

The White Pocket

I am drowning in my own weakness
Orestes hounded by insatiable Furies
Spawned by his own impulsive act

The backlash of being is the belief
That accompanies motion, the urge
To insist things are real racing by

I am the blur in my eyes as I fall
Because nothing is falling but me
Sit me perfectly still and I see it

I am too old to buy into matter
I am a turtle whose shell is empty
See my naked turtle form fly

There is an abundance of nothing
Getting used to it hurts the flesh
My tears are the ocean leaking out

Why must one endlessly collect
To understand the sum's futility
For prolonging what must end

You puny ridiculous creatures
Who think extending human life
Amounts to substantial gain

You who gain as your mission
You who center on the self
And breath with dark exhaust

I put before you the one jewel
And you complain of its dust
Imagining your white pocket