

dust

As I slowly disintegrate

The dust swirls around my head in a slow orbit

Particles emigrate from my body to the space surrounding me and I realize despite the detached matter, I have not changed in size

With every pulse, the cells bounce off the surface of my figure and take their place in the growing ellipses

One speck of dust in particular catches my eye

It did not flow with the others in the smooth counterclockwise current

It got excited

Spun too fast

And escaped

It's free

But freedom seldom offers companionship

cares

I don't care if you notice

I don't care if I'm dead

I don't care if the white moths

Eat what's in my head

I only care that when I lived

I did for only me

And of course for him as well

My one eternity

wave

Rushing towards a precipice

If missed, won't register

Passed through - warps the spatial persistence

Flux meets coordinates

The crux was the origin

But the textile has no center

A wave doesn't begin

It continues back and forth forever

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A year is too long

Permanence is heavy

In a world so fickle,

Humans aren't adjusted to longevity

We try

We try so hard to make ever-lasting

We succeed --- Oh! What A Shame!

A sea of plastic exists

And not you