End of The Road
(Life's little joke...)
(c) April 1, 2014 by, Don Poss

Inevitable end has arrived and heart beats no more; alas, spirit has left the building.

No near death event, but real death and all that was now rots toward oblivion's indifference.

Seems not to be the great 'The End' I always expected
But something is where no-thing should be

And I'm puzzled to see what will happen.

No blinding white light
No scorching fire
Just the quiet of where ever whatever I am

Waiting has put to rest the lie I believed

And waiting is the new fear.

Pox upon that, the waiting blight,
And why must I endure that smell?

Who's He?