

I AM YESTERDAY

by Bruce McClain

My yesterdays grow farther and further away from me. I call but they have no ears, no voice, no eyes to see. I'm resigned to memories to keep me company.

I stand like a tree hollowed from slow rot. I lean when I walk, even my legs cannot compete with the ant. My head hangs like a rusted bell who's lost its ding.

When I speak, yesterday is all I remember. No one listens. Day and night are everlasting. The sun, moon, and stars return to their places according to their times.

The mountains of the earth are where God first placed them and we call them by their fame. But I am yesterday resigned to faded memories no one remembers but me.

