

## Gregory Nyte / ON DYING

My body is a pool.  
At its centre a school of trout  
huddles in the sunken fuselage  
of cartilage and bone,  
and in a dark cave upstream — in an office —  
a single grey carp  
craves cigarette butts and pull tabs from beer cans.  
It seeks refuge from the dull trout  
who likely won't know when the pool drains  
where to go  
nor will the frog long trapped above them  
whose commotion will be brief