

On Broken Wings, A Lazarus Envy

Last night I realized
My excitement for
Events that were
Not yet my life
Upon return,
It's all in the past,
It's all a memory
All my life is,
Is this moment,
And what I can remember
What I cannot see,
Does not exist,
And to think I
Would have mourned
I fell in love with life
What I cannot see
Does not exist
All my life is memories
To last night?
We're shells
We're nothings