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Visions of Relinquished Dreams

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Visions of Relinquished Dreams

Tanya Zarzecki

Wisps of smoke unravel into
strands of brownish red.
And the leaves of yesteryear
still clutter my vision.
Shades of gold and brown
fall before me, but the rain
has not washed me clean.
For the river has changed its course
and no longer flows in my direction.
I still feel the warmth of the sun
upon my face.
And the taste of salt
upon my lips.
But the sand has slipped
through my fingers.
And scattered as dust
in the wind.
The season has changed.
And this remains proof
that what I had is no longer mine.
And perhaps it never was
to begin with.