

End of The Road

(Life's little April Fool's 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 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 wherever-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?