

Still, Life

It could be an imperative
or a kind of fatigue,
some flowers and fruit
or a final good-bye—
a comma like a half-formed
decision, aromatic,
painful. No, a period
is painful. I mean
the form of punctuation
when the thought
has ended, cue
the curtains. I always
thought my life would trail
off quietly into oblivion
the way a sucker candy
slowly dissolves given
a mouth, any mouth, but
there's a whole bowl of candies
on the coffee table
the kind no one enjoys
like a grandma would have
as though there really were
all the time in the world