

A LIFE

i shall manage to live out a life
and commence a new one,
while you cautiously drag your feet
up the lime-washed stairwell.
and if gods so desire, i shall surely live in vain.

i shall manage to open the gate
and free a raven,
while you struggle to overcome
the fear of closeness.
i sink deeper in age, and see more unfamiliar faces.

i shall manage to die, and again
catch the seasonal flu,
while you painfully grow two
fractures of love older.
this life came out drunker, and warmer. easy to lose temper.

i shall manage to hold your hand,
and watch you wither,
while you quietly whisper words
that never bore meaning.
i never believed in prayer, nor held it against you.

i shall manage to brew you tea,
and spoon feed you nietzsche,
while your eyes become glass
and deny me any affection.
i finish your tea, and hope you will snore in your sleep.

i shall lower your eyelids, and curtain
rain-splattered windows,
while you run through a sunlit field
barefoot, and a toddler.
undertakers awaiting outside, i shan't open the door.