

Greet Death

by Jowell Tan

where are you now?

*i'm floating in an undefined space,
characterised by an absence of light.*

how are you feeling?

things are getting better, parts are slowly moving together.

what are you anticipating?

*air, food, water - the usual things, plus all the other bonus stuff you
guys keep talking about when you think i'm not listening.*

who will you become?

*whoever i shall grow into is the person i shall become. shall i not
become myself?*

when will you arrive?

*a light will come on, a steady beat will start. and i will enter your
lives with much kicking and screaming, as my similars do.*

And it will be a glorious time.

(As these things usually are.)

