

# What to Wear?

Death  
Rises,  
Yawns,  
Opens his closet.  
What to wear today?

Traditional black?  
Or colors more chic?  
In white-hooded robe,  
A scythe on his shoulders,  
Death knocks politely, ever so politely.  
No rush.  
No hurry.

On a windy day,  
In pale pinks and blues,  
Death,  
Like a playmate,  
Puts away the toys and departs, but not alone.

A father pleads,  
Take me instead,  
But Death ignores his plea,  
tightens his grip on an only son,  
Leaving behind a man bathed in tears.

Death has seen this before:  
A father and his daughter  
Saying goodbye,  
Heartbeat visible  
Beneath a cotton sheet.

Drums roll, trumpets blare, the battle is  
joined. From atop a red mount,  
Death  
Harvests heroes  
From both armies.

I'm your flight steward.  
Window seat or aisle?  
Buckle your seatbelts.  
Your captain today  
Is Mortality."



Excerpt From  
Do Not Marry for Love  
Wayland Bryant Jackson