

Departure

Augie March

The horror of departure,
The chemical disarmament,
No presence is permanent.
But people leave traces,
When they leave these places,
And I have come to depend on
Certain of your faces,

And I can't do it anymore.

The spirit of abandon,
Where the spirit is abandoned,
And the body thinks itself to soar.

But people leave traces

A spiritual departure,
Your disintegrating stature,
And well you might be scared to look
Over your shoulder,
Watch her crumble into sand,
The last woman the last man,
Swim the sea and walk the land
To leave and leave and leave and leave

People leave traces
When they leave these places,
And I have come to depend on
Certain of your faces,
But I can't do that anymore.

When will I see you again