He is dying and he is alive for it

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If he is asked tomorrow
He will tell everyone that the bruise is from
A door, or
Maybe it was a misplaced foot on
A flight of stairs, he can’t quite remember,
But he knew he drifted off to sleep and dreamt of
Cotton-white sheep leaping over him and back to their mothers,

Not that he had to be carried to bed
Or that he laughed so hard he woke the sun up
And he cannot remember where the bruise came from,
This much is true, but
He *does* remember that it did not hurt him
And he did not dream of sheep that night;
He dreamt of nothing.
Kicking up his chest
Kicking up his heartbeat
Bursting him wide open to harvest whole this feeling.

*He is dying and he is alive for it*