

## Our Spot

By Tammy Burley

Dust surrounds the area that once was  
Our spot now lies under ash.  
I look at our place.  
And remember what once stood  
A big tall tree.  
Where acorns would fall.  
A bench underneath.  
Were we would sit and talk.  
The second's turned to minutes  
Minutes turned to hours  
Neither of us wanted to leave.  
To take that last walk.  
Were we had to say goodbye.  
You hated seeing the tears I shed, as we cried.  
You know it's over.  
I know were done.  
I walked back to our spot  
.I took around and close my eyes.  
Remembering the past.  
Wishing want we had could have last.  
Now that dream is dead.  
I set fire to that tree.  
I killed our spot.  
Along with you and me.

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