

you are beginning the end of your life today
perhaps it really started beginning yesterday
i am finally beginning to think
finality is thankful
when it does not have to come
and drag you away by your ankle
with your ankle screaming
screaming and screaming for help.

i think finality is meticulously neat
concerned about its reputation
and hysterical moments spoil its mornings
ruins the equanimity of its evenings
sullies its night with unpleasant dreams.

i am sure it understands our apprehensions
senses our sense of punishment
aligning with our activities
aligning with our knowledge of pain
but would prefer a silent calm acquiescence
that does not alarm the children
or wake the sleeping neighborhood dogs.

i think it may be willing to grind you into dust
if you throw curses at its house
or make it live with all your imagination monsters.
it only asks for appropriate behavior
good manners
graciousness
and an abiding respect for its privacy and its rules.

beginning the end.

wf.h.

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