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## perhaps death

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## perhaps death

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

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

death'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

death 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

death is probably the hugest thing you've ever heard of  
that knows your name

death asks you if you have the time, by which he really means  
lets go riding bicycles and asking pretty girls to dance, because death  
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

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

death is people waiting for a bus all bundled about in over-  
coats 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

*John Dunn*