

MEMORY - Anonymous

They dance,
They burn,
So that from them we might learn.

They bring joy,
They bring pain,
Thoughts of loss thoughts of gain.

Some shielded from the heart,
Some welcomed by our arms,
Guilt, hatred, sorrow, laughter, charms.

A tear might roll,
A scream might come,
All from what was said or done.

We accept,
Or deny
But what is inside does not lie.