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Artifacts

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Artifacts

by Carol Hamilton

I took no notes on my travel in that far land
Or how your hand fit mine like a velvet glove.
No words were jotted in journal to whisper your love
Nor of universe seen in rainbow or grains of sand.
The memories slip through my fingers like a strand
Of wool off the bobbin while all my push and shove
Of shuttle forms patterns of past that I see from above.
I sift through the mud at the edge of my history's pond.
But heaven sends down silver streaks of stinging hail,
The knotty pellets concentrated hard
To strike me still from lifelong journey's tale.
These are moments nothing will discard.
They are the nuggets that never, ever fail
To slice my fingers sifting for love's shard.

