RACHEL ABRAMOWITZ

My Death is a Rose Apple

and sometimes the green of paint under a tree
where the artist has decided to capture
this field and its cow and the sun in her festival dress.

My death looks humbled by the flowers in a painting,
or by the red hat of a politician’s wife. This red hat,
my death says, is like all the flowers in one, as reflected in her face—

the politician’s wife has been dead for a long time, and knows what my death
is talking about, and even now is dying in a painting.
A rotting purple fig on the table under the vase of tulips

is an exercise in the perpetuate afternoon. I try to follow
what my death is saying, but sometimes I drift off and about this I feel guilty,
because really I should listen but O

how I would like to touch my death’s hand to my face.