

For Susan

My friend is dead.

wasn't expecting it

knew she was dying

wasn't expecting it.

My friend is dead.

what does it mean?

people die

i will die.

what does it mean

to switch off

like a machine

that stops working?

What is it

keeps us running?

keeps the twinkle in the eye?

the playful smile?

the ready wit?

the joie de vivre?

some call it

soul, spirit, breath of god,

athman

immortal.

i do not know

and tears flow.