

We leave but a breath of talent to thin air:
A Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Horace
Then disintegrate as petals in a crumbling book
And vanish into ruthless time;
Or turn to dust, blown, wafted into darkness
To cover some desolate star.

Without imprint of soul or personality
We give up the wonderment—the intention
As we lie calm in mute apology
This dust of action
And those that look upon it
Wonder why this coming and going

Yet why should we know?
Is fundamental truth
Enlightened more than a lie?
Is not the knowledge of a lie
More promising of hope than truth?