

Death Is a Birthday

Prospect Reach

take this fate
and run far away
make, create
a life of seclusion from all of this ache
so I take all the weight
to the vacuum of space
where the pressure can no longer
sit on my skin
though I face the expansion
of harsh recollections
I can feel the diffusion
as they spill from my brain
hate, disdain
all who put me in pain
how could you celebrate?
all of my loss
my sight was so skewed
my vision was crossed
for the people I knew
I only could see
the non-existential half
that suited me
and now in my last days
I can finally see straight
those candy-coated liars
spat in my face
Death is a birthday
We all end where we begin
curse words
in spite of old views on this world
lured, assured
this place was so grand
now I see that it's all slight of hand
and reflection on all things
has sparked revelation
that I should have given
my first life a chance
but it's too late for that now
my life has no rhyme
and i've lost all the will
to keep living this way, so I wait

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