

Winning Poems in 2022 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

8. Thoughts on Humanity, Third Place

Slipping Away

not lost in the way a mind
misplaces a word

or memory mislays where
the car was left

not forgotten like the name
of the first-grade teacher

not tangled like the sequence
of events decades ago

you are slipping away
as gradually as daylight at dusk

as slowly as my hearing
retreats, leaving me isolated

I'm losing
the sharpness of your image

the timbre of your voice
the memory of your height

these details were never
entirely you

I have to study your photos
to remember the color

of your eyes
the exact shape of your nose

Katy Brown
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