

Thoughts in Dying Moments

By A.M. Jeans

© Copyright A.M. Jeans. All rights reserved.

They tell me deep breaths are the key
But how am I supposed to do that if they're so jittery?

People say you know when you are. You feel it. And if you have to ask, you aren't.

Relax, relax...
I don't even know where I am, how am I supposed to do that?

You feel it everywhere. A difference. Open to whatever anyone can throw at you. Vulnerable.

They shine bright lights in my eyes.
I close them, trying to escape it. I can't, and it burns.

I thought nothing of it. I'd just say "I'll wait until I feel it" and move on.

The burning and shrinking are worse than ever, working together to kill me slowly.

I began to unravel the true irony of it.

I feel the arms of demise take hold of me.

I start to realize.

The burning stops.

And then I see it.

And then I see it.

Love, and death. So vital, yet so different. But so close a concept. The cruelest reality.

StoryImp Advertisement

