

Tread Softly

Soft, familiar silhouettes
Recollections, and regrets
Scattered thoughts and memories
Lie all about between the trees

The lifting of an icy pall
Reveals faint shadows of them all
Each sketch, so light, so roughly drawn
Carved, distant figures, bluntly sawn

Images of friends and lovers
Past names and faces bound to others
A willowed whisper, crown of hair
A picture on a garden chair

A scene replayed with colours greyed
Annotated, corners frayed
Some pages named, or marked with scent
Scratched letters wrinkle and fragment

A sugar paper book, a sleeve
A trace of veins beneath the weave
Each leaf that turns half hides the last
Then pressed together, forms the path

Where footprints all along embossed
Compact the layers, memories lost
Ruts fill with rain, before they drain.
Reflections slowly pale away

Then trickle down and quietly drown.
And so, tread softly on the ground
For when you walk with heavy boots
You trample down these tender roots