

I can not wait for the end

It will be slow and soft like a gentle breeze brushing gently upon the little hairs on my cheek and the sleek flow of sweat oxygen that you start to feel less off in every heavy breath. Your muscles collapse as you sink into a state of relaxation and all the pain and human emotional complication solemnly slips in the thin layered varnish of empty hallow thoughts. Neutral everything slides down a slope angled parallel to the spell of gravity. Then you close you eyes to the white warmth of the end to a beautiful life. Feathers from the wings of the angels embrace your soul and there energy flutters inside your veins.

Memories float by like 35 mm film strip of all the places and people you encountered. The movie tape wraps around your mind and as graceful as water the experiences and sensations you have witnessed through out your whole life combine and build an ever changing mosaic of what it means to be human. My time is passing and I have embraced the pain and sub missed my heart to the blackness and cold that engulfs my everything.

One day death will come and I will be relieved of the duty to be a being that knows its own existence. I can feel the cells in my blood start to slow and the heart pounds like a hammer against my protruding ribs. Pure euphoria as I listen to my insides collapse and accept honorably that they can no longer serve the vessel that carries my world.

The eyelids slowly close and the beams of light from this world of chaos blind my cornea and the poles and rods in my round two cameras collapse and hide in there coffin where they will rest for ever. The concept of pain and pleasure is gone and all I know is that once in my life I felt things.

What is this? Why am I here in this black void of emptiness? It is so quiet and dark. Sound is what it was called I think, and there were once colors and shapes moving around in this space. Why can I not remember?

Blank,.....Samuel.....where.....was.....I

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.....shhhhh.....

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.....sigh.....

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.....Now I must rest.