

## **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.