

immortality is the possession self identifying
as the possession of the present bringing up
the present to the past
possessing the future.

the past
the present
the future
of us
not of us.
opening the closing.
closing the opening.
no openings.
no closings.
the different sameness.

what can you say...
living eats up its own steps
into the future of the not present.
perhaps everything is a past mood that shapes everything else
the mood with its need for present facts.
the future with or without them.

when you look up at the night sky
the sky that does not have a bottom
and the brilliance of its enveloping movement
clouded with light
unclouded by illumination
and you are still looking
while you are still
is all of the immortality you can grasp.
everything else is a guess.

the immortality you can grasp.
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