

Delightful and Pleasing,
Simple, yet Fleeting.
Brought by collectivity
To vanish in the
Disposition of recollection.
Will the sound mean
Anything when I'm gone?
What of the sound
Heard by those
Long rested in soil?
Is there significance
In something unattainable,
Something known to have existed,
To never exist again.
What am I
To make of sounds,
If I've lost those only seconds ago?
Will there ever be purpose
Behind the unreclected,
Or is the unreclected
Just Forgotten.