

## Silent Memories

by Bobbi Dawn Rightmyer

A great storm rages  
all elements of nature seem to be at war,  
clashing . . .  
the storm has broken and  
it will soon be dawn;  
faint rays of light will appear on the horizon  
dispelling the darkness,  
a moment of light,  
only to be plunged into darkness again,  
into the sanctuary of the past  
the moment of truth, that could be salvation, is gone forever  
and even the landscape has changed.

Quiet afternoons are timeless,  
moments when the past intermingles  
with the present,  
thoughts move about unseen;  
the quiet nights are longer,  
deep within the dark as  
opposing forces collide.  
Times when death rushes by silently, unnoticed;  
but there are times we invite those memories deliberately.  
For one who has sought these memories  
it can be a fatal encounter.