

Photograph

Airi

I once knew you as a piece of art to admire
Who knew that admiration would expire,

Like a photo, these memories will soon be dusted,
Photo pieces will forever age inside our minds,
engraved and archived.

Memories will continue to replay
until pieces of memories start to melt away,
forming something we no longer know.
That picture perfect us.

How fragile is our embedded memory,
shattered upon the gentle touch of our fingertips.
Could we have endured an earthquake from the crumbling sky?

How fragile are we?
Can we be delicate enough to piece back together
the fragments of us,
a mosaic of moments,
that still shine with the light
of who we used to be?