A Memory

One day a memory that I held dear,

Slipped along my brain and out my ear.

It was quickly followed by another,

This one was about my mother.

Worried that they'd all be gone,

To the bathroom I hurried along.

Finding a large cotton wool ball,

In my ear I shoved it all.

Hand in hand ran the errant pair,

Bumping down each wooden stair.

After landing on the floor,

Quickly they ran out the door.

Hastily chasing in pursuit,

I followed exactly the same route.

Racing here and racing there,

I ended up I know not where.

The moral here I give to you,

Memories you may lose a few.

But every day you'll make more,

And forget the ones you lost before.