

House of Forgetting
Street of Forgetting
Room of Forgetting
Footprints
in the snow of Forgetting





Frozen years of forgetting Black window of forgetting With the curtains of forgetting drawn





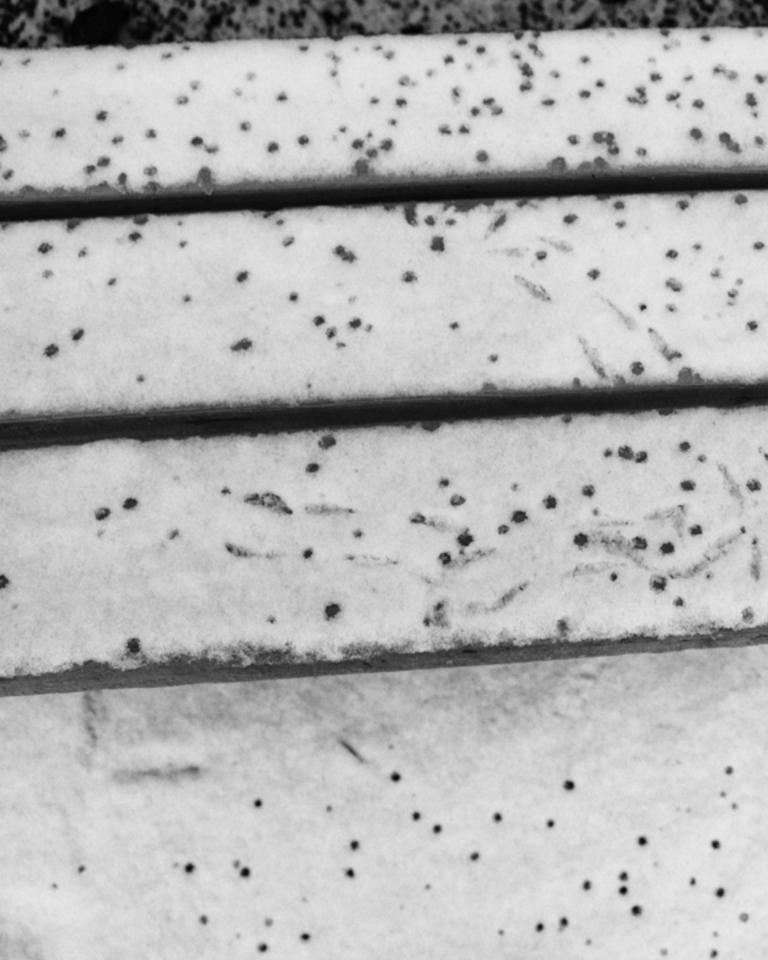
At the edge of night
At the edge of sleep
You are worn into me
like a route taken every day
for as long as memory endures

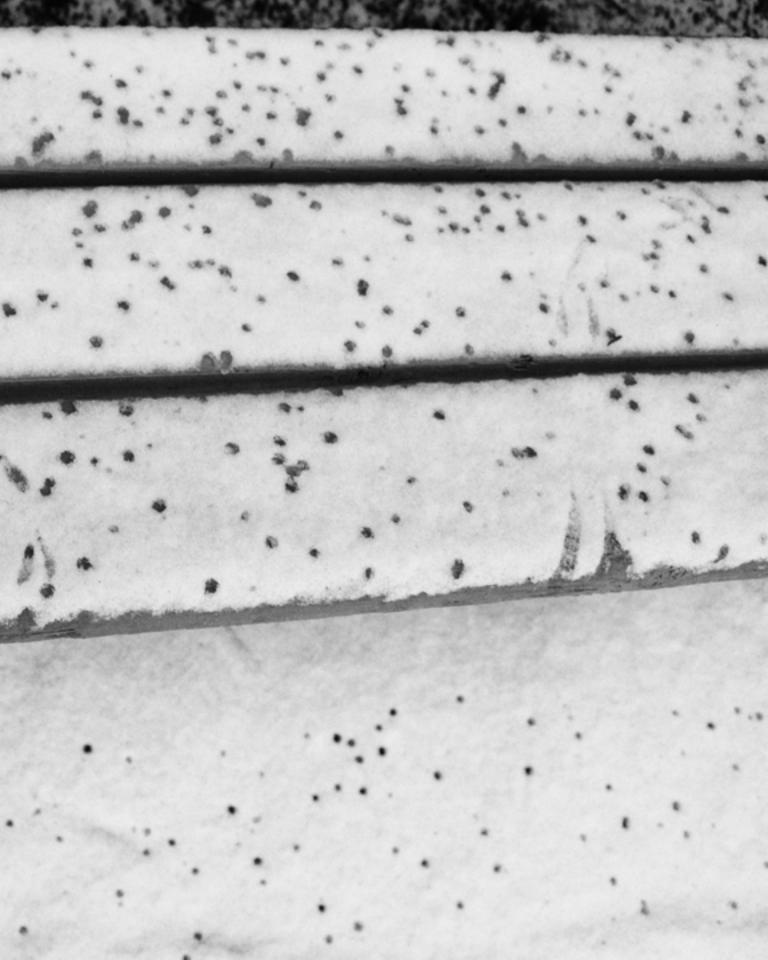












There is nothing here
In the grey light of day
Sitting on a frozen edge
A flag hitting a metal pole
Nobody speaks here
Years of silence







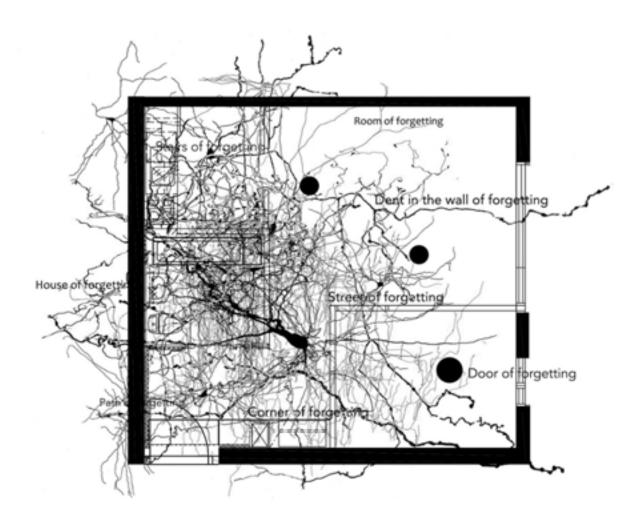




























Stairway to the sea
Stairway into night
Stairway to the winter storms
That broke across the island













At night the lighthouse
By day the forest
One small room filled
With fireflies and promises





They have repaired the walls
They have cleaned the floors
They have changed the keys
Other people live
Where we once lived





There is nothing left Footprints in the dust Scratches on the wall Not one trace of us















