

within one's reach

Anika Hagen

neat stacks of
nesting thoughts
scrape sharply
on clouded tenderness,
carefully tucked away
in hindsight.

bricks of faint suspicions,
waxing and waning
dusty recollections
of familiar laughter
and forgotten walls,
lingering in summer air.

roughly rubbed eyes
search white cloth on tables.
stale crumbs of memories,
coffee stains on worn-out jeans.
domestic familiarity itches,
reaching fingers flinch.

childish naivety grins,
following parental gestures.
toothless smiles gaze
upon fatherly footsteps.
concrete and stones crumble
into withering petals of youth.

dusty recollections
of familiar laughter
and forgotten walls

stale crumbs of memories,
coffee stains on worn-out jeans