

Poetry

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Sometimes we are
here. Sometimes
we remember it.

Sometimes we forget
pain. Of the innocent
that will never exist.

Of the guilt that will
never be made
better. Sometimes

we call this progress. Past
anniversaries I mourn
but pass without knowing.

Sometimes I fold
my hands and now
empty chairs. The longer

our story, the less
it tells. Sometimes
I wish to be told

how my hands fall.
Instead of waving
to the next. Sometimes

they return in the same
skins. I grow tears for them.
I make their bed slowly,

caress the ashes. Sometimes
it is brief. No goodbyes
before they are taken away.

Sometimes we
continue. Sometimes
that's all we have.

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