

POETRY

A Good Death

By Julian Nangle

Stranger to her body's breath witness to her mind she dies the perfect death — has no issue with mankind.

No pain, no fear her vision clear she turns for one last look on those she loves, gathered close around her starched white pillows.

Wrestling briefly to raise her head she falters, smiles, lies back knows there's nothing to be said senses someone take her hand and drifts away, as planned.