



Temporal Memory

And now alone, I see the play
That I created throughout my day.

A thought experiment of what was done
To take apart, and bring it home.
The scenes that often start the same,
As anyone could probably name,
For all of us begin mundane.
What then unravels and breaks away
To interactions so complex,
And moving parts that intersect.

The theatrics of another fall,
Communication breaking walls,
The words themselves are split apart,
Intent and meanings fly like darts....

Then glide in splintering, dangerous ways
This drama, of today's today.

What if that function now was gone,
The temporal memories having flown,
Or never started, how would it be,
Would ego block all memory?

Instead the day would churn and blend,
Making this course a smoother end.
No feelings shared or ruined thus,
Unleash away, time's albatross.
No watching, for no slips will fall.
No ending days with sharp recall.

And hence create a gentle mist
To make me pleasantly oblivious.

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