

## Incantation

The best thing to die from is living.  
Let me kill myself slowly with pleasure.

Let me dance round and round in circles first.  
Let me blow a lot of fuses.

Let me age like a good slab of steak, tender  
with the mold trimmed. Let me be

a car going 80 miles per hour.  
Let me reach 80—the exquisite

torture of those many years is compelling.  
Let them not be Chaplinesque. Let them say

she never knew what hit her. Let it be like  
the one James Dean got, only much later.

Let me not surrender to humiliations.  
Let me end when my mind, still sharp,

is somewhere else—dreaming of perfectly  
grilled lamb, the rosemary perfume so strong,

it could be sealed in my pillow, of hot sex,  
and let that be not so long gone

that it burns like a bad joke. In the valley  
of the shadow of death, I'd still like

my red lipstick please. Let my breasts not reach  
my waist. Let there be very little

scar tissue on me at the time and  
let there be a weeping willow, under it

a significantly younger man,  
my own little honey cake, who is weeping,

too—though I don't wish that on him for long.  
He'll have a life to live.