

# Not Here and Therefore Everywhere

*by* XXXX

Sometimes I try to hum  
along with the air conditioning,  
and pretend I do not exist, but am merely  
the space that fills the room.

In the morning when my mom opens the door  
she would let out what used to be  
the atoms of my body,  
now disjoint and free, to drift.

Finally then I would have escaped  
at the cost of my body,  
but now, in its dissolution,  
the suffering of which  
only it was capable

is now just the howling  
of an evening breeze,  
or the angry wind of  
a tempest.

