

someone i am wandering a town(if its  
houses turning into themselves grow

silent upon new perfectly blue)

i am any(while around him streets  
taking moment off by moment day  
thankfully become each other)one who

feels a world crylaughingly float away

leaving just this strolling ghostly doll  
of an almost vanished me(for whom  
the departure of everything real is the  
arrival of everything true)and i'm

no(if deeply less conceivable than  
birth or death or even than breathing **shall**

blossom a first star)one