

Rocket Man

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I'm not sleeping
good and my gut
feels like it's emptying
out on the sheets,
so I turn on the light
hoping it's a dream
but it's not a dream
and—I was afraid
of this—it becomes
sirens and needles
and body scans and
adventures in pathology
and oh god, the end
of the present tense.
They plug me to a drip
I can adjust when pain
comes which it does
and I do and then I'm
teary over living wills
and grief support
and coffin tape

and Elton John—
all this science
I don't understand—
and then I'm sitting
in the limo next to
his sad princess
as it enters the tunnel
and then crash—
I'm lying with a girl,
a magnificent girl
who sang when we
made love—
the more excited
she became, the more
beautiful her singing.