You will read an unknown book in an abandoned library— a piano in a distant room —
& you will realize there is no afterlife. There is no playlist for such a lonely hour.

You will stab that pale banner of God with a crown in your ear canal & up to the sky toss
small white papers with small white prayers in a language foreign to miracles.

You will cast aside the gravesites, spaces under trees, & mourn war as an architect
who won't see anything nor want to see anything. His only project remains a giant yo-yo.

You will distance yourself from the scriptures & hieroglyphics of your dead fathers
because illness is the smug smuggling nothing, but a sickle poised on a hill's bare shoulder.

It's obvious by now the cheaters are ready to lead us to the stink entrenched in a state
of decay. Nothing can stop them. Not the past. Even the vultures are combing their wings.

Death will drag you by the clavicle & he won't reward you with some sweet life after three shovels
of grace. Not even in good weather. No, he will write your story as if written by an ordinary people.

You will never be content in the air that's lost, unless in that body still yours you participate
in the totality of whatever is & laugh it off. That's right. That's what he said before he took off.