

Death and Me

By Thomas Whitson

We sit beneath the old elm tree,
Just the two of us, Death and me.
We talk and we laugh and we flirt just a bit,
And I can tell that the torch is lit.

I've fallen in love, Yes, one more time,
Without purpose or motive or reason or rhyme.
Her graceful form and her lovely words,
Are sweet rays of sunshine, the songs of the birds.

Her skin is fair and soft and kind,
And I can't tell but I might be losing my mind,
Her lips and hair are as black as night,
And when I'm with her I try to fight,

But I can't get away,
She holds me too tight.