

## On Dying Alone

J Church

I'm shaping shy shame into words,  
I'm tongue tied, left mouth dried and absurd,  
I know I can't drink it away

You couldn't have been anyone,  
If I could choose from anyone...,  
I'm painting lime in shades of gray

If I believed then I would pray that things would always stay  
the same,  
I know we're changing every day,  
I'm still afraid of dying alone,  
Is it absurd? I just don't know,  
My luck says I'll end up that way