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## Dying

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*Kelly Norman Ellis*

D Y I N G

When death entered me like a husband  
with force and gentle breath,  
I shuddered, brightness spreading  
behind my eyes. Love burst inside me  
like blue cornflowers.

Inside this death, my ears are sand.  
Each grain a drum vibrating to my live  
children's wants. Each child  
holding down a moan.

Dying is not a leaving,  
but a staying put,  
a binding love spell.

Death is an always.  
I am an always.

When my son becomes a man,  
I ride next to him every  
morning while he backs his truck  
into the dirt road, my ghost shoulder  
pressed to his.

His love for me a divining rod  
tugging him toward round hips  
and heavy breasts.

I never leave.

I am a whisper on hammer and anvil.  
A cool vibration on a stirrup  
of sound. I enter his inner ear to  
lay down the blues libretto of my living.

I am  
a forever.