

Legacy is Myth

leaning at the edge,
peering into death's abyss
in idle wonder:

shall I cease shielding
those faithful who think of me
from unwelcome facts?

they are few who'll care
what amused my faithless mind
as its neurons whirred

this fleeting verse joins
its mates in oblivion,
far future's thick mist

so, why worry now
of when memories have ebbed?
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