Whispering Memories

It slips between the fragile seams,
A whispered thread of half-lost dreams.
Where past and future intertwine,
A fleeting breath outside of time.

Shadows stretch with reaching hands,
Grasping toward forgotten lands.
Memories drift like thinning smoke,
The echo left when the silence spoke.

A trembling hush, a ghostly song,
Where vanished voices still belong.
Dreams entwine with hidden fears,
Like faded ink across the years.

Leaves fall upward, rivers stall,
The world bends strange and fractures all.
Between the ticks of broken clocks,
A secret stirs, a buried voice knocks.

The sky, a mirror cracked and worn,
Reflects the places I once mourned.
Shadows breathe, then disappear,
But leave their whispers in my ear.

The broken hours twist and turn,
Old embers fade, yet somehow burn.
What time forgets, the heart still keeps,
In hidden rooms where memory sleeps.

And in that fragile twilight seam,
The past still hums, while the future dreams.
What once was lost still breathes in me,
A thousand whispering memories.