

Document

Assemblage 23

In stillness
A silent weight
Pausing as the minutes each evaporate

A desire
To leave a scar
To raise a voice from within the dark

Decaying
Cascading
Existence falls apart
Around me
Within me
So I must leave my mark

This is a document
To prove that I was here
This is a document
To prove I was at all
And when my voice ceases to be
Will the echo still ring loudly?
And when there's nothing left of me
Will my memory still go on?

A flicker
Transitory state
An echo of an instance that burns away

A moment
A shard of time
A solitary thread that threatens to unwind

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Will my memory still go on?

Distant
An approaching age
When this document falls beneath another's gaze

Too late
We have lost the dawn
The signal's loud and clear, but the transmitter's gone

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