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Ashes to Dust

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Ashes To Dust

Loyalty is encrypted into the depths
of every broken soul
roaming aimlessly
in and out
of every empty hole
trying desperately
to mend
the weathered pieces
because they have lost the definition
of what loyalty truly is,
because consistency does not exist.
I have let go of trustworthiness
for even nature is a testament
that everything is temporary
all of our cells have left us at once
and new ones were born
and those soon died after, creating more,
every tear once shed has dissipated,
every word spoken has too soon faded-- into thin air,
every fine line between "I'll stay, I promise." and "It's time for me to leave, I'm sorry."
has all too quickly shattered,
every smile has soon flipped,
every person occupying a place within our temporary lives
has departed from ourselves one way or another,
and you will no longer
hold a place inside their's.
Nobody stays,
things are not made to live forever,
we are not made to live forever,
so tell me why I find it such a problem?
I do not find comfort in things being temporary.

Soon there will be no one left who remembers me,
there is no one who will stay with me
life is temporary
lasting for only a limited amount of time.
For even permanent marker
on a sheet of paper
can be ripped to shreds,
or made invisible by white out.
The images made in pen can be scribbled over and made into different images,
we are erasable like pencil markings,
we are so temporary,
everything is temporary,
these words will lose their meaning
and I will fall into the product of temporarity,
forced to leave.
It hurts to be so temporary...