

*Mary Kennan Herbert*

## MR. DEATH

The next birthday is only a month away  
less than ten minutes from now

time dances faster and calendar pages fly  
time is running out just when you're having fun

at a movie theatre in our cloudy past  
we watch Woody Allen parrying the guy in black

a few genteel chuckles all around  
the next year the theatre is gone

a parking lot replaces the picture  
the guy in a black jacket parks your car

the movie starts in ten minutes  
but now the theatre is farther away

now everything is farther away  
and sometimes it rains even in Camelot

you may get wet walking to your celebration  
where hollow voices sing happy birthday

you celebrate with a movie  
everybody wears black

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