

Malcolm Kennedy

[Five minutes after our hearts stop]

Five minutes after our hearts stop
we'll feel where we are for the first time:
in the dark of dark,
hungry every second of our lives, and
blood-fed, or starved to oblivion
in five minutes.

The patterns the night frosted on car windows
will be water and unremarkable in the morning warmth;
our exquisitely ice-etched selves drowned, like ice cubes
in scotch, or scotch in a stomach.

That is it—to die, not in the customary sense
(machine clanging to a halt,
mind looks on in horror)
but in the true sense:
beating mind dying with beating body.

Five minutes after our hearts stop
everything (nothing)
is night-mute
and sea-dark.