

# Decades Full of Memories

by Jodie Boyle

A game of chess  
A message passed from hand to hand  
Few words written on a page  
Time grinds to a harsh and sudden halt  
Lives are forever changed

Suit, tie, fedora  
Is this me? A dapper gent?  
Comfortable in leather, rags, heavy coats  
Looking like a homeless man;  
begging for food, for alms  
Yes, I am searching for hope  
I think we are all on the same quest

First steps  
How hard they are  
Looking around this room  
I memorise it all in a few moments  
Decades full of memories  
Don't look back  
I am Jacob; not Job

Up the spiral staircase  
Years slip away as I head toward the world, above  
Like a sunflower  
I tilt my face towards the sun  
We forget many things in life  
But not this moment, remembered  
Being kissed by the sunshine  
Caressed with warmth

An assault of sensations  
Colour, sounds, smells and sweat  
A city alien, yet somehow always known  
I make my way through the crowds  
Heart thumping in time with the city's music  
Why am I afraid?

A plain, grey building  
Unremarkable; a thousand others the same  
To me, it is a marker  
A crossroads

Step through the door? Runaway?  
I feel the hand of Destiny upon my shoulder  
Take a deep breath  
Count to ten...

An office in disarray  
A dear friend, dead  
His body still warm, but the spirit has fled  
Please God, guide him safely home  
Security guards, guns, the air thick with anger  
So many questions, hours of interrogation  
When will this end?

In this tomb, I sit  
There are others around me  
Yet I am alone  
Despair chains my heart  
Thicker than the bars which imprison me  
Faces of those I love appear  
How I will miss them  
Dear members of my family  
They must face life without me now

A beautiful girl, loved and lost so long ago  
Golden haired, sparkling eyes  
I can feel her arms around me  
Hear that sweet, angelic voice  
Bowing my head, I cry...

And look up to see another face  
A spill of honey coloured hair  
Green eyes touch mine  
Recognition, surprise and fear are  
conveyed in an instant  
My son's great love  
A woman of both worlds  
Here, before now  
What can this mean?  
She is both my salvation and my curse  
Darkness, pain and stabbing grief  
will come of their union  
But for now, I am externally grateful to her

Freedom...  
There are no words  
Seeing my child again fills me with joy  
This is where I belong  
Wait...what is this vision?  
Which angel stands before me?

I have died, and am standing at the gates to Paradise  
She speaks my name; music to my soul  
We reach each other at the same moment  
Time stops as I hold her to me  
Laughing, crying, I kiss the sweetlips of my wife...  
We are home