

Elegy

BRENDAN NIXON

Death stood there in a leather jacket,
sunglasses on and his hands in his pockets.
He didn't move. He just stood there watching.
After a time he fished out a pack of Newport 100's
looking totally bad ass as he lit one up
and took the first drag.
His forehead was wrinkled, but young.
His gray spiked up hair made him look like the newest Hollywood
blowhard but with a certain level of class.
He took a bow, ashed out his cigarette, and began the walk that
would take an eternity.