

## And This Is the End

And then, the unseen face of death revealed itself to me.  
The endless screams of my mother pierced the stillness,  
as her wrinkled hands trembled, holding my heavy, ancient body;  
Deadweight. A body stripped of all essence of *me*.  
The sound of my mute sister's tears,  
louder and clearer than any word, echoed.

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The road is long.  
Perhaps shorter than a walk to Mercury,  
but infinitely hotter, and more unbearable.  
There's no need for luggage; everything awaits your arrival.  
So, don't waste your time packing that floral dress of yours.  
It will fit your sister soon enough.

Don't look back.  
No one is coming after you.  
Isn't this what you always wanted?  
Do you remember how you dreamed of a future free of yourself?  
Your eyes sparkled like diamonds,  
yearning for the quieting of your heart's relentless storms.

But now?  
Now that your dreams have turned into reality,  
what will you say? What complaints remain?  
Why do your hands clutch at your mother's velvet skirt?  
It won't make a difference.

No, your friends and relatives don't care,  
just as you predicted.  
Rest easy—they'll come for the chai  
and Danish pastries at your ceremony.

Your father? He'll grow quieter than ever.  
And though unimaginable, the wrinkles around his eyes and across his brow will deepen.  
His shoulders more slouched, and his eyes devoid of a hint of a spark,  
As he stares at your creased photograph in his wallet.

And this is the end.  
So, do not plead.  
There's nothing I can do.