What We Cannot Keep

They're always waiting,
Even when you do not seek them,
Even when you don't want them,
Like an illusion or a fading dream.

They're always there:
Those rooms we retreat to,
Reliving stories held within,
Remembering scars we carried.

They're the people and landscapes
Held deep within our minds:
Our travels, our loves,
The past we cannot keep.

We go there often:
Handling the albums
When we need to escape
Or when we want to remember.

Though always there to hold,
They're never quite as we recall,
But we return anyway,
Again and again.

We keep these pages close,
Returning to what we've loved and lost:
The places, the people, the past—
All just out of reach.

—Catherine A. MacKenzie



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