

## You Were Simply a Child

Memory serves,  
casting off the hurt of ancients,  
these breeze shaken trees realize.  
Like a premonition, they change that pain  
as memory still through the roots  
of absorption.

Trees, the huddled, the outspread,  
are shapes to make a space in, be that room  
for the breathing after the world turned  
to iron & truth kept closing.

You tried. I tried  
re-opening the other  
at completely different times  
& the timing remained a problem.

Yes, memory serves: your walls  
& my distance while forgiveness keeps

blowing up the derelict trees  
I take my lessons from.