

# My Death Collection

## Haiku Quintets and Microstories for Thinking Mortals

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### Introduction

I stand at the portal of my ninth decade of conscious existence, celebrating my awesomely lucky life, prepared to share with you some rather intimate thoughts about the conclusion of that existence, both mine specifically and yours generally. If you have accumulated sufficient seniority, in years and in life experience, to thoughtfully consider the topic of this book, you might belong to the cohort of thinking mortals who are willing to compare and contrast your own thoughts with mine. I dedicate this book to you. I welcome civil, thoughtful debate where differences may appear.

This curated collection of haiku quintets and 50-word microstories, selected from my wider body of minimalist poetic writing, offers glimpses under death's kilt where many dare not look. Topics include end-of-life-choice, antinatalism, faithlessness, and secular humanism as a worldview.

In case you're wondering, I am a fundamentally happy person. I enjoy living. I have friends and family who enrich my journey. Sharing home-life with my wife and best friend in our comfy perch overlooking Sarasota Bay is a daily joy. I have traveled widely, and enough. No ambition nor bucket list drives me. I watch world events, rather despairingly, but lack agency to set them right. I amuse myself by writing minimalist bits, imagining that you might read them with a smile or a glimmer of self-recognition.

Belonging by accident of birth to a privileged demographic, I have received advantages unavailable to fate's unfortunates and faultless victims, for whose suffering I mourn.

Born in 1945 and living long enough to witness the apparent collapse of democracy in my homeland, my lifespan may be rightly called humanity's Golden Age. No previous era in the history of our species has offered such manna, even to royal elites. I am in reasonably good health—barring some unforeseen accident or diagnosis, I'll linger several more years. My life is good, for which I am deeply grateful.

So, you ask, why this existential fascination with death? Reflecting on the approaching conclusion of one's life with full awareness, eschewing the false comfort of supernaturalistic crutches, here most relevantly the promise of conscious afterlife following physical death, is a feature of the secular science-based cosmological perspective that I strive to achieve. In these early centuries of scientific discovery, I sigh in awe of my insignificantly miniscule, yet unique, moment of consciousness in the infinite, yet-to-be-fully-comprehended universe. What a privilege!