

Canvas

The way artists paint Jesus
When they're close to death is how,
I'm painting you now.
I'm tracing your shadow on my wall,
Like the Ancient Greek lovers did
Before they took their leave.
I'm trying to hold on to our golden ages,
But they're long gone. And maybe-
They never existed.
I'm trying to trap you in the amber of this moment
Like a fly, sans wings, or
A beetle on its back.
I want to seal you in my jar,
With tiny, tiny air holes, and
Keep you close to my chest
In the secret pocket of my coat.
But we are mere fossils, trilobites,
Under glass. We are nothing like we once were,
And nothing is ever quite how it's remembered.