

it's time

let this small gesture fall unnoticed
on the teeming worlds surface
its ripple ever present
in the pure world of freedom-death
moulded as this flushed apple
perfectly present formidable,
thus we can see and hold its form
like any object of the desired world
let your good arms give way
though leaving them bears all my sadness
odd how one feels accomplished
life was known so death
must be our new companion now