

They say that when it's over,  
light fades into a pin prick in the distance  
and maybe black turns over to gold,  
the gold that stalks the night and

follows forever in circles.

It will wait for you here, brittle hands folded  
in cloaked lap, with a jar for you to drink from  
and a towel to wipe

the dark tears from your face.

The clock, never delayed, is shrill  
and dense, thick chimes muffled,  
pillowed by fabric and skin.

There is no haunting.

A whisper of self is contained  
in the mind, buried under heavy layers  
of worms and sand,

splintering, chunks chipping away  
like the shell of a cracked egg.

It floats to the top and breaks the  
tension and holds you there until

you drift away and the pink and  
the red  
rots.