

# Poem:

January 30, 2009

As it extends to us- in our briefness -  
I am going to die at a young age, I can feel it as my heart  
and lungs degrade  
I can feel my bones all ache  
I no longer hesitate  
because probably I won't die today  
as it extends to us in our briefness  
from that moment on we drift away  
like clouds that captured light  
at sunset to juxtapose the stars and night-  
we coalesced at dusk and with the breeze did dissipate

Try not to worry or slink into madness  
don't let sadness defeat you  
don't slip on your sanity

Blink your eye, beauty spot, prussian blue  
scantily clad, unbeknown silhouette retreat through  
field of view

I spend my time in quiet contemplation