Forget

Pond

decapitated kids
I guess her finger slid
mom's the shutterbug
dad was the whip he'd slip
cookie monster blue
you can tell me by the untied shoes
rabbit goes around the hole and through
they come undone still do

scrapbooks filled with memories
of yellowed bad photography

extracted my front teeth
an abscess splinter drove behind beneath
the dentist pliers pulled the novocained roots creaked
he axed the family tree
a jeweler cut it off he let him keep
visited the stump counted the rings
22 short 23

scrapbooks filled with memories
trinkets of how it used to be
Christmas cards of family shots
that's the last one before he walked

a stream of thoughts connect me back from where I was to where I'm at
buried into strata confines are precious things I left behind
new thoughts slowly take place of older ones that they erase
tucked into these plastic sleeves are things that once were me

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