

# Death is a Dying Industry

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***Abstract***—beginning to feel the weight of time spent and unspent. undoing myself in an elaborate way, taking myself apart, failing to start, failing to end, succeeding in a reinvention, hating the feeling, loving the process.

***Index Terms***—small, small, small cups of coffee

## ROBIN EGG BLUE

outside of the funeral home, a cracked-open robin egg. death here and death there. ants everywhere. why did i choose to remember this? oh, well, it's here now. someone must have staged this scene. and robin eggs are blue. and the sky is blue. and death paints with a palette of blue.

watching the man seal the tomb  
 smokeless fire  
 packing my suit  
 electric percolator  
 sleeping on the couch with the doggo  
 some scenes and more, i want to hoard them ...

this month i was a firefly. on and off, on and off. i went to catch fireflies on the hill. gaze: floating, ready to focus. but they are absent from me. and they are over there. and there it is: i'm here and there, again and again. and when i'm here, i'm there, and that empty-handed feeling gets a little bit easier to explain. i'll catch myself in a little glass jar eventually, if i'm clever enough.