

Interim Agreement

Mark Dow

Here in the early middle memory starts to hold its own.
For years one mind, or so I thought, it part of me, but recently,
that world complete in terms with which we're yet to come to terms,
secession starts, autonomy yet wholly me. The paths of certain
observable entities are of one of two circling each other ever
since they split, split the moment they were born, voices
bodies emanate even though the receiving one can't be found.
But memory delayed, as in put off, the closing of its curve
until it could survive on its own time. Now, owning time,
reverts to what turns out to be as present as it always was.
The past, alight, hovers nearby with open eyes.