

## Where Memories Live

Patty Harvey, 9/11/20

When the heart stops  
and the last breath  
escapes with a sigh,  
Where do the memories go?

When the bulldozer levels  
the old homestead,  
where do all those memories go?

I imagine they soar  
on the wings of a dove  
drifting, dancing their way  
to a newborn with no words  
to describe the ineffable  
sense of welcome that  
wraps her in tender care...  
born in a new beating heart,  
they wait to form the story  
of a life rich with the details,  
uniquely precious in design.

My homestead has sheltered  
twelve people whose lives  
touched mine: who  
laughed, cried, rejoiced, mourned,  
and left one by one.

Where do the memories go  
when my dwelling is  
smashed back to an empty lot?

Surely, they dive deep  
into the rich, black dirt,  
becoming part of the  
foundation for the  
fabulous new-build

that will welcome another  
family who have saved  
and dreamed their  
home into reality.

Perhaps babies will  
move in or sprout up  
from the love indwelling  
this sacred space

and some will breathe  
that last gasp as they  
take their leave  
and move on.

Memories make meaning  
that lives in the thin places,  
surrounding and blessing  
the transitory moments  
we know.



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