

one mistep into the street
and yesterday i died
today, i recover
your heterosexually interlaced
fingers, and side-by-side shoulders
were too much for me,
and i was forced to yield
which is always the case
from sidewalk to street
now i lay
splayed
in this bed
with only a day left
to live

in my casket
i hear the racket
of your cries
sighs
and sobbing goodbyes
deplorable, i find it all

undone, done
what does it matter
my only solace
is the casket is closed