

Moment to Moment

by Deborah Oster Pannell

The memory fades so quickly,
It makes me wonder if it ever really happened?
Then I have to create something new from scratch
to fill the space
Yeah, there are patterns,
and sudden movements that pass for recollections,
but couldn't they as easily be glimpses into something new
that hasn't happened yet?
Is the glowing past
worth anything more than
a place on the mantle?
My thumb on the button of some celebration or other...
You inside me complicating matters beyond
anything I imagined,
but I learned that
if I just keep talking, then eventually, some pattern will emerge
and then people will know what to think when they read my
words
instead of just going for the streaky long into the night ride that
might end in stardust or starstruck or sorrow,
suddenly changing everything

