Night Visitor

Kent Koppelman*
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Abstract

I think often of death, And I have read the wistful Shelley Whose longing betrays the fires within, And my home state Laureate Whom the indians taught to sing. This Neihardt who, Using borrowed eyes, Became a Seer, And EvEn cummings Whose goings on i’m neverquitesure:...
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by
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Education 6

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Whose goings on
   i'm neverquite sure:
of

And they told me death was:

   — a seductive siren
   — a soothing mother
   — a rhythmic lover

RESPECTively.
But
Tonight I saw Death
Hovering outside the bedroom window
Of my fourth floor apartment.
A hideous face borrowed from Bosch
Was staring at me from the depths
Of empty sockets
As shallow as paupers' graves.
The face unveiled
A sudden smile,
Through missing teeth
I saw the tongue clucking
While the head wagged
Back and forth.
The truth was clear—
   No warm fragrance of bliss here,
       just
   The sickening scent of pity.

I shrieked and leaped
From the bed to the glass
But the image was gone,
And only the frosty fog remained
From warm breath on the pane,
And I was not quite sure
It was my own.