



Kioku (*Japanese: Memory*)

How would it be, how would it feel,
That deep inside the folds of grey
Recall the life that past before
Recall the sun from an earlier day

To hold in fold the eidetic mind
When as you were with mind alive
In different form and shape and time
The other mind and body thrived

How would it be, how would it seem,
To reach back to that time of yore
Recall each sense and mote and speck
Of what that mind knew then before

What could you do with a priori thoughts
That lie deep within your temple brow
What could be achieved in a world today
When 'learned' then is 'all-knowing' now?