

Death Dreams, by Norman Klein

by David Ackley

My hand falling
as if to reach under it.
My black thumb, black tongue
tasting the tear of the moth wing.

The milk skim of my eye torn,
the thorned leg of the locust
probing the pin oil,
my last seeing.

Knees unbending
like the last wave of ocean,
sheet of sky settling.

A loop of dark
descending like the slow swerving
mouth of a fish.
His teeth glow like lanterns.
In the distance is the bone garden.
I am wearing a cloak, and walking
leisurely, my leisurely walking
his slow swallowing.

