Dating Myself

you who will read this

(I hope) after I’m dead

will know nothing that matters

of the world in which I live:

a stop at the donut shop

and as easily forgotten

to the girl behind the counter

I am fog

half a minute after I’m gone

still

if you are reading

I have changed you

the you you were is not

the you you are

I live in that change

and this lonely body

is but an inconstant reminder

that while liquid, solid and gas

return to the hungry earth

fire is only held prisoner in art

dies, rises and dies again

with each audience

it is flux that is recorded here

the ionization of ideas

I burn in this world of the living

and this,

my posthumous friend

is the desire and purpose

I carry into the ground