

The World.

The world continues outside, surely it does,
I don't see it often anymore.
I see it in fits and starts.
I see it like a wild animal caught in an ecotome, staring at our cities.
Staring the other way.
And yet, I know that the world of nature and science,
That I never truly understood before,
It still exists without me.
Exists without us.
I fear this is true. I know this is true.
Like it did before us. Like it will after us.
The society I knew, it still exists, surely it does,
I don't see it often anymore.
I see it in fits and starts.
I see it like one of the thousand people we cast off or cast out, staring at our cities,
Staring the other way.
And yet, I know that the things and connections we built,
That I never truly understood before,
They should still exist.
Exist without me.
Like they did before me. Like they will after me.
I hope this is true.

SRM