

The End

In that final day

I'd like think

That all the loneliness

Will mean somethin'

-

All that talking to myself

And odd realizations

-

Will leave me less surprised

Than a pleasant

Prosaic

Existence

The End II

I will meet you in the end

Near some shore of understanding

Every wrong forgiven

And love you

In that way

Now disallowed me

So obliquely understood

You'll know all that

Consciousness obscures

Until The End

I appreciate the poem inside a cup of yogurt

Sold at Whole Foods

Put there by some company that believes in

“feeding the body and the soul”

I must have an infant soul

To whom food comes unexpectedly

From a benevolent cosmic tit

Killing hunger pangs

Someday I'll graduate to meat

And to whatever's beyond that

But until that day

I'll take the comforting words

Lining yogurt cups