

Kevin Brophy

## When Death Comes (after Mary Oliver)

When death comes I want to mistake it at first for an old friend whose name I have forgotten but will remember in a moment or two. When death comes like a large black cat out of the bush somewhere near Daylesford, padding up to me on the forest path, I do not want to go down on my knees before it, its paws on my shoulders, its meaty breath in my face. When death comes with its lesson I will be its inevitable pupil for the lesson is a beautiful one and I will never have time to learn it. When death comes with his ukulele and his picnic rug I will be curious about where he might take me. When death opens that door to me, I will want to know what Mary, after all, made of her *cottage of darkness*. Does she live there now at a desk, writing poems about eternity? I would like to read them from the inside out.



Minerva Access is the Institutional Repository of The University of Melbourne

**Author/s:**

Brophy, K

**Title:**

Anthology of Australian Prose Poetry: two prose poems, 'When Death Comes' and 'Dog on the Road'

**Date:**

2020-09-01

**Citation:**

Brophy, K. (2020). Anthology of Australian Prose Poetry: two prose poems, 'When Death Comes' and 'Dog on the Road'. (1). [Book]. pp.38-39. Melbourne University Press.

**Persistent Link:**

<http://hdl.handle.net/11343/253887>

**File Description:**

Published version