

JEAN JONES

## Random Images

Memory—that strange force,  
Can summon time long gone  
Or lose the present as it's done.

Sometimes,  
A fragmented window  
To the mind,  
Snagging jetsam  
On jagged edges,  
Cutting through time  
With razor sharp shards  
And carving gaping holes  
Behind.

Soon,  
An internal camera,  
With mystical power  
And telephoto lens,  
That looks back  
Through coloured filters,  
Filming images  
Quickly developed  
In the dark room.

Occasionally,  
Just a broken hourglass,  
Losing what time has stored.  
Slowly,  
Inevitably,  
The past is ignored  
And the present  
Sadly depleted.