

The dead, he murmured,
are but scattered versions of the quick.
 To live is to be loved or
 hated, thought of, mused
 upon, *et cætera*; the overwhelming mass of
 self, though, draws
 those particles
 of being to the centre, to an egoistic
 point.
 What
we call life is nothing but the crushing
of what really counts,
the black hole of the "I" lets little
 loose beyond its
 drear event horizon.
 Death
 dissipates
that central lump, allows the thoughts
of others to spread out throughout
the world.

He paused, and drank,
and looked into my eyes,
and put his hand upon my thigh,
and sighed, and I
 released (albeit temporarily)
 the gravitationally captured
 thoughts of him in others' minds —
 still dull, but
 free.