

breakdown years

I'm living in the breakdown years
and I find myself wondering
how I'm gonna go.

will I age gracefully
 like an old oak tree
or fall into shambles
 like an abandoned factory.

will I crumble like some ancient monument
 to better days long forgotten
or will I decay
 like a pile of mulch.

will I slide to the bottom of that long hill gradually
 like a toboggan running out of speed
or fall to earth in a flash
 like a satellite in fiery orbital decay.

will my veins encase and suffocate me
 like overgrown vines wrapped around
 a junk car in the woods
will my dna go haywire and change me into
 someone I no longer recognize.

will I lose my heart
will I lose my mind
will I lose my way
 on the way to the exit.

I'm still a lot more afraid of getting sick
 than I am of dying
I hate the idea of having to endure some protracted illness
 that eats me up
 beats me down
and leaves me hanging on to life
 like a broken door
 in a broken house
hanging from the last screw
 in its last hinge.

there's no shortage of horrible exit scenarios
 and given what a big deal it is
 and the fact that we only get to do it once
I think we oughta have some say in how it happens.

personally
I think being struck by lightning is the way to go
 bang
 zap
 kaput
 flash-fried
 instant gratification
 you're done
 you're dust
 you're outta here
but I understand that sort of thing
can be very hard to arrange.