

Revision

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there comes a time when you are moved out of the lives of others
and can't seem to inhabit your own —
you never knew your own, it's true,
and panic at a date that merely seems repeated —

every new day pushes you further into a past
that cuts inside you as keen as it did then
when ache was once a pain you couldn't bear
but muted now by lessons learned at last
that what has been has been, and cannot change.

It is the years that change, slowly moving your life
into new spaces your mind may yet vacate
and so you smile in case your memories are mistaken.