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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 hummingbirds
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