

There are more people alive now than have ever lived  
I read that somewhere and instantly thought it impossible  
but if it were to be true  
I wonder that, if we keep living this fast, no-one will  
have time to die  
i've met people whose lovers died in war and i've  
wondered what this helplessness could be like  
one minute there's a whole life entwined with yours and  
the next, just a space and scattered clues  
When I watch old films in which animals appear  
I get sad because those animals are certainly dead now  
And that certainty prompts my private epitaph and I have  
to say it out loud  
"That dog is dead, that cat is dead, that horse is  
dead..."