

Fragments of Forgetfulness

By Louise G. Cole

Days slip
away from me now,
a landslide in slow
motion, life's

daily debris
crashing past
boulders, rocks
and tree roots heading

to the lowlands
in ruinous rumble
until they come
to a sudden stop

silenced, checked
at midnight's dark wall where
the carrion crows of memory
pick clean the hours

until there is nothing left
to recall, just
the scattered bones of time,
time passing by.