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Memory

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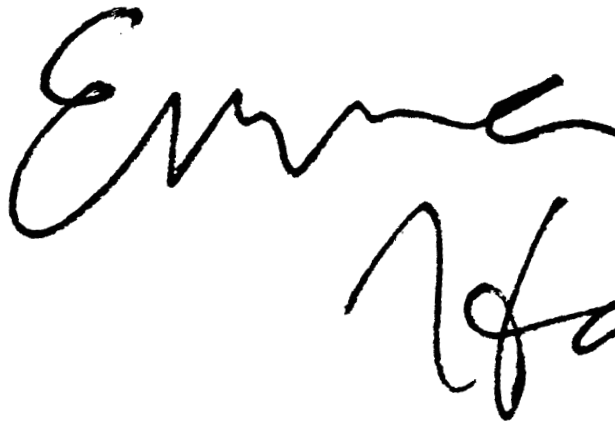
EMMA HAMPEL

Memory

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How great is it to have a memory?
This song is your bedroom,
And this smell,
That one day in June,
And this feeling is like another place,
From another time I can't quite name,
But I know was made of friends, and a breeze,
And the falling of leaves in a foreign state.
And when I am old
I may live so full that I will see everything.
A kaleidoscope of all my days.
Even without my asking, I have been granted the weight
Of your hand, the hum of the fan in that old attic space.
So many secrets I would not have known to keep,
Were it solely up to me.
Like the snow when it was five feet deep,
And how we leapt through it as though we were deer
With springs in our giddy feet.
And the sound of gravel
On a warm summer day when you'd pull in the driveway,
And you'd come home to me with something sweet
You had tucked away.
You would pull it from your pocket
And proudly present it for my tiny hands to inspect.
And all those wrappers we would carefully collect.
How important that I never ever forget.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Emma Hempel'.