

## **Dying is Different than Death**

By Mariana Waite

Laughing children are different than silent.  
Soaring birds are different than perched.  
Rustling leaves are different than still.  
Rattling breaths are different than none  
and  
Dying is different than death.

It is the difference between watching a riverbed go dry and seeing only what remains once all its life force has been drained.

It is watching the color fade from all that is around you, including the person who once before painted your world so vibrantly.

Dying is different than death.  
In death, the door has been shut.  
In dying, the door is cracked open—  
taunting you to look inside and remember.  
But with each breath, it creaks a little tighter,  
pinching your fingers as you try to fight the inevitable.