**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.