

# God's Soliloquy After the World

All that's left of me  
is poetry  
and all that's left of poetry  
is rhyme.  
All that's left of rhyme  
is homophony  
and all that is cacophony  
is mine.

Arteries are all that's left  
of bodies  
and bodies are all that remains  
of the sea.  
The sea is all that's left  
of the universe  
and the silence of that void  
belongs to me.

I am all that's left  
of joy and sorrow,  
but all that's left of joy and sorrow  
dies.  
Death is the remaining half  
of resurrection,  
and what's no longer living  
was a lie.

I'm seeking explanations  
for existence,  
to account for all the things  
that I invent,  
like nothingness, and poetry,  
and substance  
(none of which, of course,  
was my intent).