

THIS PLACE

This place,
where I sit
is never full
there is always room for more
When I feel pain,
this place is a beckoning oasis
When I am content,
this place is a vacant museum
This place
It is an escape from the chains of reality
It is a place of refuge
It is a place of solidarity
A place of creation
This place,
shelters me from my greatest fear
the unknown
this place takes me back
to times when life
was blissful,
when life
was free
This place,
Where I unthink my thoughts
Where I undo my dones
Where I imagine the unimaginable
This place,
is me
As I venture through the uncertainties
and the triumphs
of life
I visit less often,
content, with reality
Leaving behind a sacred place
What if I never visit again?
What if I venture too far?
Will that place
be gone forever?
Will all the love I've ever felt
and all the hardships I've ever hurdled
be forgotten?
Will the warmth
of a mother's embrace
or the pain of a lost love
be forgotten?

If I lose all my memories,
will I lose myself?
If that place
is left behind,
gone forever
if that place
is erased,
forgotten,
will I go too?