



Memory?

Testing the moments of life for their own fragility
and breaking them down to dust.

So easily one's own memories crumble.

To not remember the actions of my own two hands
or the thoughts of the mind that once belonged to me alone.

Wandering through forests of dark grasses,
the cobwebs of my mind fill spider-infested trees.

The branches scratch the inner sanctum of my thoughts
as though they wish to escape to another place:

On the other side of the fence:

Where the grass is greener...sunlight brightens the foliage,
And tomorrow may still come.

Ryan is a twenty-year-old who enjoys writing for fun.