

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.

