

Forest of Darkness

A forest of darkness falling around me
I am slowly losing all sense of shapes
The trails dim to blackness
Sounds increase, with no owners
My thoughts begin to magnify
To rule over everything
Lay down
Lay down
No use in the attempt
Lay down
Melt into the despairing depths of lightless coolness

A cocoon of thoughts insulates me
Quieting my fight
Preparing the body
There is work to dying
To snuffing out life
Until it is still
Until it is death

No metamorphosing
No butterfly is coming
No winged escape awaits

True
I have crept here
But the change is but a hardening of my black heart
And, I will never fly out
The black night, like a great Boa, swallows me whole
After first slowly and effortlessly folding itself around me
He is my slimy cocoon
My lidless coffin

When the harsh daylight arrives
It will be too late
It will merely identify the body
But they will not know the cause of death
My eyes will be closed
No windows left to gaze into
And, not a single mark on me
“Peaceful”, they will say
“He looks at peace now”

They will not see the flames of Hell

Or hear the retched screams of the tortured
And they will not know
That I am at home amongst Hell's residents
Fellow failures
Happy to be doing my penance
Happy to know that all those I have failed
Have their retribution on my useless life
Even without their consent
Or, even their knowledge
No one would have ordered it
No one brave or cruel enough

I had to find that
The one thing I could do
End what was never started

And, alas
The torture
The punishment
The pain
That is less Hell
Than my invention of it

Eternally alone with my thoughts of failure
Like worms and maggots
Eating my spirit
In the Godless confinement of a rotting corpse

The kind lies spoken by cleric, friends, and family
Passing by me in death
As they did in life
No more enlightened now than they've ever wanted to be
Willingly clueless in the bliss of ignorance
With no true responsibility
Able to send flowers, visit the corpse, then go out for ice cream after

And this waits for them too
Sick as it is
Even the successful, useful people
Will end up beside me
In the ground

The difference?
They leave behind blessed accomplishments
Which bronze the words of mourners in truth
Here lies someone who mattered

Someone who drew well in the lottery of life

I, with my worthless ticket stub,
Was turned away and interred
In a pauper's grave of anonymity
Fit to be forgotten

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