

Playing the Past
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When there's no place left
to store the loss,
it comes out through music.

I bring out the guitar
and you're there, in the old songs
playing those summers
when we were teenagers
walking emerald avenues
on open-ended nights.

I turn pages, and faces
emerge from the past,
bookmarked in time
by song association.
The room fills
with an audience of ghosts.

