

# 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.

