

2019 MCC Creative Writing Contest

Second Place - Poetry Category

**"Sediment of Life"** by Royce Spencer

I've always heard the truth from Mary Frye in this little line,

“Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there. I do not sleep,”

I find it to be true, for I am the sediment of life.  
I am the sand of the grounds I use to frolic as a kid,  
My footprints still exist there, the grains just resharpened,  
I am the sand of the ground, catching the falls of my future grandkids.

I am every object I have ever touched,  
My skin cells and oils, binding with the materials, as they begin to rust,  
Decades apart, our DNA and prints touch, as if we're holding hands,  
So when you inherit my items, you inherit me, please give them another glance.

I am every vehicle I have been in, my sweat soaking into the seats,  
From my passengers' screams, too slow, too fast  
Remember when you take the steering wheel, or sit in the seat,  
It is I that makes the car move, not the engine or the gas.

I am every building I've ever stepped in,  
My tears, laughs, and soul embedded in those walls,  
Even when the building is deserted, my soul will wander the halls,  
As I am one with the foundation.

I am everywhere, for when you look upon the stars adored,  
I am there too, from the sleepless nights I sat alone,  
From the nights I walked in the dark home.  
Now I am the stars, guiding you home, so remember, you're not alone.

I am the creaks in the floorboard, don't worry, I'm guarding your house,  
I am the streak of light, the shadow you thought you saw.  
I am the artist of your dreams, forming every fantasy your mind can draw,  
I am the renovator, moving objects around your house.

For as long as my body belongs to the Earth, I am never deceased,  
As long as the Universe, never allows my soul to sleep.