

Sonnet Scroll

I Remember

By Rachel Weintraub

I remember a time when you told me
Your dreams of Chile and Thailand, of a river
Where lovers rowed – your scenes of faraway
Places imagined in our bed. I remember a time
When you read me the Song of Songs, your eyes
Wide open, green with hints of brown,
Forest and earth in one. But now as we move
Through the remnants of our love, your eyes
Seldom welcome mine, as if seeing them
Might mean falling into a dark tunnel
Leading back to my heart again. Your eyes
Are a murky pond I cannot see through,
Whose burnished surface reflects only
Your oars at rest after years of passage.