

The Song of the Dying

1

The song of the dying;
perhaps there is
music, perhaps there
are words but
we know
the song
without being
aware of either.
And we
are singing
this song always.
The song of ghosts;
as one hears the wind
without realizing it.
One is making love
or thinking of
making love,
or writing a poem
but the song
and the singing
is always there.
The song of
the dying.
Slowly we recognize
this truth.
Our body knows.
Our body sings.
And it hurts.

Oh, baby we just know.

That's all,
like we know
about sex.

Another song
we sing.

But the song
of the dying
lasts longer.

Oh, baby
let's go to bed.

It won't last
this good
forever.

No.