

Death Rattle

Sucking the straw loudly, slurping each drop of animating fluid clinging to the bottom of my cup, portending emptiness, foreshadowing the inevitable. The end is near. But afterlife awaits the faithful. If deserving, I may relive this carnal pleasure yet in my temporal future. This death rattle foretells renewal. Tomorrow?



Part of a series chronicling a journey from Buenos Aires, Argentina, to Barcelona, Spain, March 2 to April 7, 2026

8 April 2026



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