

Play Car

You are gone but have never been more alive.
Sometimes I go back to that park in the forest
Just to feel the kiss of the fog on my lips
And walk hand in hand with the scent of rust.

I remember the park flooded with laughter.
On the brighter days a drop of sunlight
Would warm the metal from its overcoat,
So the yellow paint of the play car
Shimmered like a sea of diamonds and dreams.

Do you see me now?
Alone in the stillness of its carcass
The yellow paint peels away
Diamonds faint and gone astray
The echo of laughter is all that remains
Then the scent of rust,
A drop of sunlight and
Fog.