

The Moment of Death, as foretold by our Anatomy Cadaver
By Vivian Ho

I faced the empty that engulfed me
Into its wake, blackness.
Meaning-less.

The black began to unfurl
in my white bones
a single drop, dark

Dye in clear water
“Utterly meaningless.
Everything is utterly meaningless.”

The words of Ecclesiastes begging
Realization before futility
My bedsheets tossed

My thoughts the momentary wind
Felt from a single flap of pigeon wings
Gone, instantly

The seas a death, I would die
Like the stale of the air
No matter whether brain or body

Had pushed the dirt
a centimeter over.
Let them not say at my funeral

“She lived a good life”
But let my still, gaping face
Shock meaning out of them.

Worms will engulf my ribs
In the silent warmth of sun
Skull dissolved into earth

Only in the surrender
Could carnations ever smell sweet