

**MORRIS**

**#1**

**YOU DON'T KNOW**

**WHEN YOU DIE.**

**The last breath you take  
doesn't come with an alarm.**

**There's no ding!**

**It comes and then it goes and  
everyone else  
gets to know it's over but  
not you.**

**There will be mourners,  
even some that are happy.  
They may bury  
you or leave  
you where you lie.  
And they get to think it's over  
but not you.**

**Then the replacements arrive  
and even your best friends  
get all happy-faced and  
make up a million different  
reasons why you  
were good  
but not as good.**

**You are dead but you don't know it  
and they talk about you like  
you had more downsides while they  
take ladders to slides to fields  
where they can chase their  
own tails, forgetting to tie  
their own shoes.**

**Some people are starting to leave  
flowers on your grave.**

**Flowers they planted as seeds.**

**Colorful, fresh flowers that have  
blossomed to the size of children's  
heads and you can smell them  
full of life.**

**The petals on these flowers fall before they wilt. Each soft, fragrant petal falls to the ground gently aligning itself to the right and then to the left—stacks delicate, thick and vulnerable.**

**The cemetery is silent.**

**Dew has dried.**

**A giant blade of grass catches**

**every ray of the sun.**

**You take the blade in your thumb and index finger. It nods and you snap it at the base marveling at its own singular weight. You crease it in half, place the petals along their seam and you shut it.**

**The first person you see you show  
them how to open it  
one petal at a time.  
This isn't how you do it, they say.  
But it is.**

**You don't know when you die.**

# **MORRA**

**#1**

**DECEMBER 23, 2010**

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