perhaps death

John Dunn
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perhaps then death is a tattered old professor, with a caramel patched coat and a hat which fit once only at the store, teaching indolent schoolboys merely concerned with the names and dates of things

dead’s careless like a shelf of dusty books, the center part just so leaning, corners kissing sides

dead’s principled like a bow pulled across cello strings like so reminding you that you’ve never loved so much as just then and (boy) how-you-wish you did

dead is the only other person that remembers it was you who stuck gum in your sister’s hair you both have the grandest time laughing because it was funny at the time and wasn’t your hair

dead is probably the hugest thing you’ve ever heard of that knows your name

dead asks you if you have the time, by which he really means lets go riding bicycles and asking pretty girls to dance, because dead remembers the last time he danced he turned about till dizzy (which was only one half the turning and the other the girl) but you don’t recall the last time you danced and aren’t sure you remember how

dead is a song barely recalled, but for the refrain at uncommon intervals, finally summoned at night though sleep would now be better

dead is people waiting for a bus all bundled about in overcoats when the choked firing of a starting suddenly car makes them jump like so many damn fine horses out of the gate
death's silent like a dime-movie which doesn't, though you wish it did, exist anymore and you would go every day twice just to hear the piano which sounds like tin falling alloveritself and is about the best thing you've ever heard

death is beautifully the most unaffected woman you ever met at university and though it seems there were never times you didn't see her you know there were but you can't remember when and who would want to anyway?

death is the one single thing anyone could ever agree on but didn't

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