

REQUIEM FOR YESTERDAY

Jon Brooks

It's over.
In the dimly-lit memory
all you can see is the
shimmering
of a lucid tear in his eye
that never escaped;
and the people never look back
or even wonder why...
at least, not very long.
His time was up
and he never knew it -
confused, he died
a thousand times in his mind
Only once by suicide
the dreams that never came true
don't matter any more:
yesterday gives them to tomorrow
as the candle of today
dies.

