

Eternity

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [February 26, 2020](#) issue

When time evaporates with our last breath,
the air we breathed a chloroformed mask
drugging us from seeing beyond shadows,

we will lose our wrinkled
frowns, our drooping
nods, our forced smiles

and stones will turn into clouds, the wind
will become a cocoon of blue zephyr,
and oceans tufted feathers.

We will rise
the way tapers flame after a kiss
from the Paschal candle.