

temporary stars

words fail to impress
when the sun falls
into its place along
the divided ocean.

the infinite sadness
of the highway is
a guide to the great
beyond before us all.

independent of any notion
of love or freedom
there is a place within us
that knows great emptiness.

the best friend we will
ever have is the knowledge
that we are small and
completely expendable.

every wind that stirs
the leaves reminds us
that someday we will be
gone and long forgotten.