

When the sun  
begins to set

The orange light fading  
to magnificent pink

Earth itself  
exhaling a sigh

When the stars  
erupt across

the blue-black horizon  
pierced with a thousand  
tiny lights

One learns the secret  
of how to perish  
with grace

of how to repeat  
oneself in daily  
habits, but  
with a dancer's care

When the sea  
folds waves  
into the shore  
and its  
innumerable grains  
of glass

one learns how  
to fall apart  
with an elegance  
and class

so stark they make  
the raven  
with his nevermore

grin swoop low  
and bow  
in admiration

for he has seen the  
coming  
and the going  
of the dawn  
and  
the dead  
he has heard the  
slow ache  
of bones  
and knows

how to perish  
in style

When the prairie fires  
burn turning  
golden fields  
to soot and ash

caught drifting  
in the open air

bands of yellow flame  
cutting like  
a multi-curv'd  
knife

the beings scattering  
from their tiny  
burrows

hurling themselves  
toward the charred  
sky

then one will

find a model  
for how one  
is to die