If Only it Were So

by Tim G. Young

In the moment
I crinkle the aluminum foil,
The sandwich now a deeper
Part of me
I'd glance out the windows
But it is now dark outside
All the details put away

Sounds ring in my ears
But there is no definition
There is only the ring
A careful calibration
Of diminishing decibels
All headed into the same corral

Spotting the insignificant
White head on my short glass of beer
Reinvents my memories
Of mom and dad at the table
So I share their loss

My throat swallows minute crumbs
Of decades lost in rivers of
Time drenched echoes
As I feel moments fade
And drift into my crowded plate

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