Gazing across the trickling creek, 
he softly sits, hip to hip, on their chipped old swing. 
Slowly he turns to see her melted blue eyes, lifeless as air, 
silently praying to the fading summer sky.

As the sky fades 
into the misty mountains, a cast of humming 
birds break through the evening air 
to drink the last of the natural sugar 
from the rows of sunflowers lining the back swinging 
door to the shallow ridge of the creek.

His only thought steadily running, like the neighboring creek 
was her fragile memory fading. 
Forward and back, she tries to remember, just like this very 
swing. 
Across the way she looks deep into the field of lighting bugs, 
trying to match their hum, 
just as the rising mist sugared 
through the still night air.

In the faint background, the flow of the creek plays against the 
mountain’s hum. 
Rolling into a distant fade, his sweet southern sugar 
barely swings by as the last of her memory seeps into the 
smoking night air.