

The Future of Yesterday

I found an injured memory in the park,
from the past. Lying in the overlooked dark,
staring up with eyes that sang. History

has been neglected so long it's grown
rundown; nothing lives there anymore.
How does a body heal before it's born?

Why is the sewing needle always burying
the bones of its thread? The wounded
past still hurts then and now.

Injured memory, you haunt
us all. Remember what happened,
and how. We'll try to find a way home

together. It's late and our loved ones
are wondering where we are.

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City of Kingston Poet Laureate

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