

# *An Ode to Death and Destruction*

by [Michael Kimmel](#)

My old tree/friend/lover/self,  
we are gone soon,  
no longer young and pretty and bright.  
Soon, we'll be piles of dead masses on the ground:  
our hearts homes for the ants and all those big black bugs.

Soon, we'll be stumps, limbs fallen away,  
sheared clean by age, rain, sun, heat  
and the hurts of men and women  
who never really saw us  
but took a hit  
a swing  
an axe-chop anyway.

I am fallen.  
I am falling.  
Yet, we are rising to a newer, scary, exciting, loving mystery.

What next, my love?  
Our limbs glow golden,  
all akimbo,  
all heft and weight gone.

We can fly now.  
As light as air.  
We will be picked up and carried  
over cities and plains and lovers and children of all ages.

I hear you whispering in my ear: "It's all right, love, nothing to fear."  
It's our dance of evolution  
Evolution of the spirit  
as the corporeal smiles and releases her grip on our throats.

Speak now!  
Sing now!  
Dance for me,  
now that you finally hear me.

Your tears are welcome, next to my own.  
A waterfall of darkness,  
a pool of right brainedness.

Your dark muse welcomes you.  
Dance with us brother.  
Dance.