

Time Heals

Melancholy memories of what used to be
Haunt me
Till the sun peaks up over the dew covered trees
Yesterday seems so far away
But your face
Still burns in the back of my head
Haunting, creeping, I cannot forget
Time passes
A day, a month, a year
So much time in fact that
I was wrong: a day came
When I did not think of you

--Brian Matthew Sperry