

This is the Last Day of my Life



"Dead!
Everybody's dead!
Everybody's dead!
Everybody's dead!"
He cried optimistically,
Unnerving the girl he lay with
And making her cry as usual.
"Don't talk like that," she sobbed.
He held her comfortingly.
"Don't let death worry you," he whispered
soothingly.
But his mind said:
"This is the last day of my life!"

Then he got up. How would he die?
"I hope I get run over by an ice cream van"
he sang as he took a shower.
He felt better than he had in ages.
He drove to work without a care in the world.
All day he phoned people up,
But everyone was out to lunch.
"Everybody's out, no-one's in,
Life's novelty is wearing thin!"
He chuckled at his little rhyme,
and consoled himself with the thought
"this is the last day of my life!"

He decided to go home early.
The traffic jam stopped him opposite a
newspaper stand.
"Death War Rape Pain" it screamed.
He shook his head sadly.
"No-one ever thinks."
He felt lonely. "Still, I've got my wife,"
he thought happily as he opened the
bedroom door.
His wife was screwing his best friend John.
And he laughed, for he had a certain strength,
A feeling of superiority:
"this is the last day of my life!"

"Aren't you jealous, world?"
he asked, as he drove through the night
Out of the city and into the hills
Blazing a trail on an empty road.
"Faster- it's nearing twelve."
He parked at the highest point he knew,
A desolate and lonely moorland spot
And contemplated life and death.

A few lines of a rhyme came to him
As he sucked the barrel of the gun
Into his moist and welcoming mouth:
"Love is condemned and hate condoned,
And at the moment of death we are all alone."
Bang.
It was the last day of his life.

Mark Piggott
Published in FSM magazine, 1987.