

Echoes

I saw a fragment of a memory
A flash of a scene
A word from a sentence
A glimpse of some eyes
Shuffling of feet
An empty locker
A smile
Footsteps, footsteps
A glance into yesteryear
The lights
I feel it,
You're there,
A part of a fragment
The test tube
It slipped through my hands,
Cracked,
Shattered, I looked around
They'll add it to my bill
I feel the pages at my fingertips
I feel the pencil in my hand
I see the echoes are fragments,
Like glass in the sand.