

HELENA NELSON

A Picture of Forgetting

It's a dream, and you can't remember.
You search your mind for hope.
It's white as an envelope
but inside there's no letter.

You wake up. It's all right.
The painting of trees you love
is safe on your bedroom wall
illuminated by the moon.

So sleep. Soon it's morning.
You remember not-remembering
though memory fades with light.
You glance again at the picture

not seeing the missing tree
which stole away in the night.
Soon other things will go.
You probably won't know.

The picture is called 'Forgetting'.
You will forget this too.
How beautiful is white.
You love the painting of snow.