

# DISTRACTIONS

## CLOAK OF DEATH

Life's satiny silk cloak of death  
has draped over my lips.  
I gasp  
as decayed bones  
become brittle  
and brake.  
Blood fills the shell  
and slowly trickles  
over the edge  
slowly slides  
down the outer layers  
and crashes to the earth  
As I grasp through the cloak of death.

*Trisha Graves*