The Paths of Memory

They walk along
Hand in hand,
Reveling in the
Soothing silence.
No words are needed.
None are wanted.
"I miss you,"
He whispers as
The little birds
Flit from tree to tree.
Smiling softly,
She squeezes his hand.
She's afraid to speak.
Afraid that this
Fragile dreamweaving
Will unravel and
Slip through her fingers.
Only in this place,
On this path,
Can she feel
His arms around her.
Holding her.
He smiles down at her,
And releases her hand.
Raising his camera
To get one last shot,
He fades from
Her sight.
The dreamscape grows cold.

So she walks away
From the Paths of Memory.

by Tanya L. Brown