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100% of Life

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100% of Life

Natalia Martínez

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.