

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

*nidhi mehta*

### MEMORY AND I

Combing through the hidden crevices  
of my minds' labyrinth, I pine for a lane forgotten ,a souvenir,  
engraved by the times' hand and layered by the dusty mundane life,  
a blurry passage with faded hues and now so pale and rotten,  
sits a memory with folded legs.

I hold his hand and manage to pull him out,  
and others I wipe out  
with a sponge, unchaining them forever.  
I close my dreamy eyes and there he lies  
tickles me with his smile,  
holds hand and we stroll down the lane,  
Memory and I,  
lock parched hearts and lusterless eyes  
in a vain attempt to cling or embrace the past,  
caress the world too hazy or sublime.

Soon existence nudge and jolts, wake up the nectary eyes,  
memory kisses adieu, with a promise to meet again in  
the grotto of time, by the corner where the walls of my  
mind meet ,drains the past and bleed.