

Blurred Past

Poetry — Alexis Burson

It's been so long
The ballroom empty
Lost footsteps
Echoing in the silence
Every cough or clearing throat
A grave danger
A step back

But the melody is in the distance
The chair
Orchestration indoors
Audiences present
Unmuffled laughter
Visible smiles
Crowded stadiums

Is that what life used to be like?
It's been so long
But the melody is engraved in my veins
The old notes coming up my throat
It's been so long
But it's so close
If we could keep going a little longer