Memory

my pants were green

i wore them to Holy Blossom Temple

until they wore out

i’m 43 now

and i see still

through the medium of chemical residence

the flotsam and jetsam of a half-life

if i deny the quantum mechanical

i will never die

i will cover half my remaining life

then half of my remaining life

then again, and again

there will always be another moment to divide

no matter how small

and through it all

as bibles are written and forgotten about me

i will remember my green pants

and the moment i laid eyes on you

and knew that my half-life

was ended