

## **See The Lost Memories**

*Mattie Dodson* Dodson: See the Lost Memories

I sat on my **creaky bed**  
My face only dimly **illuminated by fairy lights**  
My gaze blurred with salt  
My eyes were colored red

My bare toes **wiggled on the cold wooden floor**  
As I surveyed a **wall of memories**  
Preserved in **glossy photographs**  
The sentimental thing in my chest grew sore

I pried the pictures of a friend lost  
From my wall of memories  
The pins so tightly held on to those memories  
The happiness felt only separated by gloss

I sniffed as a pin pricked my hand  
As if to say, "Do not let go"  
"How dare you move on"  
The sobs stole my ability to stand

I cast up my eyes to the wall of photographs  
Growing keenly aware of the absences  
The holes that my friend had left behind  
The empty spots became his autographs

When I could no longer see for film of tears  
The voice of my Savior whispered  
His comfort came through my silence  
His presence to rid my fears

"See the lost memories," he said  
"And see how others surround them"  
"In losing one person"  
"The others have not fled"

I stood, the **strength of the Lord propelling me**  
And I rearranged my memories  
Using the other people on my wall  
To set the empty spots free

**See The Lost Memories**

And so in my life, I will rearrange  
I will call to those who haven't left me  
Whom God has given me  
And I will use the old, to alleviate the change