

Obits

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [March 15, 2017](#) issue

A hundred years from now we'll all be dead.  
Meanwhile, let's be this mayfly in my room whose  
whole life span contracts into today.

What will we make from our hours before midnight?

There. I've spread the wings we kept concealed.  
We're out the window, our past one second passed!  
We've never seen a backyard in such light—all the  
shrubs saints, and each one in nimbus,

chancels of clouds stained glass, each tree a spire.  
While our breath lifts us, wind inside our wings, what  
will our landing be, canyon, iceberg's peak?

I have to choose some sure extremity

where together we can lay our egg today, not  
the same site as yesterday's—no, no,  
yesterday's mother dead, oh, mother, o