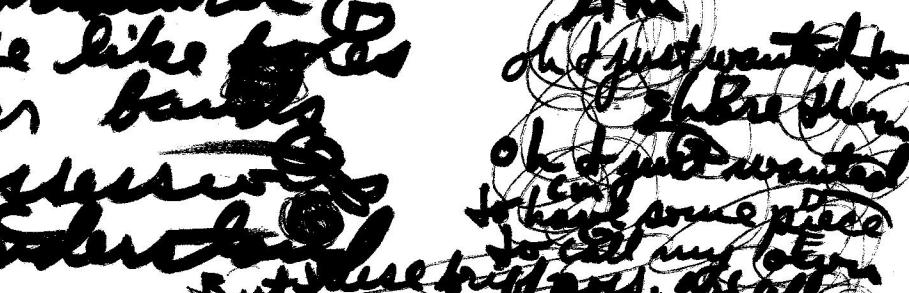
Brief possessions are passing through my hands
" " are lost in all manner
are all on all the treasures
That turn out to be like
of Old rubber balls
They who brief possessions
am I do not understand



brief encounters are forming on clean
" " We look ourselves each
as if nothing had begun
They were but brief encounters
in relationships and clay
We look them everyday

brief possessions they take me by surprise
" " I give them all their size
Even the hermit who hoards his purity
Must often turn to impose
There brief possessions that leave before everyday