

Consequence

"Go Back"

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You can pull nails,
But a hole is made,
And for every hole a haunt
Of memory
Where the voids
Left too small
A space to slip
Through my
Recall, the
Pieces pulled
From my door,
Or forget the holes
And nails it once bore

You can pull nails,
But the holes are made
A haunting of memory,
Of my mother who always
Spoke to me
In similes
Of my father's hand,
And the nails it drove

Can we go back
To the way it was once
Can we completely mend
Or go back to once was
Before I met you

Can we go back
To the way it was once?
I'd reclaim all those
Pieces from the door
I held
Before I met you.

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