

## **Death**

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Once I nearly died from electrocution.  
My heart stopped and  
I saw myself as I looked down  
from the ceiling.

Is that what death is,  
An endless, out-of-body experience?

Does death have 70 faces, or does dying?  
Does the bird of the soul just fly off?  
Or do I simply stop? Is it

shears, that with one fell cut sever the ties,  
The spider webs, chains and hawsers,  
That bind us to body, to this earth?  
For earth we are and to earth we shall return.

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