

THE MIMI

For those, yes you, I'm talking to you brother
A mimi is a spirit tall and thin and grave sticklike
Black of course perhaps close to all that's true
Ask me how I know and I must tell you how and why
In the darkness of the night in the closeness of my death
I am old and sick and thinking less of life these days
I awoke stared at those stick figures surrounding my bed
Yes they were mimi regarding me not unkindly
Still I actually shuddered thinking what is this
I didn't come to this land to die, for sure not for me
Beyond in the snowy mountains of my wishes
My ash scatters in the wind blowing from nearby Everest
Yes, a mist scattering me across the mountains nigh on Kailash
So I thought but thoughts are deceiving man so true
The mimi were there grave eyes staring gravely down at me
So that I wondered if I had come returned just for them
To my homeland, my land to be put to rest in peace, amen
Yes I thought but what do we know of peace and happiness
In the dark night of a soul so lost to where the mimi live

