

ways to go out

I stumble around
like an old blind buffalo
who's lost his herd
trying to find a good place to die.

I fight to hang on
like a fading rainbow
dissipating
into a pale blue sky.

I tread ever more lightly
upon the earth
like a cat shadow walking
until I leave no trace.

I blow my heart open
like a bright sunflower bursting
into a shower of fiery seeds
to take my place.