

# MEMORY

By Ean Johnson

I carry great weight,  
but cannot be carried  
by the strength of arms  
that would see me buried.

I have no edge to cut,  
but leave deep scars.  
On the heart, and the mind,  
and eyes full of stars.

I am a soundless echo  
that is heard when alone,  
reverberating through the halls  
of a childhood home.

I can be shared  
alongside another,  
but when I am lost,  
cannot be recovered

I wrote this poem from the perspective of a memory. I deliberately avoided the use of words like remember or recall, and instead tried to use metaphors for the qualities of memories, such as how they can feel very heavy, or leave scars that never really heal. For my stanzas I chose a rhyme scheme where the first and third lines do not have rhymes, but the second and fourth rhyme with each other.