

Numb Comfort

The first shot of a civil war rings in the ears of the townsfolk

Two world leaders shake hands and prevent a nuclear war

Aphrodite commits adultery

Krishna dies after over a century of life

Adam and Eve fall victim to a sly reptile

The Big Bang commences

All within the time you've swallowed your first bite of soggy cereal

Time doesn't exist

Clocks exist

The End to All Ends

We all fear the most inevitable of outcomes
The day our lungs give out and the blackness swallows us
Swallows us like the pills we used to cling desperately to
The pills that promised us a fraction of immortality
We let the flashy infomercials fool us
Just to escape the looming dread and fear
The looming presence of our overwhelming mortality
Immortality is not found within a Fountain of Youth in a lush forest
Immortality is not found within an expensive tube of anti-wrinkle crème
Immortality is found when stumble on your own thoughts and you fall of the track
Immortality is found when you conjure a notion never considered by another human
Immortality is to lose sight of society's ideal path to immortality
And to fall deaf to Death whispering in your ear
Until then, we will all gradually rot away
A tube of anti-wrinkle crème in our decaying clutch

Corpses and Gucci Purses

We waste our time of day fretting over our subdual to the nachos

We waste our time of day obsessing over the knick in our expensive boots

We waste our time of day gossiping over the length of a stranger's dress

We waste our time of day struggling to conjure the perfect synonym for a paper

We waste our time of day mourning a broken nail or broken hammer

We waste our time of day

Decades from now our bodies will lay still in front of our grieving loved ones

And those tears will come regardless of the little catastrophes of life

Regardless of the pound you gained from indulging in self-satisfaction

Regardless of your lack of a perfect fashion sense

Regardless of another human's decisions

Regardless

But humans won't cease to waste their time of day on silly things

Not until the day their lungs give out and their limp bodies escapes their own minds

