**What Dying Taught Me**

As I was dying

I tied bright scarves around my head

 and danced my cheek to yours.

I hung up on a screaming friend:

less conflict

 more sex.

Less eating, please.

We want light bodies when we

 loosen

 our grip.

I felt as light as an empty egg carton

my neck long and slim, as it used to be,

 and I was free

 to say and do things long

 held in my heart,

 strong muscle

 airless chamber.

My feet skimmed the ground as I made my love

 rounds,

visiting my Top Ten

 shivering words of approval

 down

their spines, touching their faces

 with my electric fingers.

A few “if only’s” escaped my lips—

 but no cause for alarm.

It was a Mardi Gras

 of the spirit. And I moved

 in widening spirals

 until

I was gone.