

## Thanatos #8

Jared Price

before they go i will sometimes whisper,  
if you make it,  
tell me when you get there.

after life has rushed by  
(whirling through pastel faces like the camera of a daytime talk show)  
and our vivid marrow  
(as ruby as hummingbird hearts)  
falls to ash

i need to hear that rush of possibility  
(whirling around my satellite ears like a purple gadfly)  
as our hollow ribcages  
(swaying like emerald chandeliers)  
shatter on the floor.

i need to know that this is headed somewhere  
(anywhere).  
and i need to know, when we peer over into the abyss,  
whether we hear the pebble that we dropped  
echo in the depths and  
whether we hear it  
crack and rattle  
against the unseen stone.

before they leave, i will sometimes whisper,  
if you make it,  
tell me when you get there  
because i haven't heard from anyone.