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A Note on Death

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A Note on Death

In a city I rarely get to,
I am reminded that one day I will die,
and at work, a lull between customers,
I am reminded then too that one day I will die.
No one is immune to death—
the holiday visits to the graves
remind me of this—
and my conscious reminds me of this constantly,
with no prompting except the fullness of a good day.

The more inconvenienced I am, the less I am reminded, but surrounded by people I can actually stand, in a place that grounds and does not jostle me, and suddenly, I am a living thing that could easily become a lifeless thing. We are all living things that could easily become lifeless things, but no one tells God they're not ready to die when there's not a loaded gun leveled at their head, and no one tells God they're not ready to die when they're not trapped in a crashed car that's spewing gasoline.

We are all living things that could easily become lifeless things, but nobody ponders death the way that I do, the way that I do.

Christine Naprava Millville, NJ