

## Antlers, The "Epilogue"

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In a nightmare, I am falling from the ceiling into bed  
beside you.  
You're asleep, I'm screaming, shoving you to try to  
wake you up.  
And like before, you've got no interest in the life you  
live when you're awake.  
Your dreams still follow storylines, like fictions you  
would make.  
So I lie down against your back, until we're both back in  
the hospital.  
But now it's not a cancer ward, we're sleeping in the  
morgue.  
Men and women in blue and white, they are singing all  
around you,  
with heavy shovels holding earth, you're being buried  
to you neck.  
In that hospital bed, being buried quite alive now.  
I'm trying to dig you out but all you want is to be buried  
there together.

You're screaming, and cursing,  
and angry, and hurting me,  
and then smiling, and crying,  
apologizing.

I've woken up, I'm in our bed, but there's no breathing  
body there beside me.  
Someone must have taken you while I was stuck asleep.  
But I know better as my eyes adjust, you've been gone  
for quite awhile now,  
and I don't work there in the hospital, they had to let  
me go.  
When I try to move my arms sometimes, they weigh too  
much to lift.  
I think you buried me awake, my one and only parting  
gift.  
But you return to me at night, just when I think I may  
have fallen asleep.  
Your face is up against mine, and I'm too terrified to  
speak.

You're screaming, and cursing,  
and angry, and hurting me,  
and then smiling, and crying,  
apologizing.

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