

A Promise

I Promise!

As I begin to grow, I start to wither away:
withering forever, reduced
to nothing more than a faint whisper; of a Promise;
a memory of self,
so loving,
so vibrant,
so strong

I promised!

Admirable, perhaps I once had a purpose;
one that I was not able to secure,
a purpose of fulfillment
full of desire, commitment, and hope to exist forever
Yet, my life has ceased to exist,
as I lie here, reducing to a pile of silvery-ashes,
embers and ashes of a memory I once had and now
I can only think of the promise I made,
my sole purpose for living, the one thing that made me whole,
has now depleted me of my own self preservation, now denied,
Alas, I remember my promise!

Tierre Jefferson