

The Vessel

Unplugged and disconnected
Reduced to a mere shell
Vibrant life worth so much more
Unseeing eyes no longer speak
Work left undone and unfinished
Abruptly taken for what purpose?
Lying motionless
Out of circulation
Who will remember?
Reduced to a pile of ashes
Filed away on a bookshelf
Like a used best-seller
Tenderly memory's pages turn
Uncorrupted memories
with an unseeing eye
Between the jackets you remain alive
And always so much more
than an ashen shell

Bitten Twice

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