Things Forgotten

By John T. Wurzer

If I were ever to remember everything that I’ve forgotten

It would probably explode my fiercely aging brain

If I were ever to recover all those lost and frozen feelings

Would I melt them down, heat them up, and try to drink them all again

You see I’ve found a compromise

Between the sound of my own teardrops hitting the ground

And the fire in her eyes

If I were ever to return to all the places I escaped from

Would the aura and the restless urges be intact?

If I were ever to remember all the things that I’ve forgotten

Would I remember that when I wore that hat; I already proved you can’t go back

You see I’ve found a compromise

Between the sound of my own teardrops hitting the ground

And the fire in her eyes

If I were ever to come back from these places that I’ve run to

Would the running seem quite pointless, kind of useless and unwise?

If I were ever to remember all the things that I’ve forgotten

Would I lose my breath; have nothing left; nothing left to wear that’s not my size

You see I’ve found a compromise

Between the sound of my own teardrops hitting the ground

And the fire in her eyes

If I knocked down all the walls that have been keeping me quite captive

Ever so peaceful, elevated, subjugated and sublime

If I were ever to remember all the things that I’ve forgotten

Would I favor them; would I savor them; or would I deem them wasted time

You see I’ve found a compromise

Between the sound of my own teardrops hitting the ground

And the fire in her eyes

If I were ever to remember everything that I’ve forgotten

It would probably explode this fiercely aging brain

If I were ever to remember all the things that I’ve forgotten

Would I favor them; would I savor them; or would I forget them all again