

Kurt Pattison

# Goodbye

again amazed  
at how easily forgotten  
these faces can be  
when stored in drawers  
like leaves in the gutter  
will eventually rot  
now picking them up  
time having taken back its integrity  
they slip through the fingers  
memories of what could have  
now  
must wait till next spring  
when the desire to decorate our trees  
awakens the need  
to be surrounded  
by new  
smells and touches and clothes on the floor  
fingers rapping like smiles on the door for  
stories, same old stories with new  
twisting  
between the vices  
snatching at the unknown  
worms breaching the decay  
  
freshly acquired faces reminding us  
how we did know the shedding of skin  
once  
flourishing in the sun for the sake of life  
each born of blossom  
to wither and fade  
and grow again  
to wither and fade  
till our roots  
die