

11:11

Marking time in the House
Of Death, I try to bypass
The pain by whatever
Means available:
The regimen of opioids
The nurses give me;
Three times a day
Showers; and the many
Many downed shots
Of whiskey to dull the stuff
That disgustingly stays stuck.

I try to count my blessings:
A sugar fix, like the bluebirds
Get from their red-capped feeder
Outside my window. I imagine
Freedom in their flitting and
Flying. I both patiently and
Impatiently await my own flight
Called out in this curious version
Of a fourteen-seater airline
Terminal. I await the limitless
Sky. And while I myself won't
Know it, I earnestly look forward
To the the all-consuming Fire
Subsequent to my leavetaking.

Joe L,
Feb16/26