

## Impending Death

---

By Kelly Ann Malone

I sense a figure infiltrate,  
Devour from within  
Embalming me with Frankincense  
Where organs once had been

They place me on a heavy board  
A lady comes to me  
With objects on a silver tray  
Of which I cannot see

And as I lay there motionless  
She gently strokes my hair  
She paints my face with full make-up,  
But leaves my body bare

I then look up to see my mom  
She holds an ivory dress  
I look into her troubled eyes  
And see her sheer distress

She runs her hand across my cheek  
Her head upon my chest  
I hear her moan on top of me  
Then starts to get me dressed

They place me on indulgent silk  
Pink roses at my feet  
I'm draped in my old wedding dress  
The grooming is complete

I feel a grasping at my heart,  
I cannot catch my breath  
I then proceed through panic's door,  
To feel again, my death



---

**Kelly Ann Malone** is a Project Analyst in the Regional Cancer Registry in Pasadena, CA. She was born at KP Panorama City and has been writing since she was 12 years old. Her poetic inspirations are Ogden Nash and Dorothy Parker. E-mail: [kelly.a.malone@kp.org](mailto:kelly.a.malone@kp.org).