

SINCERELY YOURS, ANONYMOUS

I wake up, inconsequential. The rest is a waste as far as I'm concerned.
Like a stone in a tide pool ripples run wild. Glassy calm then returns.
Well, I am that stone. I go ninety times 'round the sun then straight through eternity's door.
I am mist, one hand clapping, the color of air.
I'm, therefore....I'm, therefore....sincerely yours,

To the precious, seemingly random, chosen few household names know this of me:
I'm aware that I'm nothing next to you. My purpose is not to be.
And your work, shining brightly, mirrors my own but in brilliance like sun to star.
From the knife edge that divides me from you,
I remain.....I remain....sincerely yours,

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