

Amorphous

Grief

Shapeless, formless
There is nothing to me.
Selfless, no cause, broken,
Inspecific.

Drifting, cloud like, spreading,
Dissipating.
Distance between every
Part of what was me.

Amorphous...
Amorphous...

When nothing matters
There is - no matter to me
When life's insubstantial
There's no solidarity.