

Hindsight

Remembering is full of questions;

Wondering what of my memory

is truth.

Trying to walk around the space;

to touch the walls, the trees, the faces

To find out what

is concrete.

For holding a memory is like holding water –

One can never hold it all.

Light refracting through it,

Splitting my perspectives.

So; then I question my validity?

Yet my truth is my reality - and that has formed me.

I try to look for the gold - the joy,

But to ignore the pain is dishonest.

Yes, hindsight brings a painful light:

'Knowing what happens next'.

Yet if I do not look back;

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And attempt to make peace,
How ever will I move forward?
For I am all that went before.

So here I am; here I was; here I shall be –
Questioning, wondering, remembering, growing.

For the sake of my future memories.