

Hannah Lawson

Intangible

Every memory is preserved so carefully
In pictures that can't possibly tell our story
Now I'm holding my breath, counting my steps:
Wanting to hold in my hands
Those poignant moments where our love began
—but I can't.

So in a box, I contain the past—letters, pictures,
All that remains: a splash of color, black ink on a page
And a necklace that's broken, but the meaning remains
A sentimental feeling, a snapped silver chain
Words tell this story better, but it's feelings that stay

And they linger like ghosts, in this prison I keep
It was a shoe-box once—now it's filled with warm thoughts,
Wistful, lingering, haunting—
Some so bitter, others sweet

And my heart aches now in the best kind of way— a kind of warmth
That I plead with, and bargain: please stay:
I'd trade a moment with you for the wealth of my days...

Exhausted, pleading, haunted by you:
I've been fighting my whole life through
And I want to hold on to the beautiful truth:

I've never known freedom
But a prison will do
For shackles have never been more welcomed
Than when I loved you.