Cocked Eye of a Crow

Holly Day

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by

Holly Day

I think of the places where I want to die
and it's never in a bed, never with my family
it's always somewhere warm and damp, alone under the sun
the sound of birds and crickets and frogs
my only company.

And in this place where I breathe my last
there will be only flowers in the air, not the dry exhale of
hospital sheets,
not the smell of my own body, rotting away
the last thing I feel will be the soft tickle of grass
an insistent furred nuzzle of something checking my pulse.