

# Yellow Second, A Mirror Dimly

to be out from under  
to be yours again  
tearing this asunder  
talking now and then  
to understand just what they see  
this seeming meaningless story

remember me  
through a mirror dimly  
distance slowly deadens  
only pieces of a looking glass remain

ashes are left, no more than dust  
where they see beauty I see rust

say I will see you again