

**On the Eve of all those Saints**

By: Mighty Mike McGee

Mighty Mike McGee's first collection of humor and poetry, *In Search of Midnight*, is available through Write Bloody Publishing. Visit <http://www.mightymikemcgee.com/>

Maybe I am a foolish old man  
who thinks I might seem younger because I bike around town  
death can't catch me if I keep moving

Maybe there was a moment this evening  
when I was pedaling faster than I ever have and yet  
my eyelids got too heavy and so  
I gave them permission to close  
Maybe my machine and I came off the curb  
my body lifted up into the nothing above the street  
Arms hugging a ghost too tall  
I am certainly not waiting to land  
I do not wish for it in any way  
So I sleep into it

Let's say you are me in this moment  
The breeze you force yourself through  
cools the tears and sweat  
that are cutting through your eyebrows  
insistent glaciers passing over your eyes

You are unintentionally serenaded  
by the voices of kids leading their parents to the  
next house where candy awaits

voices that seem to have forgotten the last house and will  
eventually forget this next one and  
likely this night  
You've had forty-one of these nights  
You are lucky to remember seven or eight  
But you remember the night your aunt and uncle took you and  
your brother to Los Gatos for rich people's candy  
you never forget full-sized chocolate bars for kids and  
beers for the grown-ups for doing  
god's work dragging these little shits out for candy  
but they were cool, young adults who  
hadn't yet gone to prison or hell

You once had a sweet tooth, but  
it shattered on a \$6 pearl from a 25¢ oyster at a \$12 buffet in Vancouver  
sitting across from the sweetest thing  
you'd ever abandon  
The fragment of tooth that will never leave your jaw is  
an accomplice to diabetes

You were a great zombie  
Before all this zombie shit  
You were a kind clown  
A sweet cowboy

You deserved all that candy, every year  
because you went door-to-door and you asked for it so sweetly  
It always made sense to live on candy

Right Now is all in for whatever down means  
Once zenith is reached, it makes sense to fall  
to come crashing down  
Like just before bed on November 2, 1987  
with such little candy left outside of your body  
Where the hell'd it all go!? your mother will ask  
Just lie to her, tell her you simply have no clue  
Be a good kid because now we focus on Christmas

As for tonight we fall and  
we see the ground coming up to meet us, but  
instead of seizing every muscle in your body  
you expand outward  
every one of your molecules moves away from each other just enough  
to make you bigger, looser  
you may not be controlling this part  
this may be simple universal coincidence and  
gravity just happens to be at the end of its handshake with you, losing grip  
And you realize, so slowly  
That you are not falling

because everything is always falling

No, you are simply racing the world to see

who gets older first