

# **NOSTALGIA**

*by Alex D'Arbost*

## UNTITLED pt. 1

A certain type of light; warm, saturated, alight.

The world warned you that these moments wouldn't last forever, through songs that you can only vaguely remember.

A trip to the past, through a place of the present.

Precious memories turned to faint photographs, rusty records, and bodies of art.

We all have a way of finding home; they envelop you when you're alone, so you go looking for that comforting dome, down that green tinted path you decide to roam.

Moments with depth, patterns that you can't forget, most likely until your very last breath.

Do you remember that feeling? Of riding bikes, fleeting?

Far away from the structure of time, walking barefoot towards a place of our sublime. Light pours slowly here, it's the abundance of fear, where there were once smells of wet grass and childhood tears, memories are now hung-up like clothes on an old washing line covered with smears.

Only faded photographs and strong smells get close - but they don't match the feeling of sea sprayed socks, and the taste of salt after a day splashing aimlessly. Endless memories, so vast and so wide, each moment, to me, was like a fleeting tide. But you were unaware in your innocence as you played, the smell of sunlight and soap washed it away. And now you're in disarray, as you look out of the window holding onto those forgotten days.

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## UNTITLED pt. 2

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Fleeting to the city doesn't rid you of these memories.

Alone together, we left greenery for skyscrapers and mystery, in search of a new community. But it's not easy, and there are times when you feel like a homebody.

So, you put that old tv show on, the one that calms your anxiety.

And the next day when you pass a park, the smell of grass takes you right back to the start. And when a brush on the tube, reminds you of that late afternoon, as time stopped, and the light felt so full.

Or the moment when memories feel like a warm blanket or an icy sheet as you drink your beer in the middle of one of London's many packed streets.

Nostalgia's blanket is there to ensure these memories never fade and are cared for.

Like the big red buses swallowing people, as they dance through stops like lovers.

Busy frames now line the parks holding memories with a soft ember glow, reminding us to live in the now, rather than trying to capture the start.

In this new community, where purpose found its flight,

We escape the grip of nostalgia, embracing a summer more alight.