

After life

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Are we not ghosts of ghosts,
Dusty wisps that want
For more substantial being?
Dreams—or was it memories—
Of love

and things—

Ah, Things,
Whose changes charmed us
While we let them be,
But then we reached for them
And they were gone.

Nevermore to see just *That*,
Nevermore to touch just *Her*,
Never just to think that *Thought*
That nearly freed us from ourselves.

Feeling was more fraught
Than emptiness
But Oh, we miss it.