

### Memorial Company

I live with my memories. They cycle through my fore mind on visits. Some more often and easily than others. However, the comfort of them all existing has pleasure.

The memories of people, our interactions and places, along with accompanying atmospheric conditions.

Sometimes a melody, or lyrics, assists the call of distant treasures.

Memories are treasures, though of losses or gains perceived. Even those of actions I have yet to understand, explain, or believe.

I live with my memories. Sometimes, it takes a while to revisit those represented activities once close or daily. When summoned, tough and reluctant, they come to mind upon demonstration of true desire and effort.

With them, I can transcend time and space.

I live with these memories, because circumstances make it most difficult to communicate, physically, audibly, verbally, or visually, with people of my past; and the people of my present, like me, are lost in this sea, too, hermetically sealed in anti-social glass.

We, similar to our memories, have all been collected, categorized, taxonomized, examined and stored.

Contrary to how I treat my memories, for each other we care. The people, times, places, and faces, once known or experienced, are now I know not where.

I live with my memories. We look forward to healthily growing old.

I live with my memories. The clothing of my soul.

I live with my memories. They and I do agree.

We shall, and must; stay together, for without them there will be no more me.

Robert M. Mosley IV