#2b

They
wane
older…older…
Day by rasping day older…
Like the lines of yesterday's *Times*
'Til one sudden day
They disappear—
A face behind the smudged window
across the street
Where you never there will see them again,
But you still, barely, remember…
The memory may linger,
Then you forget—
First voice,
then face,
The look in their eyes,
the things they had said,
and done…

People thus die alone,
sitting in the city
behind a locked door.

They die—
an old lady with her cat…

Once they die…
perhaps
no one knows they are gone
or worse, no one knows they
were truly even
there.

J. F. Lowe