

Final Words

(Glenn Arthur Sweazey, 2016)

Makes me wonder, reading
in the obits that is,
that so-and-so
passed peacefully away
the other night
surrounded by close family
and loved ones,
when we know
there was this struggle
to get the last act
done just right —
those final gasp-like breaths,
Cheyne-Stokes is what Cheri called it,
or called them,
since
it seemed to me
there were such
a number of them,
seemingly random,
almost choking
on silent,
spittle inflected words
you couldn't quite
get out
through
the hurly burly wrestle
between
life
and whatever
comes next.

Makes me wonder, what
those last words were meant to be.