

When...

When... was the last breath? The last breath I took before it began,  
somewhere in time, between an inhale and an exhale?

Did I notice?

Did I pause momentarily to wonder, what just happened?

Did I take another breath and feel a change?

Then dismiss it as nothing.

When?

I thought maybe it began that morning, staring into time-frosted glass, ready  
to brush the pearly whites.

My choices are limited, up-down, side-to-side, but

I am frozen.

Caught in a web built by the French-speaking spider in the corner.

What magic have-you, to render me corpse like?

When?

My pen supped from Alice's bottle. Words shrink into oblivion. I resort to  
making stick figures dance across the page. Jagged, spiky individuals arguing  
secretly.

When?

I am cuddled on the sofa watching the Viennese Waltz.

"Lovely fleckerl darling."

I can smell gasoline, a petrol mower.

Husband says,

"It's November. It's dark outside!"

When?

The neurologist says, "Sooner."

The neurologist says, "Probably before that."

The neurologist says, "Some years now."

A couple?

A few?

A decade?

Now...

I'm facing down a Hell Hole and it's bloody deep and I peer over the edge and  
stare down through the steep, sides of the abyss. Then out of the blackness

reach loving arms to welcome me in, with a kiss, on my forehead, a blessing  
as such, an acknowledgement of,  
“We know that your fucked!”  
And I wonder what future lies down in the murk of the bottom less pit?

It's dirty dark fingers start stroking my toes, nursing my ankles and buckling  
my knees and it's just lucky that,  
it  
is  
in  
this  
moment  
my brain chooses to freeze.

Now I search in my mind for a tune, I need one with a beat, that will force into  
motion my concreted feet, and allow me to edge back, from the darkness.

But all I can hear is a Monty Python song, whistled on a cross and the tempo  
is wrong! But still the corners of my mouth start to twitch... because let's face  
it life with Parkinson's is, 'a piece of shit!' and it's hard to look on the bright  
side!

So...

When death comes I will welcome her  
with open arms.  
But until that day  
I will hug and kiss  
and cuddle babies.  
I will stroke my lover's hair  
and surrender to the bliss of his touch.

When death comes I will welcome her  
with soulful eyes.  
But until that day  
I will watch the daybreak  
and the gloaming.  
I will bathe in their glorious colour  
and draw the story of my life upon my body.

When death comes I will welcome her  
with sweet perfume.  
But until that day  
I will cleanse my feet  
in the morning dew.  
I will pull the mountain thyme  
and wash my body with the scent of the sea.

When death comes I will welcome her  
with a song.

But until that day

I will ring the bell  
and bang the drum.

I will stamp my feet  
and tap dance on the devils back.

When death comes I will welcome her  
sweet peace.

But until that day

I will scream and shout  
and gnash my teeth!

I will wail and cry  
and bellow the truth, I will not go quietly.