

Afterlife—The Drowning Pool

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when you die
they bring you warm towels
you can't feel them
but you'll recall the idea

life was cruel to you
was it not?
all that giving
all that taking away?

your ill spent fears
relentless self pitying
which never forgave
never let up?

when it's done
a determined calm gives out
stills the stirrings
negates the narration

you'll roam easily
swim in a milky froth
sit in the child's seat
smile at every strange thing

grateful for the nothing
which becomes you
you'll wonder who to thank
as you find yourself

waving like a queen
in a rose strewn motorcade
knowing that nothing
can ever hurt you now.