

## 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.