

But I just smile and the bars
dissolve to hourglass sand,
trickling life through thin inverted funnels,
filtering infinity until all that remains
are walls and fading photographs.

RICHARD VANCE

A SPECULATION

Death, if not final,
must come like that last dream
before the alarm clock intrudes:

a hereness and thereeness
in which to feel
the warmth of a lover's flesh

even as you get
a bird's eye view
of the neighborhood.

The kind of dream in which
gravity and adrenalin
keep fading

until stars are dots
and you the line of flight
that connects them,

no tug of time at your bones
nor noise to destroy
the song of light and shape.