

## My Memory | Poem

By Calvin Culy

My Memory grew old and slipped away from me one day,  
But of the year, or month, or hour it's really hard to say,  
She was a close companion, a friend while I was young,  
Though hardly had I lived a score, she returned from where she'd come.

You know I loved her dearly, for how she cared for me,  
Guiding me from day to day, as a shepherd does his sheep,  
The only key to open up the safe within my mind,  
To bring back to the present a life that's left behind.

It makes me glad to know no more the things I long wished gone,  
Of hardships that had left her scarred, that darkened her bright song,  
But it made me sad to see her go one crisp, cold, cloudy day,  
To watch through rain streaked windows my Memory fade away.

She took with her my recollect of growing up at home,  
Of friends now gone that I had loved, of places I once roamed,  
She took with her experience, a skill learned over time,  
Once valuable, now useless, who will bring it to my mind?

Now here I am an empty man, bare, ridden of my past,  
Though more focused on the future, on eternal things that last,  
I wish I'd been more thankful for the years she lived to see,  
I'd taken her for granted; now she granted rest in peace,

My Memory grew old and slipped away from me one day,  
But of the year, or month, or hour it's really hard to say,  
Alas I wish now as I write to bring her back to me,  
For I had a few things more to say, but they left with Memory.

My Memory,  
Please reappear,  
I'll never be,  
The same as I was when you were here.  
My Memory,  
Please reappear,  
I'll never be,  
The same as I was when you were here.