

“Forgotten Memory” by Kelsey Harris

I’m so forgetful, I do not recall
What life feels like without winter’s bleak face,
To step outside and feel no sting at all,
to be kissed with the sun’s forgiving grace.
It seems so contrary—my trust wavers
that this dreary division has withdrawn
for when life avails, she I can’t savor;
nothing lasts, yet for forever I long

Please, don’t let me forget the way dawn feels!
I wish for the birds to keep on singing,
I wish for winter to never reveal,
Just how it feels to not feel anything.

O, God! The only thing I shall request:
winter be gone and my life manifest.