

Kiana Ketcham  
Mr. Johnson  
Poem  
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## Ephemera

We love the days  
Even if they leave us breathless  
Gasping for air  
Trying to choke us with pain, hatred, and despair

We ignore the hours  
Quickly ticking by  
Taunting us with their hands  
Moving incessantly despite our loudest cries

Today, I made a promise  
Turned a new leaf if you will  
That I will enjoy each fleeting moment  
Since ephemera is the only constant this world yields