

## As a Card

WHY?

I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck  
To be played when there are no other cards left

I'll slip into the ocean unnoticed and notify no one on the not  
arized form  
And they're slow on a hot summer morning  
Like that one-legged locksmith in Colraine

But I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck  
To be played when there are no other cards left

As time drags on and I thin and whiten and my beard grows long  
I might look like Walt Whitman  
All sunken-eyed and dry and without pigment  
But I wanna be spry as a newborn kitten

And I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck  
To be played when there are no other cards left

I wanna open like the bay does to the ocean  
With an equal portion of every emotion  
Or soldier forward and be hard as a flat board  
With the heart of an approaching asteroid  
Let go and ride like a cat's toy in a dryer  
Stay true to my matter like a brick in fire  
Wrapped in my long years like a spool of wire  
Unspoiled by the foils of fame and desires

So I'll hold my own death as a card in the deck  
To be played when there are no other cards left  
Hold my own death as a card in the deck