

~~19 August, 1966~~

2 Study The Young Man with Bearded Eyes

I study the young man with bearded eyes
Killing time while waiting for a London tram
Enjoying the exhalation of life's smoke
Immensely pleasurable, yet
Racing to oblivion.
Everyone knows
Tomorrow isn't.
Like a stubborn tomb
The crystalized past intrudes the now
Standing there on stone foundation, quietly
Imperceptibly crumbling
For 30,000 years it will emit carbon 14
Then nothing.
I ask myself: Shall these bones be all
Shall they be all I leave
To be embodied in the day of God?

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