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100% of Life

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Here lies the tile, 
the blue & white 
arrangement 
of symmetrical plates that 
you walked on. And, when 
you started 
balding, 
(aging), 
hair, and not just 
footsteps 
descended on the 
Sky & Cloud design.

Here stands the tub my 
friend, yours truly. 
It’s still so clean – 
you were so afraid of 
Germs. [Sigh] Killed 99% of them 
too; 
99% of the soil, and dirt, and grime 
of life you 
washed away, mopped 
gone. And 
even the laughter – 
the ringin’and refreshin’ 
merry-makin’ 
of our lives – 
you 
Boiled and filtered before taking... 
“Too much of a good thing...,” you used to say as 
you wiped that table clean 
too.
But there remained, as well you
knew, a worm, a residue...

Dear 1%,
  Clear 1%.
And then your broom stood silent,
the bleach bubbled only slightly,
and the fight was over –
          Fate and hygiene collided!

And the core rotted, the
flesh blackened, the eyes
glazed over...

You couldn’t scrub out
Death,
could you? It is
essential, inescapable,
perennial even:
so full of life in
that
it is perpetual and dual.