

To The Few Who Lament

To the few who lament
Have my tattered identity
Which was nothing of use

Never fear I am absent
Anymore than always was
Not existing to begin with

Light no candle of honor
Unless a substanceless flame

You and I are ciphers
Drawn by convention
Swollen by experience
Filled in with belief

We may burn but not be
There is burning, not we.

Do not miss me
Or call me missing
Is the rain not the hissing?

I bequeath you release
From assuming each piece
Is apart from the whole
As a personal soul