



When I Saw the Table

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under a bright quilt and
shadowed cup of sunflowers golden
red, I thought it was a place
worthy to wait for death.
A plate of fruit and thick slice
of cake so patient and
loving, just for me, beside the
sugar dish and cream. It seemed only fair
to eat slow and sit, and
I remembered the man – sick,
given a few weeks to live
as his throat closed itself.
He decided to leave unannounced.
Lines on the floor
and a trail of blood drops down to Broadway –
He never came back. I imagine
a mountain, a forest, and maybe a
great stone slab on which to lie,
hearing the buzzing shapes of insects
as I sat still,
calmly becoming an offering myself.

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