

Drifting Towards Death

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One night while
peeling potatoes
I experienced
a steep decline
in my will to live
It was as if I stood
in an elevator
that suddenly dropped
two floors.
I felt the fall
and lurch
with my breath.
And in my stomach.
Do you know
What I mean;
when your eyes feel
like old eyes
and your mouth is dry
like dead bones.
I didn't exactly lose my
will to live
but more my will to struggle,
to try.
None of this is exact.
I am sick of the struggle
of life.
That's it,
the struggle of life.
I am so tired of it.
I've had enough.

What do I feel?
What would you
feel?
I'll tell you
What I felt.
Disgust.
And what I feel.
Disgust.
And it happened
all at once.
One night
while I was
making soup
And listening
to Miles Davis.
It just wasn't
worth it
any more.
What is the
point
anyway.

This is a meditation;
drifting towards death,
like a boat
in a current
ever slower
but always there
and the direction
is ever
downward
to the lake
of death.

You don't
have to
be aware of it
You can hardly feel
The movement
as you pass
things seen
and unseen.
It doesn't matter.
Nothing matters.