

## Inevitably Temporary

Rumination is a growing sinkhole  
Caving in on my contemplative soul  
As I creep too close to the curtain  
Billowing in the midst of this mortal commotion.

I draw back this red curtain  
As if drawing back the flesh from my blood.  
I peer into what I remember of what was  
and what I fear of what will be.  
The clock tolls three in the morning  
But I am far from sleeping.  
I have taken to falling, falling  
Into a frigid existential abyss.

In the temporal cosmos beyond,  
I am haunted by specters of my youth.  
I see through wide, inspired eyes, marveling  
As city lights zip past my family's car.  
Vibrant grasses ripple along the sleeves  
Of laughing children rolling down hills.  
Daisies bloom at the summer sight of siblings  
Playing in the rainbow arcing from a hose.  
Delectable aromas waft from a kitchen  
Kept warm with a smile and nostalgic hug.  
The clock ticks ever onward, onward,  
And I am frozen, alone.

I am a rodent running for its life on a wheel,  
Wasting the days and weeks that roll by.  
I boil in a frenzy, yet remain stationary.  
I am a dandelion bowing its head in shame,  
Solemnly counting the hours and days  
Until I decompose in a single sigh.

As the cosmos flies onward,  
I am cursed by specters of my elder years.  
I see through drooping, tired eyes, squinting  
As computer light sears spots into my glasses.

Stuffed animals decompose in the darkness  
Of boxes crammed behind a rusty garage door.  
Crumbling leaves bend as hollow husks,  
Buried in an overlooked jungle of a backyard.  
Harried heel clicks echo along the somber curb  
hugging a cemetery fence, cold without company.  
The clock points one hand at the orange sky  
While I curl my knees closer, closer to my heart.

I am my hundred-year-old house,  
Watching skyscrapers sprout around me  
While my walls rot in the rain and sun  
And my insides asphyxiate on dust and bugs.  
I am the despairing fly upon my ceiling,  
Left lost, buzzing in the darkness,  
Dying trapped in a futile effort  
To reach tomorrow's immortal sunlight.

Alas, time is not meant for human minds.  
I claw my way back to the surface,  
Muscles shorn raw and fingers worn to bone.  
Between the warmth of humanity  
And the cold death of atrophy,  
Lies a blink in the universe.  
I am that blink.  
We are that blink.  
And we will pass  
just like every other has  
In the world's patient eye.  
Mortality is too brief to have  
squandered on sleepless nights.

With the rise of the sun,  
I finally rest in peace.