# My impossible love

there is a message here

if I am not too clumsy to find it

I dig down through ages,

pulling apart the eons

with calloused fingertips

here is a tale of many deaths

a half-billion years of things

leaving behind shed bodies

the way the light strikes us

we will be burned in not much longer

we must work quickly now

before the chemistry of our skins

is defeated by the power of

the great now

the source that burned as brightly

when these shells were new:

stupid creatures!

ruling and never knowing it

our short time, we celebrate

as if we were a fine wine

aged to an unspeakable perfection

I am defeated

I will not gain my prize today

these crumbling stones will give

nothing but hints

tantalizing clues to the

paleozoic prophecy

bound in the long chains

of protein and acid

we are lightning

we strike and are gone

and leave no shells of our own

only a charred reminder

where I chanced to hold your hand,

my impossible love