

Death through a Peephole

How can I word it?

I am 45, on the
downhill side of life.
Lying on the couch,
eyes closed,
my stereo playing Bach's
St. Matthew Passion,
I see death
through an inner peephole--
a visionless glimpse.

There it is,
a threatless,
benevolent space,
neither outer nor inner,
where neither moon nor
Andromeda move.

I feel the grip of a subsonic
bass note in my chest,
a whole note from
the bottom of the cosmos.

Death? Is that you?
A beautiful black
emptiness full
of friendly steadiness?

Yes, comes no answer.

I look up at the ceiling
and smile at 46.