

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Against Forgetting

By Joan S. Soble

I keep forgetting how fresh snow sparkling on neighboring rooftops blunts the bite of a bone-cold morning.

I keep forgetting how breaths of air cleansed by days of pelting rain shore up a sagging spirit.

I keep forgetting how the chatter of preschoolers headed to the playground hovers above a drab city street like a rainbow.

I keep forgetting how the fertile quiet of the public library reading room invites the mind to focus and expand.

I keep forgetting how a mug of hot tea pressed to the chest soothes after the silence of the nursing home.

I keep forgetting how the tang of wood smoke on a late afternoon wraps a whole neighborhood in the promise of peace and rest.

I keep forgetting how a slice of pale sunlight sliding from beneath thinning storm clouds changes everything.

I am writing this poem to remember.