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**My Death is a Rose Apple**

and sometimes the green of paint under a tree  
where the artist has decided to capture  
this field and its cow and the sun in her festival dress.

My death looks humbled by the flowers in a painting,  
or by the red hat of a politician's wife. This red hat,  
my death says, is like all the flowers in one, as reflected in her face—

the politician's wife has been dead for a long time, and knows what my death  
is talking about, and even now is dying in a painting.  
A rotting purple fig on the table under the vase of tulips

is an exercise in the perpetuate afternoon. I try to follow  
what my death is saying, but sometimes I drift off and about this I feel guilty,  
because really I should listen but O

how I would like to touch my death's hand to my face.