

WRITING ABOUT DEATH

tires
even me.

If only he wouldn't press
his moon-pocked, moon-blached
face
 against my window pane.

Present or absent,
he's omnipresent.

Under the bed, around the corner,
afloat in the chicken soup,
he's there.

I look away, and away
is where he is.

You'd think he'd written a book
and must peddle it
on television.

Faithfulness, persistence, standing
behind one's ends,
I like.
But surely there's such a thing
as overkill.

Still, as constant companions go,
you could do worse.

He has a sense of humor:
"Let's Indian wrestle," he says,
in the voice of Groucho Marx,
"or pick off daisy petals,
win or lose."

He's rarely boring,
except when he comes all swathed
in huge black robes,
with a black voice
and the head of Darth Vader.

I'd miss him, I know,
if he ever really finally disappeared,
and feel that something of value
had been lost--

probably
my life.

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