

Revolution: A Reader

Not being a unity, the body doesn't die all at once. It dies a little bit all the time, then the rate of parts dying picks up speed. The kidneys stop one day, the bowels another. Probably the stomach stops first. No, the sex does. The heart or the brain or the lungs define death, depending on the tradition, but it doesn't stop there. I accept this as a truth, because my mother told me this when I was accompanying a friend as far as his death. She said to be careful after the end, because his hearing would not have yet stopped. This means we don't live all at once either, an idea that feels precise... living is maybe the awkward striving for simultaneity. Parts of us are living and parts are dead. We are wakes! And death is listening to us, right now.

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