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# The Soon to Be Immortal Talks to Himself

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# The Soon to Be Immortal Talks to Himself

*Randy Phillis*

I have given it all away except hope:  
the house, the clothes, the furniture,  
the mementos, the incense. It's a long  
journey. I'm pointing toward heaven  
and they're waiting.

I'm ready and so are they.  
I'm as light as pine needles:  
After three years of only the needles—  
no rice, no wheat, no quail, no fish—I  
am very light. As light as  
I can be.

And here I stand, the rocks  
of this spur pricking my feet for  
the last time. Below me all the faces  
who come to see, laughing, believing,  
above swirling blue like the robes I'll wear  
when I arrive like a swan.

Below me, only the faces.