

Elegy for We  
*by Samantha Hoshin*

Granules of Epson salts,  
grey water,  
and the lint from between digits,  
flow from the tub, swiftly,  
into the pipes of the Past.  
Meanwhile, the faucet lets flow the waters of youth,  
which exceeds the water being drained,  
but descends over the years.  
And we, with lives ahead of us,  
gaze into it's clear, seemingly never ending, substance,  
and drink,  
thriving,  
glowing and singing the pools of forever,  
while they focus on the draining of life water,  
mourning,  
wishing,  
wistfully living in the past.  
Both of these people's lives are finished at the same time....  
Whose is more important?  
Whose is less ignorant?  
Whose is better?  
Tell me, wise one...