

Death of a Scilly Shrew

How easy you make it look:
This passing business...

Dusty matted grey fur,
Scratchy upended feet
At the side of the path.

No shame or privacy;
No swift curtains, hushed fear, euphemism,
No quiet machines, clenched tears.

This was your place:
Rare and commonplace:
This was your casual death:

A return, a giving up, no more.
A rolling over, a running out, a sigh,
A quiet admission of failure.

Would that I could belong
To my death in this way...