

# You Know Where

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Sometimes there is a night  
That shines darker than the others  
Somewhere a meadow buzzard whistles  
Standing there while lost in a trance  
To far above and under below  
Bellow the old oaks that shiver in the breeze  
Way above the love of fallen  
Far from the dimples and crestfallen  
Stands you and you  
No one else but you  
An island of memories  
A collection of sounds



Tinkering with those  
Forgotten