

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..."