

*Nearest Nameless*

So damn familiar  
Most of the time,  
I don't even know you are here  
My life,  
My portion of eternity,

A little shiver,  
As if the chill of the grave  
Is already  
Catching up with me—  
No matter.

Descartes smelled  
Witches burning  
While he sat thinking  
Of a truth so obvious  
We keep failing to see it.

I never knew it either  
Till today.  
When I heard a bird shriek,  
*The cat is coming,*  
And I felt myself tremble.