

Augie March, Departure

The horror of departure,
The chemical disarmament,
No presence is permanent.

But people leave traces,
When they leave these places,
And I have come to depend on
Certain of your faces

And I can't do it anymore

The spirit of abandon,
Where the spirit is abandoned,
And the body thinks itself to soar.

But people leave traces

A spiritual deprature,
Your disintegrating stature,
And well you might be scared to look,
Over your shoulder,
Watch her crumble into sand,
The last woman the last man,
Swim the sea and walk the land
To leave and leave and leave and leave

People leave traces,
When they leave these places,
And I have come to depend on
Certain of your faces

When will I see you again?