

DEATH AND DYING

Every day, a new death or dying.
You'd think by now I'd be used to it.
Eastern bluebirds plummet with loss of habitat,
being particular where they nest. The flood
of hillside, spring deluge, dam breaks, agonies,
cattle float on. Hummingbird flits faster
than life to pink petunia, hmmmmm,
trance, flings off, faster than life.

Every day, a new death and dying.
Why go through this birth canal,
Call it any name you can imagine?
No other way than this way?
What we see as tear, depression, suicide
are not gambles of random digits.

Every day, death or dying.
Old as the most ancient of us
have ever conceived, standing
in our shoes today. A native
to these shores we stand in their shoes.
Ancient life of existence nothing
Other than death and dying.
No other way than this way?

Every day, death and dying.

Our breath, next moment, death's gift.
Every moment new, hue, hew,
if you think, your mind has a lock on you.
No key ever found, just confounds
looking for what has no keyhole.
You live every day anew as death and dying,
as one life lives through you, working
hard to imagine other ways than this
that's made this way death and dying.