

untitled and unfinished

by June Mandelkern

on the morning of my 99th birthday
Death came into my home
like a tiger beautiful and terrible

silently she followed me
from room to room

assessing the options
weighing the chances
measuring the odds

summoning all my strength and will
I opened the door and pushed her out

with a great bound
she leapt to the horizon
chose a low-lying cloud
and settled in

she sits there now
softly smiling
eyes glowing

watching and waiting
patiently waiting
waiting for the sun to set