

# What is Left?

-PBC

My final beat may falter,  
a quiet halt in the rhythm,  
but my soul, a silent witness,  
will watch from above.

My possessions,  
dust and fragments,  
will fade,  
but the seeds I sowed,  
my offerings to the earth,  
will bloom,  
an enduring legacy.

A stage of grief may unfold,  
a brief performance of sorrow  
among those I knew,  
yet the truth of solitude  
remains.

**My accomplishments and successes,  
unburdened, I leave behind,  
but my lived knowledge,  
a thread of wisdom,  
can be woven into the fabric of others' lives.**

**And when the final curtain falls,  
I will be a memory,  
a fleeting thought,  
and then,  
nothing more than a silence  
in the minds of those  
who once knew me.**

**This, the unadorned truth,  
the final curtain call  
of a life.**