

Obit

By Miriam Ruff

I read my obituary today
At least I think it was mine
The name, and age, and dates
Were all correct
But for the rest –
The facts were there
But they were the kind that say no lies
Yet tell no truths
Missing were all the hopes
I'd held so dear
The visions
Plans
And dreams
That could not
No -- did not
Survive
Without their anchor to this world
No future lies
Within those hollow words
No past recalled
Like so much chaff
Upon the wind
I blow away