

at some point  
you reach the time  
when you can no longer  
find large parts of your past  
as if they had been reconfigured  
when you were not looking  
or come into the possession of others who will not share.  
maybe they just got lost  
or confused while trying to follow you in the identity maze.  
it could be they have been culled  
like the runt sheep in an overgrazed pasture.  
sometimes i think it may be  
that they had more than enough of your hospitality.

who knows.

whether they found xanadu or a good prescription drug  
who can argue with what is not there.

i kept a scrapbook so i could hold on to the memories

but all that was left after the dog got it

was a slobber stained chewy...

then it came to me

i did not own a dog

but i still do not have an explanation

about why my drool was stained with ink.

large parts of your past.

wf.h.

2023