2012

When You Die

Casey Fuller

Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Fuller, Casey (2012) "When You Die," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 5.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/5

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
When You Die

Casey Fuller

things that come after will be better. The fragments of tension you feel for no one in particular will resolve into perfect expression and you will be reminded of how your limbs felt when you first went swimming when you were young. No longer will the songs of the reckless dissolve into empty alleys or urinals appear in galleries reserved for art. Heroes that are heroic will again ascend each tier of the three-tiered podium and everyone who goes into a Target will come out with something individual and miraculous. Correct action without proper knowledge will become natural and in most ways your life will not seem like multiple arguments at elaborate trials. Nothing will feel arbitrary, you'll focus on being innocent rather than lost, and a third-person impersonal speaker will never loosen out of you during a time that's important. No one will say That's the problem with a sense of history, worry will succumb to description, reduction will not be required, and objects will again re-gain the glowing, inner essence of their being—you'll never be away, you'll be present at each moment you're about to forget, all your mediated, self-imposed distancing will stop, and love will ratchet-out like stairs gaining back what was taken from the trees.