

## *Moving On*

JOYCE S. BROWN

Twenty minutes into death  
and whatever happens there,  
my brother's body was  
a waxen shell. Earlier,  
he had asked the hospice lady  
for another morphine shot.  
"Mr. Stevens, it will close  
your systems down,"  
she boldly told him.  
"Bring it on," he'd said,  
and then apparently stepped  
from his body as lightly as a  
cat steps over a dropped glove.