



Remembering by Bara Braver

We are made, they say,
by what we remember
and choose to forget.

Our memories are our treasure,
as well, Pandora's Box.


Within them lies the mystery
of who we are,
and how we came to be.

We release them like ghosts
from long-sealed tombs.

The stone rolls back and out comes
Lazarus smelling like death
or the shade of our mother.

Wanting more
we excavate our plot of time passed



A decorative illustration of a branch with several orange, teardrop-shaped leaves, located in the top right corner of the page.

like archaeologists
fingering carefully through the rubble.

Old bowls, broken as promises.

Cloth, woven to last.

Or we wait.

Sometimes we simply wait
as for snowdrops

that withstood cold and the hard frost of winter
and now, improbably, emerge.

We find our memories
or they find us
and attach themselves

like extra appendages.

Better to search, I say
to find what wants to be found
and, of course, what prefers

to remain

Hidden.

A decorative illustration of a branch with several white, teardrop-shaped leaves, located in the bottom right corner of the page.