

Grave Fury of Existence

We are the dreams of the mountains. A flurry of ghostlike activity, like dust whipped up in a frenzy, like daylong gnats without name or number. Our homes built and crumbled like hills in the sand. Perpetually washed away into nothingness. Eroding the distinct edges into a smooth uniformity. Here today; gone two seconds later.

I feel so important. But a limp dick, an injured wrist, the endless bites of insects, a pain in my teeth — show me how truly impotent I am. Powerless to the grave fury of existence.

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