

Cabin Goodbyes

Memories persist in a fractured timeline
Separated, not by good or bad but triggered
By images and objects scattered throughout

A beanie baby owl with graduation cap
The trees you all used to make a fort
An outhouse, your friends first experience

Photos of everyone's first fish, guts spilled
And buried so the neighbour's dogs can't find
Deer grazing in the back, even a bear once

Drilling the ice for water, not drinkable but safe
To wash your hands in, following the semi on the
Snowy highway, fireworks on New Year eve

A cabin on a lake, an immigrant child's dream
A peaceful retreat, the allure of fishing created
From the Mayberry myth I hoped to own

Children age and interests change, the occasional
Weekend is still fun, it's not the placing of gathering
A chapter nears its end and memories lie flat in boxes

Even with a driveway up the back to save the knees
The work of packing up and leaving the comfort of
Home is enough resistance to call the realtor.