

All as Grass

I am thinking of the ways a cigarette turns to smoke;
the mess of living fragments
forced in a paper-thin tube,
all of it lit by fire.
Its speedy vanishing -
Grandfather's body.

Oh science has a code for it, some description
not inscribable in our terms,
the mysteries of disappearance
having no language,
only hazy wisps
called "sensations."

I'm watching the messy leavings burn
once sufficiently crumbled and broken,
albeit captured in a form
all of it twisting, light as air,
inside, outside
of my own.

We name it "passing away"
or "metamorphosis,"
symbols telling us what becomes
when formed fragments come undone

and lift

away.

There's no explanation for change.

--It happens.

Everywhere, everything,

all mashed together

and dispersing in its burn,

or simply floating along.