

Falling Apart

Pieces of me
Have broken off
Carried away in the merciless wind of hap and circumstance
If I look back
I can see them strewn behind me
Left as a clue to who I was
The wind is too strong for me to return
And collect what I have lost
Some of it
Lies too far to even recognize
What remains of me
I am unsure

I only know what is left
And that, I do not recognize
This stranger
This one who is malleable
Who conforms to that which he must
The product of the wishes of others
Avoiding conflict
Edges smoothed
Nothing to identify me
No discernable difference
Or preference of my own
Each color
Muted to grayscale
Ash colored
Particles of paper made light by fire's relentless insistence

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