Nothing Remains

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Life remains, death remains  
Pain remains, pleasure remains  
What remains not? -  
A motley dress - a tattered coat,  
That binds them all in a ‘bundle of bones’  
That itself does not keep its roots.

Id, ego and super-ego are the eternal streams  
Everyone is a body that sets them boiling afresh.

Then who is ‘I’  
Id, ego, super - ego! or all encased in one!  
Perchance, none of them.

I is Me, I is You, I is He, I is She  
And I is all of Them.  
I is a shadow unto our own selves.  
That lives in us is phoenix  
We! but ashes and ashes and ashes  
Unto dust and dust and dust.

Man is measured by his own scale;  
Halt within the extremes-
Extremes that render the things transient.
Life in total originates from an extreme
Death speeds its odyssey up to an extreme
Life remains but a while
Death remains but a while
Life perishes, death perishes
So does Man!

Between the extremes
Id, ego and super-ego
Float into a space-time continuum
Ever awakening from their ‘genesis’
Ever growing out of…
Ever growing into…

Then who remains
Nothing remains, Nothing remains.