if i’m disappeared, tell them i was a drop in the bucket,  
that i swan dived and stumbled with reckless volition,  
that i sank and i swam and then feigned indifference;  
tell them i took my time in learning to listen.

bury my resume; say i breathed quietly offbeat,  
humming endless and incomplete quips.  
tell them i honed my craft with indiscrete meter,  
laughed with my shoulders, walked with my hips.

tell them my friends got home safe.  
we held hands in traffic,  
talked ‘til late, biked at night,  
gazed at stars and static.

tell them i swam in the footsteps of giants,  
trying to find my way grown.  
say i was a drop in whatever was handy,  
that i shimmered and shone.

tell them i wasn’t shit, that i roared from the rooftops,  
that i held fast to love and loved so much in spite.  
tell them i cussed in english when helpless and spanish when pissed,  
and silent when fully affright.

tell them i was just another drop in the ocean,  
remind them they’re still hearing us sing,  
that we tapped songs into concrete,  
and whispered meaning to wind,

that the opposite of jaded is earnest,  
and i kept earnest through the grave.  
tell them i wasn’t much but they’ll see me around,  
that i’ll haunt them ‘til the end of their days.