

Memories Trapped Inside the Land

Shawn Esch

I see memories trapped inside the land
They can be seen but not heard

They climb upon the oldest tree
Closest to heaven as they'll ever be

They hide in the untouched fields of grass
Running laughing until the days have passed

They walk along the darkest road
Drenched with April showers and nights of bitter cold

They play in the rivers of time
Skipping rocks and catching fish

They play and run next to the bluest lakes
Haunted by time as a twisted fate

Irate, they yell with heavy hearts
And their silent echoes flood the oldest houses

They scream in pain as they lose the ones they love
And silently pray to the angels above

They live in the past but only to see
The memories trapped inside the land

I have seen these memories
These prisoners of time
They are clueless they are being watched
Being summoned
From somewhere inside my mind