

# The Grim Reaper

The Grim Reaper comes to visit more often these days.  
Nothing serious, you understand.  
Certainly not here to serve the big Eviction Notice  
yet.  
Just a friendly visit.  
You couldn't call it a chat  
Because he doesn't say anything.

You'd think this would be an unwelcome visitor,  
walking in,  
Leaning that scythe over against the wall  
And sitting down at my table  
For a cup of coffee,  
Not speaking,  
Just being there,  
Reminding one of you know,  
Curtains.  
The big sleep.  
That's all she wrote.

But you'd be surprised.  
He makes no demands.  
No criticism.  
Doesn't even glance askew.  
Actually, an ideal guest.  
Unconditionally accepting,  
And quiet.

David Gerson Robboy 9/9/2001