

Cinders or What Remains

by Mary Sauvé

Why is it always so hard to know
whether to forgive, let live or just let go?
Timing, they say, is everything.
But what if your watch is broken?
Maybe we rely too much on 'when',
we forget 'if' is a possibility.

The embers of regret sway to and fro,
trying to foresee the wind.
They fail every time, so
still they glow.

Maybe it's time itself.
Time to be treated better,
time that's been wasted.
Time to not take it anymore,
time never taken.
Time, they say, heals all wounds;
that's a lie.
Some scars deepen and solidify.

Like magma to rock.

It's just easier to stay.
The devil you know, or so they say.
Though the punisher never punishes himself.
Instead, innocent victims fall like swatted houseflies
and among their flattened bodies I lie
wingless, stagnant, idle,
withering slowly to dust and whispered away.

Yet still I stay.

I hang on to hope,
to promises made and never kept.
I hang on with the certainty of chaos,
an anarchistic abyss of known nothingness.

You knew you had me
and, so did I.
That is what I struggle to forgive.

It's so damn easy to stay,
because it's so damn easy to betray.

You see it goes the way of the moth to the flame,
or so they say.
I can't help myself, I flit hither and yon,
Staying always within reach,
within a breath of the light,
singed ever so at the edges,
fragile
but burning still.
Fading, fading, fading
into thin wisps of smoke
spiraling upward
disappearing into the ether.

That is how easy it is to stay.
How easy it is
for the heart to crumble to ash.