

wither  
*for Seth*

Perhaps when I am done  
trying all these things (like  
discovering tremblingly a new  
lover) I will return to this  
thin ghosted place and begin to  
grow old with you  
And suddenly within the first  
year our skins will shrivel  
like apple-faced dolls with  
straw hair And your hair will  
have long ago left your naked skull  
and mine will be dark and silver  
- too much and in the way.  
We will be alternately blue  
    from lack of oxygen  
    from smoking and talking  
    and insisting on being heard  
or yellow  
    from the tar and  
    from sickness that will  
enter our bodies You will  
fall prey to disease I will  
help you to die  
The sardonic loving smile  
will not leave my eyes and I  
will say nothing for your  
deaf ear to not hear as you close your  
eyes on this view of our world.  
Our lips will be purple from the red

wine that has become like a blood  
supplement to us, and I will let  
you die first, because you don't  
like to sleep alone.

I will write your farewell with  
bitterness and a wholesome chunk  
of the world spat into it. I will die  
not with your hand in mine, but  
a pen I will let myself believe it  
is the one you made a gift to me, long  
ago I will not finish the sentence.  
And I will think of myself last.