

Dying

By **Antoinette Voûte Roeder**

What is dying like
she asked him
as he lay upon the bed.

Boring.

Waiting to die is boring.

How is it that
one's last work
on this earth
is boring?

Makes me think of Merton.
At his final Bangkok talk
he said, So I will disappear
from view and we can all
have a Coke . . . or something.

And perhaps they did.
Have a Coke.

But Merton went about
the business of dying
with no time
to
be
bored.



**Antoinette Voûte
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