Sonnet

You think you'll never forget how it felt—
Your memories have feelings as baggage.
You think that your feelings will never melt—
As if you’ll remember even as you age.
“Time will never allow me to let go,”
You ponder to your self out loud at home,
“I’ll always feel those feelings as I grow.”
So sure that things won’t fade into the foam.
You’ll only feel things ‘cause of rememb’ring
But the emotions come from the present
Emotions will not come from old past things.
Events gone by make their hold still relent.

Be soothed with these words that keep away pain:
Always remember. Never feel again.