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epitaph

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PHILLIP D. ADAMS

epitaph

Here lie the brittle bones of Phillip Adams.
White stripes against a dirty brown backdrop.
Pleasant? No, but clean because
of time's soft care and constant washings.

He wasn't much, a biscuit in a batch, at best.
Even if he had been *Saint* Phillip, some
scientist would oneday grip the tip
of his dead head and search the bare

bone to find the fanciful fact of life.
What happened to the time he was—
this soul with proper faith (but not the name)
born two-thousand years post—"Harrowing"?

Little lords and lassies look at life
as living on forever and try to stretch it—
so—one's a fool to sacrifice his life for
longevity, and how can one mean death?

Shining minstrels make dull lamps when in
the shade, and sequins shimmer only on
occasion. His beam, however, in constant
friction wearing, was polished cream.

These silent bones amount to naught, as such,
but once, yes, once they were, and then
the bones were something fast. But with
the soul and spirit past the whole thing seems
quite meaningless.