

## DEATH IN A HOTEL ROOM AT 8PM ON A MONDAY NIGHT

Death strikes for strife again;

you lived in present tense, now you're living in the past tense

X: You know, I'm really sorry about that, by the way.

*You know, I really appreciate it, by the way.*

Death, she births clarity, or a tombstone

X: So what have you been up to?

Oh, not much. The usual.

*Like death and grief except that has never been the usual.*

X: Do you still go clubbing? I feel like I never see you anymore.

Death strikes at 3 PM on a sunny Saturday afternoon

Time is the seconds clock chasing you to the final bridge—

heaving the last breaths, counting the last ticks

I tell people things

for the sake of speaking or some other elimination of silence

I have dreams of a different reality

where I give worth to my words

like the word love

*love is a word, you made it a world*

But words need seeds to fruit their barren baskets

And I've lost that about me

Death makes her final call at 8 AM on a Thursday morning

After the fact, I got to thinking

I gave up drinking and talking and sleeping and, if only I could, breathing

I think you should know

It's all overrated

And none of it means anything without you, anyway

Hey,

Does each day dig another grave between us?

Dirt-stained nails, am I with you now?

What you can't dig away:  
The irrevocable what if

Time draws the escape route to make a run for  
    Slip past the balcony door, sneak through time's fractures  
        Darling, I'm making my way back to you  
but it was a coup; she caught me, knocked on my door  
I locked it, boarded it  
Yet, in the dead  
of night, she came in through the window  
and found me crouching in the bathtub  
Gave me a soft smile and  
whispered tenderly,