

The Trade

my Now is peachy:
feel fine, few worries, dear friends,
life is good, so far

squinting, I foresee
my future Now creeping toward
a slippery slope:

pain outweighs pleasure,
health enters certain decline,
red line is looming

fate proffers a trade:
more time sliding toward death's maw,
for timeless Nothing?

I'm my own broker:
no law, church, doctor, nor herd
shall usurp my choice



Image by AI (ImageFX)

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