January thaw

how do i tell you

i thought i was dying?

i rehearsed the conversations

imagined the tears and farewells

decided to be brave and selfless

and to resist the desire to repent of my sins

so much was invested

in the belief of my death

that when it turned out to be

an overdose of fear

i was somehow disappointed

outside my window the ground appears —

how inappropriate!

all my sacrifices are water

and all my tears but vapour

the only ice that remains

is on the wasteland that lies ahead

the snow angels will blur and run

and disappear before they can warn us:

you are never prepared for death

and you will always be disappointed.