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Ruth Ann Hurst

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My Haunting Memories

Ruth Ann Hurst

The wind blowing ever softly,
like a gentle touch;
seeping through my heart and soul—
inspiring me so much.

That smooth breeze sailing my dreams along—
along the calm, blue ocean—
carries me over the rough foam of life;
supporting me with a soft motion.

This rapid stream of consciousness
bubbles swiftly through my mind—
taking me back to my childhood life
and all the memories I can find.

Like smoke swirling in the air
I, as a child, climbed many trees;
clutching a book or just my thoughts—
reaching to embrace my dreams.

These dreams, like clouds, drifted along,
carrying me worlds higher;
while I sat in my lofty perch—
dreaming of what my life desires.

These childhood goals are embedded,
like sunken ships in the seas;
while ghosts haunt those watery decks—
my heart is haunted by memories.