

MR. DEATH

—
David Craig

I, too, get to go through it—the shuck and mill,
like Moses, Eleanor of Aquitaine,
Little Sister Amen, every duck, ostrich quill.
Will there be paintings scrawled, the faded remains

of a “St. Francis slept here”? I think there’ll be
an old couch or two, Tommy Dorsey records. The rug
won’t be much, but I’m going barefoot.
I’ll bring what I need
of my friends and family as I deal with the tug

of memory, the sparrows as they churn
up around me. The sigh you won’t
hear will be my goodbye:
my hand on the clear knob I won’t want to turn,
when everyone I knew will tell me: “Fly.”