

i waited for it to end.

for the symbol to end.

suspecting it feels the same way about me.

it is not a game of suicide.

it is not the end of an experimental trial.

it

speaks

from the center of what is in its heart.

which of us will not end the way we want it to end.

the

ultimately

always arrives on time

threading its way

through space

like an exhausted snake.

i know this...

in the morning

throwing the sheets back

i see its fallen scales

in a path up my spine.

i waited.

wf.h.

2023