

The Ghost of Oakura

A ghost roams Oakura's shore
A figure caught in fading light
Not gone, but lost forevermore
He walks the line where day meets night

This ghost won't haunt but will remind
The kindest soul can be left behind
In a purgatorial and unending gray
He lingers in his soft decay

He still recalls the way back home
But not the reason, name or tone
A world dissolves behind his smile
But love endures a little while

A flicker of the man remains
A shadow cast from warmer flames
His mind unmoored, slips from its chains
Adrift within a ghostly haze

Not torn,
But slowly chipped away
Each piece surrendered
Day by day

But in the cracks

Some light

Still plays

A trace of him

The dark delays

The Cup I Hold

This is my favourite cup
It has my favourite picture
A photo of my wife, my sons,
my daughters with one another.

These faces of my life
Smiling back from the glossy surface
I hold them every morning
This is our moment frozen

The handle fits my hand just right
My fingers curl around it,
The photo pressing against my palm.
Each face is a reminder
of something that I used to know
but now can't quite remember

Sometimes they shift, the photo blurs
As if left in the rain
And after being taken in,
It was never quite the same

Those names once automatic fade
Like whispers too faint to catch
But still remind of happy days

When all was not mismatched

The faces are still there,
But they're just not quite right.
I do still see them, Just not as clear
As if been masked by night

Those voices that still echo
Were my anchor, my life, my love.
But now the rope begins to fray;

They fly like a lost dove.

I still recall this cup of mine,
The day my daughter gave it.
But which daughter had it been?
I can't really remember.

I know this photo is my own
And I know this cup is too
And yet
The people on the cup are fading,
The faces of all of you.

I choose to hold it tighter,
And the cup smiles up at me,

But it feels like it's smiling
at someone else, someone not quite me.

This is my favourite cup.

But is it still my own?

Am I still the father in the photo,

Or has that man now gone?

He Smiles Through Smoke

He walks a hallway of forgotten doors
Each handle scorched, a world consumed by flame
Down through the ruins, he drifts without cause
Immeshed, he smiles, content with what remains

Each day he sails through the thickening mist
Daring on waters which quietly take more
Lights flicker out, as each symptom persists
On taking all of him, all I adore

Nothing it seems, will take away his glow
Grinning, his lips form stories I already know
A reminder of his cheer, before he goes
Glides down this sorrowing but inevitable road

Only; each line's first letter speaks what I know. My dad, he died, long ago.