





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?