

Save the Date

Julie Esther Fisher

I shrink myself into the darkness
of the little black dress.
Death zips me in.
A new companion, he does
for me, everything but
change his mind.
He cleans with me, pays my bills. Tells
jokes, his jaws a crowd of
tombstones.

When death joins me on the scale, he weighs
Everything.

He rubs my feet, answers my calls.
Death walks my dog. In time
death goes to parties, mingles with my
friends. Death has
sex,
unprotected! Hell, what does it
matter? He surfs Bumble, Match, all the sites.
I say:
You'd better get yourself a
different name. No one wants
a date with death.
We smile,
knowing the joke is on me.

On my birthday
death makes me a cake layered of
the years I have left.
He serves up the biggest
slice you've ever seen.

That night, death sleeps close,
holding
the little black dress of me,
unzipped,
in his arms.