



DAILYGOOD

News that Inspires

## Antidotes to Fear of Death by Rebecca Elson

Sometimes as an antidote  
To fear of death,  
I eat the stars.

Those nights, lying on my back,  
I suck them from the quenching dark  
Til they are all, all inside me,  
Pepper hot and sharp.

Sometimes, instead, I stir myself  
Into a universe still young,  
Still warm as blood:

No outer space, just space,  
The light of all the not yet stars  
Drifting like a bright mist,  
And all of us, and everything  
Already there  
But unconstrained by form.

And sometime it's enough  
To lie down here on earth  
Beside our long ancestral bones:

To walk across the cobble fields  
Of our discarded skulls,  
Each like a treasure, like a chrysalis,  
Thinking: whatever left these husks  
Flew off on bright wings.