**Memory Goes on Without Us**

Claire Scott

Memory is a magpie

grabbing shiny moments to gild her nest.

Sunrise on Kilimanjaro, salt-spiced sex

in Florence, snowball fights with grandkids

shrieking as ice slides down wet shirts.

All part of her nest like sticks and twigs.

Memory flies off once we turn

into pear-shaped fogeys, shorter by the second.

No new sparkly flashes to grab her interest.

Only spent matches, blown fuses and stripped screws.

Only damp tea bags, the drone of sitcoms,

long-winded naps and nine o’clock bedtimes.

Memory grabs her suitcase and takes the next flight

to anywhere but here, while we forget

the way home from Target,

the day that comes after Tuesday.

But memory is alive and well,

sunbathing on the beaches of Bali

in a barely-there bikini. Picking up

shiny shells, smooth stones, and sexy men.

Memory is a magpie

who recognizes herself in a looking glass. If she sees

no wild delight, no winks, or mystic smiles,

she moves on, leaving us fading and folding

as we look down a hall of mirrors

with no reflections.