

So Many Men

Ed Meek

As the sun rises, so many men
rise from bed each day
longing for death.

As we brush our teeth
and spit in the sink,
we know death hides like a secret
in the pills behind the mirror.

And death shows his face
when we clean our guns,
the bullets—messengers
always ready to deliver the mail,
an announcement written in lead.

After dinner we reach for death
who floats in bottles sitting in the cupboard
waiting to be downed in shots.

And death drives our car at night,
half-asleep at the wheel,
gas pedal to the floor, lights off.

We like to keep death close by as we age
and wonder why we're still here.
Long after the sun goes down we close our eyes
and dance with death in our dreams.

Ed Meek has had poems in *The Baltimore Review*, *The Sun*, and *The Paris Review*. His new book is entitled *High Tide*. He lives in Somerville with his wife Elizabeth and his dog Mookie.