

What Will Death Be Like

Momus

Death will be unlike the night-times when we lie awake
Thinking of death
Death will be unlike the Spanish maracas that rattle
Inside your last breath
Death will be unlike the Mexican festivals, skeletons
Wearing top hats
Death will be unlike the brownstone apartments that
Dynamite or dereliction collapse
Death will be unlike the mandolin the hangman relaxes
By playing
Death will be unlike the Hound of the Baskervilles,
Chilling the moors with it's baying
Death will be unlike the British museum, it's bodies
From peat bogs and bones
Death will be unlike the curse of the mummy that turns
The explorers to stone
Death will be unlike the great roller coaster, a plunge
From a boast to a scream
Death will be unlike mahogany coffins great pianists
Play in their wildest strangest dreams
Death will be unlike a garden in autumn where poets can
Sit and compose
Death will be unlike the granite memorials where
Memories wither in rows
Death will be unlike the charge of the Light Brigade
Alfred Lord Tennyson rhymed
Death will be unlike the thin piece of paper that
Reagan and Gorbachov sign
Death will be unlike the hospital bedside with Novocain
Needles and cards
Death will be unlike the great day of judgement when
God the headmaster presents the awards
Death will be unlike the marriage that bickers 'til
Death us do part
Death will be unlike the dreams of the young man who
Sang 'Love will tear us apart'
Death will be unlike TV documentaries showing us life
From outside
Death will be unlike the Buddhist nirvana the moth
Seems to seek in the light
Death will be unlike the Cities of crystal they build
In a few grains of smack
Death will be unlike the long picture window the coffin
Looks through to a widow in black
Death will be unlike a room full of spiders all
Clinging together and crying
Death will be unlike the wedding guest's story, the
Ship drifting lost and the dead sailors sighing
Death will be unlike the din in the steeple when
Cholera poisons the village
Death will be unlike the illumination that Tolstoy
Provided for poor Ivan Illych
Death will be unlike the wrinkling sea children glimpse
Through the chinks in the boardwalk
Death will be unlike the magical land of 'The Lion, The
Witch and the Wardrobe'
Death will be unlike the treacherous virus that murders

The lovers with AIDS
Death will be unlike the phantoms of freedom that lead
The crowd over the barricades
Death will be unlike the night thoughts of 'Late Call'
When ministers stop being cosy
Death will be unlike 'The Pit and the Pendulum' co-
Starring Bela Lugosi
Death will be unlike the bulge of the mouse inside the
Boa constrictor
Death will be unlike that drunkard the phoenix, so
Tight on the moonshine of golden elixirs
Death will be unlike that violent pornography, dear to
The Marquis de Sade
Death will be unlike the last stitch of clothing the
Stripper discards as her nipples grow hard
Death will be unlike the bankrupt, handing over the
Keys to his house
Death will be unlike the last day of summer, when
Insects grow stupid and swallows fly south
Death will be unlike the skull of a merchant that
Slants through the portrait by Holbein
Death will be unlike that strange proposition on
Silence, the Tractatus of Wittgenstein
Death will be unlike your holiday snaps when the camera
Lets in the light
Death will be unlike the honest-but-cold-blooded bank
Clerk whose hobby is homicide
Death will be unlike the hands of the clock, coming
Together at midnight
Death will be unlike the grim amputations of medical
Students larking on rag night
Death will be unlike the hijacker's voice in the heads
Of air traffic controllers
Death will be unlike the sea as it thunders on Liv
Ullman vanishing under the rollers
Death will be unlike the abbey the pilgrims all saw
When they prayed
Death will be unlike the unholy land at the end of the
Children's Crusade
Death will be unlike the hell in Huis Clos Mr Sartre
Informs is just other people
Death will be unlike the travelling salesman who woke
Up one morning transformed to a beetle
Death will be unlike 2001, the room at the end of the
Ride
Death will be unlike the wrath that Charles Bronson let
Loose on the Lower East Side
Death will be unlike the House of the Shades the dog
Cerberus guarded for Hades his master
And death will be unlike that lesson on Infallibility,
The Chernobyl disaster
And death will be unlike the empty career of the temp's
Vacillations gone permanent
Death will be unlike the unlucky omens the clairvoyant
Reads in the meaningless firmament
In the meaningless firmament

What will death (what will death)
Be like? (be like?)

What will death (what will death)
Be like? (be like?)

Death will be like