

## PASSING

My passage through time  
will leave no trace;  
like a footprint in the sand  
swiftly wind-erased.

We are part of this earth  
briefly occupied  
in empty questing  
after glittering gold and glory.

Hollow dreams have those  
who live only for now,  
without the principles or faith  
devout folk upheld.

My passage through time  
will leave no trace;  
but my mind senses a mingling  
with the drifting wind.