

Mystic Shit: Do the Maths (A dance of depletion)

We became 8 in September 1958.
The 8th being born on the 7th of the 9th
A cause for celebration or
the hint of mystic shit
beginning to build,
by 18/12/1960 we were 7.
The loss of a father fragments most families.
10 momentary years
without incident soon passed.
Then on 04/6/1970, we became 6.
Then the scythe was put away,
ever so briefly.
For 151,728 hours, to be precise.
On 24/09/1987 we dwindled to 5.
The loss of a mother crushes all families.
12 years passed, 385,084,800 slow seconds.
The remaining 5 had now been schooled in fate.
Events on 06/12/1999 abruptly brought us down to 4:
(Perhaps we should have partied like Prince invoked us to do)
Then there was a lull, a hiatus, (a pausing for breath) again.
The crows slowly circled around the chimneys,
never settling on the remaining people's roofs.
6,962 days went by, no figures are approximate.
So, inevitably (was this predicted?)
on 10/01/2019 we became 3.
A family feud revised us to 2.
It's just my sister and me.
My sister and me.
Sister and me.
My Sister.
And me.
Do the maths,
it ain't
hard,
it's no
mystic
shit,
it's a
dance
of
depletion.