

Asphyxia
by Jeremy Luke Hill

We sign ourselves over
like powers of attorney,
again, though they'll just pull
the plug, leave us un-traced,

to gape our fish-mouths
of wide-eyed heartache,
clutch at bed rails, gasp
out breaths like lost futures –

a death we've died before,
we figure, and who knows,
this time we may survive
the defibrillating jolt.

What's one asphyxiation
more, for old time's sake.