

POEM

Vergissmeinnicht

What lies beyond this last breath,
But emptiness and regrets?
Those memories, hard to catch;
Those petals... still as my Death.

In the echoes of church bells,
So many tales yet to tell –
Of the times before I fell,
Of the times when all was well.

Triumph wilting at the Gate,
To rest gently as my Fate.
Daydreams, laughter of an Age...
To be forgotten today.

Jason K C Mak

Correspondence to Jason K C Mak, University of Birmingham College of Medical and Dental Sciences, Birmingham, UK;
jason.mak@hotmail.co.uk

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