

‘The End’

-by Rich Butnotfamous

One day, you will be dead.

It needs to be said.

Maybe in bed...

Maybe no head...

Maybe you bled,
Either way one day you will be dead.

Who's coffin up for the funeral?

What will they say,
As you spectate,
Cremation,
Of the space,
Ship you once called a body?

Attacks on the heart leave a shell where the hermit's well groomed.

Though the loom of a husk,
From a car crash because you were blind drunk in the pub,
And so deaf to the voice in your gut now your belly rent open,
And face shredded I'm hoping,
A lamppost you hit,
Not a child.

I've seen a head bounce from a bonnet before,
And a kid rise bloodied, confused from the floor.

He just ran out.

Maybe a soldier you are.

A life on the line,
A towering God killer,
The tiller,
Of fields made of bones,
In their own homes.

Cemeteries,
Amidst the trees,
Of families,
Eventually,
Retreat,
Back into earth,
As time, the second it stops,
From chopping,
Away at the trunk of your life.

The scythe in the meadows of minutes,
It exhibits no limit,
To a babe born with cancer,
African newborn with aids,
Nuclear mutations of humans and grave,
Consequences of fear of the way,
That we all have to play.

An Italian ventriloquist,
At a funeral his voice permitted,
Him to chuck a groan into the coffin.

The deceased to life he sprang and wife's heart of his did start to stop!

A grievous comic incident!
For murder, the performer now does time in the stint!

What comedy in death!

The cruellest joke best seen,
Vicariously,
As nervously,
To terms we come by laughing away,
How we'll exit someday.

No more joy,
No more pain,
No more time,
No more sight,
No bills,
No flowers,
No criminals,
No world,
No sun,
No war,

No sense of that what you just did was an unbiased gift to the still living.

It's gone.

Closing your eyes as you gasp,
Your last,
If you retain,
What is sane,
About you, you've done better than those in dementia's grasp.

My gran was a vessel, whose captain for eight years took leave of her station.

Neither her nor her family familiar.

Two strokes less genius.

A brain tear,
And despair,
As her memories fell apart like,
So,
Much,
Wet,
Cake.

As doctors prescribe,
To holding on to such life,
There's danger in qualifying existence as just right,
When no genuine smiles,
Arise.

Release from the suffering should be ushered perhaps,
When identity fails and realities collapse,
Or pain inconsolably clouds what's outside of its host,
The guest of guessing mostly,
When,
Will,
This,
Just,
End?

Although...

The warmth of this dream I consider my life,
I feel adventurous despite,
This not knowing this land,
With a cliff up ahead,
And no parachute to hand.

Does My Trying,

Dying Mind Touch,

Down 'Midst The,

Distant Monarchal Theory?

Do mates of the soul reunite somewhat wearied?

Again quantum it tells us what Buddha's been saying,
The rich void it makes us, and ferrymen need paying,
Though I think by the Akron Family it is better said...

"Don't be afraid, you're already dead."