

Little Deaths

by Felix Jung

Despite the miles along the way
of sin, confession, sin again,
we die a little. Every day

a few of us turn into angels, say
our *Hallelujahs* and fly. But even then,
despite the miles along the way

to heaven, we lose a feather, gray
from smog and acid rain. When
we die, the little everyday

things like lips and flesh may
make us yearn for sex again,
despite the miles along the way

from bed to love to bed. The French say
an orgasm is *le petit morte* (when
we die a little). Every day

must be a good one, if you stay
in France: you come, you go again.
Despite the miles along the way,
try to die a little every day.



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