

To Be Informed by Death and Wind

Love was an option.
Or fame.
Fame or love or power.
Was “happiness” an option?
And, if so, what did that mean?

Thinking seemed to be an option.
Thinking and maybe (possibly) “knowing”
learning a thing or two.

Many set their own goals.
Maybe everyone did.
What are such goals for when death is the end?

The wind blows
Leaves scamper down the street a ways, then -?
What becomes of November?
Sure there will be a new round in the Spring.

A little while.
Point A, Point B.
500 shades of grey between black and white
(or vice-versa, depending how you look at it).

Yes there are bodies to maintain
To feed, to water, to grow...
toward - ?
Another elemental state, the absence or presence of color.

We toggle between particles and waves
when speaking of the light
Matter? Mentality? Energy? Substance?
Name or number or both?

A line marks the beginning
(vertical slash on a continuum...)
Is *that* what it is?
At the other edge, not so clear or distinct.

Gaps and fog between
Criss-crossings, subtle figurings,
some bold, some fierce, some already almost gone...

It makes for a pretty picture sometimes,
no disputing that,
but sometimes it's thrown out, painted over, washed away
Markings and blotches lose their form.

We spotted some color there, somewhere,
far back in the ground,
was once there a rusty nail holding this all together?
Could be it's simply the rain
"all things go..."
"all things grow..."

The leaves are scurrying now...
Don't they realize that there's nowhere to go?
Simply on?
The scope is limited, the work is framed,
Only so much can occur.

Then boundary, edge,
Even if we return as minerals for living things

What do words like "important" really mean then?
A word like "life" or "meaning" or "love"?

Let's hypothesize ("let's make some sentences"):
Erratic dark pole with light dripping and splotching,
at the one limit...
a fading out over blank spaces at the other,
and maybe 15 significant (noticeable) marks in between...

This is what we mean by "life"?
I'm in the thick of it, then, at 40.
See the dark shadows there?
With all that emptiness underneath?

Before I go, please give me a name.