



## 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 begs:  
"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:  
His daughter bidding farewell,  
Saying goodbye,  
Heartbeat visible  
Beneath a cotton sheet.

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

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