Passing Echoes

Some poets die young,
Some poets die old,
Holding their knives in their teeth

Some soar high above,
Some walk with the crowd,
Some cringe in shadows beneath

The craft and the thrum,
The race and the run,
The circadian struggle and throes

On a treadmill near spent,
Tottering and bent,
As the rill of regret slowly flows

"I am he!"
Cries the man with the pen.
"Listen, you wandering fool!"

An echo resounds
But no answer rebounds
The truth is, in truth, cruel.

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