

# Your Dying

*Kim Kile*

The last time I saw you alive,  
death was creeping up your throat,  
taking you from the inside out.  
It didn't steal you quietly in the night,  
but suffocated you slowly, taunting you,  
offering you peace for the briefest of seconds  
before tightening its grip around your throat,  
causing you to sit up and cry in pain.  
I saw the blackness in your mouth,  
death's residue, inky as tar  
and engulfing your gasping breaths,  
leaving nothing for you,  
but your dying.

You're dying, and now, like a good daughter,  
I sit beside your bed and hold your bony hand  
still full of parental strength and power,  
and I give you permission to leave the  
torture, to surrender yourself,  
and melt into the dark, viscous pool,  
an offering to end your suffering by  
crossing the River Styx.  
But you fight me, and you fight your dying  
like you have a choice,  
like the odds are in your favor, but  
death's laugh lingers,  
rattling from your chest,  
contorting your face,  
so that the last time I saw you,  
your dying was your last victory.