Retrospection

Tija Spitsberg*
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Abstract

When we were children, The mornings were lavender And everything smelled of lilacs. When it rained, we copied pictures From Grimm’s Fairy Tales...
When we were children,
The mornings were lavender
And everything smelled of lilacs.
When it rained, we copied pictures
From *Grimm’s Fairy Tales*.

Fantasy guards violet nights,
But years demand vision.
Childhood conjectures are smudged chalk
On yellowed paper,
Stuffed into a bottom dresser-drawer.

Now, dead dreams and yesterday’s coffee
Is all we wake up to.
The dawn is damp,
And from somewhere,
Comes the faint scent of brittle chalk.