

ON THE EVE OF ALL THOSE SAINTS

Mighty Mike McGee

Mighty Mike McGee's first collection of humor and poetry, *In Search of Midnight*, is available through Write Bloody Publishing. Visit <http://www.mightymikemcgee.com/>

Maybe I am a foolish old man
who thinks I might seem younger because I bike around town
death can't catch me if I keep moving

Maybe there was a moment this evening
when I was pedaling faster than I ever have and yet
my eyelids got too heavy and so
I gave them permission to close
Maybe my machine and I came off the curb
my body lifted up into the nothing above the street
Arms hugging a ghost too tall
I am certainly not waiting to land
I do not wish for it in any way
So I sleep into it

Let's say you are me in this moment
The breeze you force yourself through
cools the tears and sweat
that are cutting through your eyebrows
insistent glaciers passing over your eyes

You are unintentionally serenaded
by the voices of kids leading their parents to the
next house where candy awaits
voices that seem to have forgotten the last house and will
eventually forget this next one and
likely this night
You've had forty-one of these nights
You are lucky to remember seven or eight
But you remember the night your aunt and uncle took you and
your brother to Los Gatos for rich people's candy
you never forget full-sized chocolate bars for kids and
beers for the grown-ups for doing
god's work dragging these little shits out for candy
but they were cool, young adults who
hadn't yet gone to prison or hell

You once had a sweet tooth, but
it shattered on a \$6 pearl from a 25¢ oyster at a \$12 buffet in Vancouver
sitting across from the sweetest thing
you'd ever abandon
The fragment of tooth that will never leave your jaw is
an accomplice to diabetes

You were a great zombie
Before all this zombie shit
You were a kind clown
A sweet cowboy
You deserved all that candy, every year
because you went door-to-door and you asked for it so sweetly
It always made sense to live on candy

Right Now is all in for whatever down means
Once zenith is reached, it makes sense to fall
to come crashing down
Like just before bed on November 2, 1987
with such little candy left outside of your body
Where the hell'd it all go!? your mother will ask
Just lie to her, tell her you simply have no clue
Be a good kid because now we focus on Christmas

As for tonight we fall and
we see the ground coming up to meet us, but
instead of seizing every muscle in your body
you expand outward
every one of your molecules moves away from each other just enough
to make you bigger, looser
you may not be controlling this part
this may be simple universal coincidence and
gravity just happens to be at the end of its handshake with you, losing grip
And you realize, so slowly
That you are not falling
because everything is always falling
No, you are simply racing the world to see
who gets older first

