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*Most of my friends are dead or dying*

**old man alone in a room**

sitting at this rickety table  
in the frosty half-light  
surrounded by flaking walls  
and absent friends  
i wait patiently

my mind littered with ghostly remains  
while vague blurs of bleached memories  
scratch at the boarded windows

this is no room for cosmic pretensions

soon the river will slop its banks  
flood this room with freezing waves  
and I will join the ranks  
of those who used to be

time and tide  
savaging the flock  
dismantling our lives  
one death at a time

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