

## PRESERVING TIME

*Jacie Ragan*

I wonder how to make these memories last,  
to catch and save an ordinary day  
the way a leaf stores sunshine, or a jay  
reflects blue sky, though clouds have overcast  
the sun, or moss still drinks when rain has passed,  
and willow limbs remember how to sway  
and streams still ripple when the wind's away,  
and crows retrieve the treasures they've amassed.

Is it enough to give these thoughts a name?  
Or should I try to photograph my hours  
and slip them one by one inside a frame  
to press them under glass like drying flowers?  
I know someday these notions won't exist;  
all memories must disappear like mist.

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