

# Dying light (Sestina)

Sarah Strong

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Her wilted shell is pale.

I find the small things hard to remember,  
but her memories evaporate with the days.

It's been a long time since she recognised me,  
and every day her heart is broken  
that we cannot be together.

She remembers what it means to be together,  
Even though her understanding is pale.

Her mind is not broken.

She just does not remember  
me  
much these days.

I visit her four out of seven days  
So I can have memories together  
when the illness comes for me.

When I too am wilted and pale

I can remember

Her face even when others are broken.

The cup that fell from her hand was broken,

and sat upon the floor for days.  
It is painful to remember,  
if we had just been together.  
Red blood against its surface, pale.  
She only had me.

Thinking about it does not help me.  
I cannot repair what was broken.  
Memories will pale.  
Years will take away the days.  
Someday, we will be forever together  
No one left to remember.

Does it matter to remember?  
Will someone be this for me?  
Will someone care if we are together?  
Will someone care if I am broken?  
Will they count my days?  
Will they care if my skin is pale?

But it is certain my skin will pale and I will not remember.  
Our days together will be broken.  
Just please be there with me.