

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.