Little Vultures

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There is a man blessed
With a silken voice.

He is here lit up for thirty seconds,
On the television, begging politely.

Listen now.
One day he will be a ghost casting a shadow on a cold forest.

A cotton plant will grow
Where his bones seeped into the soil.

Harvested into plaid trousers,
Given as a gift from Oversoul.

Never worn and abandoned
To a corner of the attic.

Particles of dust circle
like vultures. Then float to a perfect rest.