

A Cursive Memory

"Shoebox Greeting"

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The ghost in the picture, the smile on the face, the
absence of words, are taking the place of what's inside
you, what's inside me? the shoebox is open, to what we
left behind, I kept all of your letters, do you have one of
mine? to remember the stories that pass through our
lives

Do you remember the names as forgotten or fading
away

I've tried holding your words in my heart and under my
pillow to dream you will not be a stranger be a stranger
in my life it overflows with this box of you open and
closing the life we had it's broken and fading away

The ghost in the picture is smiling and waving goodbye
The ghost in the picture, is smiling and waving
goodbye
Is this all we have now?
Is this all we have now?

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