**Finitude**

we are the last of the diers

those dim bulbs, those colonies of cells

those whose life is defined by the leaving of it

what use have these children for death?

they will remember us fondly

the Model T’s of humanity

they will visit the organ market

poke and prod livers

buy new hearts by the gram

eat precious salts and feel magnificent

in their growth find satisfaction:

they will be large

and obvious

untamed by the morals we lived by

they will treasure life, when death is a stranger

they will live for then, now being a waystation

we are the last of the diers

whose lives are measured by the tick of ages

we are the creators of the jealous,

to whom life is not a passing storm

i sell my tears cheaply

and none to buy