

Some Say

some say these words slipped
from his weakening fingers
as fire turned to ash

some say they were lost
as he searched his deep pockets
but found nothing there

some say they were tossed
into thick roadside swamp grass
with all the others

some say he left them,
knowing they'll never be found,
at this very spot

some, who claim to know,
notice them among reeds but
say nothing at all



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