

death creeps up on us  
first it comes  
in the wrinkles  
and the tired eyes  
and the ~~grey~~ gray hair  
and then comes the  
cane  
and the slow steps  
and so you slow down for your zeide  
and you help him walk across the lot  
and you wonder if he could go faster  
and  
you complain and  
you see the pain in his eyes  
death does not wait  
not like you for your zeide  
and you can see death in his  
slow  
deliberate  
slurps  
and again, again you see death  
in the photos you take of him  
in his wrinkled hands  
in the veins that pop out from his arm that make you squirm  
and shiver  
thats death  
and death follows all  
sometimes death calls  
and sometimes it doesn't  
but here you are  
12:00 at night  
and you think about grandpa and zeide and grandma and baba  
and how they walk  
and eat  
and judge you for that one time you wore ripped jeans  
and you remember when you went on a walk with zeide in the park  
and took so many pictures  
and you walked with zeide just to get him out of the house  
and then you think about how  
little  
time  
you have  
and how you will probably  
stay up

thinking about this for the rest of the night