

Misplaced Grief

when I die, I'll cease
no missed bucket-list regrets
just pure nothingness

I'm not who will grieve
you may mourn your loss of me,
a hole in your heart

our culture's last rite,
my funeral's not for me
I will not be there

celebrate my life
it's been a hell of a ride
then, get on with yours

I'll drink life's last drop,
but if the end's too bitter,
please pass the hemlock



Photo: With my life's sunset at a distant(?) horizon, I inscribe this non-mythologized view of end-of-life on a slate of haiku for my friends' comfort and other mortals' reflection.

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