

Some words changed

Sometimes you walk past a pretty in a place called Hart's and there's something beyond beauty in her face, something warm and smart and sensual and inviting, and in the five seconds you have to look at her (50 years pass), you actually fall in love, and in those seconds, you can actually know the taste of her kiss, the feel of her skin against yours, the sound of her laughter, how she'll hold you and make you whole. And then she's gone, and in the seconds afterward (in forever) you mourn her loss with more sadness than you'll ever admit. J. TROPPER

You walk around all day, in a fog, you have no where to go no where to be, you're looking for bits and pieces of your wasted life, there's little there. You tell yourself if only - but it's too late for that. So you continue to walk still looking for a bit of hope a piece of a dream.

The brain's storage capacity is around 1 million gigabytes, storage isn't the problem, retrieving the data is - the older you get the more crap you have stored and the harder it is to find what you want or need.