

## **Yesterday**

Even though the mind forgets,  
Letting hope and regrets,  
Slip from its grasp.

Leaving an emptiness,  
Beyond doubt,  
Like a hollow of a tree.

Though the colour,  
Faded and grey with time,  
The sap still brings life.

Hollowed out the mind cannot recall,  
What the heart remembers,  
Something of the glory vanishes with time.

But something lingers on,  
A kind of magic,  
Never to depart.

Lost in our secret passages,  
Sometimes we think age has claimed,  
But the heart remembers.

Something lovely it will recall,  
Buried deep down,  
A dream from the past.

Inspired by something we see,  
Ignited by conversation,  
Our yesterday flickers by.

By  
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