

Memento Mori (Remember That You Are Mortal)

By Heidi Hermanson

We are transients, our stint short,
nothing more than a twig
that randomly snaps in two, no more significant
than a stain from a wine glass
laid carelessly on yellow parchment.

We dawdle, as shadows darken,
gaslight reality,
shrug at times larceny
as we loiter, gazing off into the distance,
deep in thought, preoccupied.

A lull.

Here are the kids,
precious faces, serious, stoic,
obsidian eyes staring into the future.
In the background, some books,
some wine everything you need, really.

The shroud of recollection
is a wistful veil, how time smudges
memory in a soft lens!
Under nocturne, rogue stars revealed,
--all sparkle and crushed glass--
and covered everything like a mantel. Even time.

But now our limbs tremble, we surrender and
abandon everything as the minute hand absconds with our bones,
time varnishes our memories in warm sepia tones,
a lens we fall through willy-nilly.
Dazed, we pick a small bouquet of moments,
salvage our few futile remnants,
and grudgingly, tearfully remit our
squandered pension.

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