

My mind is filled with loss
And why should it be
After so much being found
Shocked me into happiness?

'Tis a thing, the spoils of focus,
The emotional hangover, what's
Left after experience is more;
Stack that over time and sense
Unravels like clouds cast apart
By the sun.

Remembering the occasions, I was
There, Am there, and yet, here,
I sit surrounded by two moments
And then some, circling in faith
The chances of each yet to be
Lived, yet to be remembered and
Forgotten and woven into the fabric
Of the lives we share.