

Tohm Bakelas

**“i remember”**

i watch a small child’s balloon  
float towards white clouds—  
i watch a dream die

**“the haunting truth”**

when life is good, i think:  
i will die someday  
and i am afraid

**“grey days”**

waiting on change  
like a broken pane of glass—  
we splinter in the wind

**“happy birthday”**

with each passing year  
we grow ugly and bitter  
waiting for the end

**“the final line”**

autumn breezes carry  
dead leaves, dead names, dead love—  
everything is, was

**“everyone mourns differently”**

i share jokes at funerals  
because the dead can-  
not hear anything