

# Memories

With the end of Autumn approaching,  
the old bumper cars have been abandoned,  
surrounded by the thick morning fog.

Memories flood the brain;  
of the bright lights  
that ingrained themselves in the mind.

The void of silence  
recalls the cries of glee,  
heard from young children and teens in love.

The reminiscence of the excitement and surprise,  
from those jerky bumper cars,  
pulls you towards them.

Creating a craving to walk over  
and look around the  
deserted site.

But the absence of light  
and thick morning fog  
extinguishes most of the desire.

Let the memories flood the brain,  
but try not to drown,  
as the end of Autumn approaches.