

Poetry Series

**Lisa Tomkinson**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2013

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lisa Tomkinson()

# Untitled

I've always called them memories,  
There are not so many of them,  
And not so many more remain,  
Just images in a moving frame,

There are more than there used to be,  
There is not a timeline to them,  
But cushioned somehow, is the pain,  
Marked how it is anyway,

The muffled recollection is,  
However un-required,  
And starkly lit the cold light of day,  
I'll numb for comfort now and again.

My best and most reliable friend,  
A tonic, an intoxicating end,  
Peace for a while at least,  
Causality of those deceased.

Lisa Tomkinson