

## To Die Awake

I want to die awake  
with memory  
like a mouth and nostrils expanding,  
stunned,  
my senses made infant again  
awash in a mother's christening heat

I want to die awake  
with flesh wrapped hopes  
and dirt beneath my fingernails  
ears pressed against fresh ground  
eyes wide, capturing every mutation,  
and with my tongue I want to taste  
a new language

I want to die awake  
before the fall of dreams  
beyond bedtime parables  
unframed by stained and leaded glass  
outside the regularity of hospital walls  
limitations that turn me  
toward the yawning grate

I want to die on the day before  
with nothing left  
and everything right  
and love holding fast between

I want to die  
as if  
as I  
as will be  
just as I was born...

emerging