

See The Lost Memories

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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

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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