

As a Card

WHY?

I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck
To be played when there are no other cards left

I'll slip into the ocean unnoticed and notify no one on the notarized form
And they're slow on a hot summer morning
Like that one-legged locksmith in Colraine

But I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck
To be played when there are no other cards left

As time drags on and I thin and whiten and my beard grows long
I might look like Walt Whitman
All sunken-eyed and dry and without pigment
But I wanna be spry as a newborn kitten

And I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck
To be played when there are no other cards left

I wanna open like the bay does to the ocean
With an equal portion of every emotion
Or soldier forward and be hard as a flat board
With the heart of an approaching asteroid
Let go and ride like a cat's toy in a dryer
Stay true to my matter like a brick in fire
Wrapped in my long years like a spool of wire
Unspoiled by the foils of fame and desires

So I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck
To be played when there are no other cards left
Hold my own death as a card in the deck