

## DEATH POEMS

### One

TO GROW OLD IS A JOY PRECEDING THE BIG ONE.

Death is a dark chocolate cake,  
sweet, and filled with deep blue tortures.

A gold and ivory crown  
decorated with damp moss and pearls  
is less heavy.

The great blue heron sails overhead,  
her crop filled with frogs,  
making a shape  
of tendoned grace.

A feathered hand and arm  
rise and point  
where the stream flows.

But that  
is imagination  
as the rest is. It is form  
and emptiness that I die too;

IT

IS

where  
the end and beginning  
are a car chase  
in the movie about warring  
armies of mimes.  
It is ordinary as a window sill  
with worn gray paint  
and dull as a bent license plate.  
It is the smell of a box  
to be dropped in a fire  
and ashes  
thrown in the eye of a hurricane.  
A bonfire made with icicles,  
is like this.

It is a burning up of losses.  
Sweet and filled with deep blue tortures,

TO GROW OLD IS A JOY PRECEDING THE BIG ONE

**Two**

DEATH IS COMPRISED OF DEEP BLUE TORTURES

and filled with dark chocolate cake.

Birth has gone with the losses  
of endless imagination.

A round brown leaf whirls at the tip  
of a spider thread.

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Winter

I will study

the whiteness of plum blossoms  
and look for knots in an old trunk  
at the edge of the forest fire  
near some deer bones.

**Three**

A DEEP BLUE TORTURE

is fearing your death more than mine.

White plum petals fall on snow  
in Chinese poetry

and the beauty of the streaming of all these shapes  
is fascinating. Your smell and touch  
move through mine like red and blue

wildflowers in the meadow  
beyond the brick wall.  
At night the black cat would shred  
the calico cat but there's a window  
between as they jump and growl.  
I think  
they  
love each other.

Battling through walls is a deep blue torture.  
Your death would end spring.  
See I forget the Dharma.

To the sensual fly buzzing in my ear  
I am a warm good-tasting stone.