

years, months, days

I wonder if

The frightened faces
Of lives gone before mine
Open their tired eyes upon me

And see me not for who I am

But instead see

The sun rising in the morning
Spring rolling steadily on
And crying late night calls to mom

I wonder if

My friends

Family

Love

Gone for years

Months

Days

Look upon me from broad, encompassing spaces

Time once lost

Now spent on observing the new

(gone stagnant)

I wonder if

They'd be disappointed in my discontent

Or the way I rot into a rich compost
Or maybe they understand that the rotting

Gives gifts

Nutrient rich soil sustaining worlds

I wonder if

Those frightened faces

Of people no longer alive

See the sun in my smile

Or just the life that I am living

(wasting).