

The ghost in us

“Man plans, God laughs”—

or so they say.

What then is hope of being,
transient as passion, which
even if its object comes to pass
soon passes?

As empty as a thought,
mere possibility,
a void despoiled by scrawled graffiti
of the mind.

As undefinable as God.

As unknown as my death.

A ghost whose haunt

Is us.

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