

Wisps of the Past

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Bleeding between the unspoken seams,
While saturated in the ancient fissures of time.
Unveiling all of our bygone dreams,
under the serene wash of rose in the forenoon sky.
Upon the idyllic memories that remain misty and contorted:
Now faceless comrades converse, during the eventide,
Unwinding on the green as the breeze glazes the orchids,
Mingled with wisps of the past, under the rays of springtide.
Fermenting in the specters of jubilant memories,
as short-lived fantasies, are left prone to being harried.
Gathering dust for centuries,
as fleeting recollections slowly get buried.
Every day is a step away from yesterday.
Before long, memories wither to a gunmetal grey.