

The Untimely Death of the Old Forgotten Man

by Michael Tusa

I watched haunted as my pearl tooth circled the rotten porcelain sink. I could feel my hair thinning and my pale skin suddenly felt too loose.

Is this the beginning to an end? I dipped my feet into the tub. So soon? I usually imagined death as some tragic unplanned event. I'd sit with thoughts of being hit by a bus, or a tumor hidden behind the pupil of my eye. They would announce the news of my untimely parting with life, and all would gasp, some would cry.

I plugged it in.

But NO one would want to hear of this; me just falling apart, Like some old shed in an abandoned backyard. I looked grimly at the misshapen figure in the mirror, a constant reminder of death on the prowl; hatred swelling like a balloon,

I shattered the reflective clock with my bony yam colored fist. If only they would answer. I refused to let it end like this.

I turned it on.

I wasn't going to watch myself fading like an old forgotten painting, the colors all looked grey and the canvas mauled. I wasn't any Mona Lisa, but I felt like I deserved at least some spot on some museums wall. Tears now streaming from my eyes, with each drop fell pride.

I dropped it in.

Suddenly I writhed, clenching my arm, and then my chest.

I embraced the waters warmth and sank into my untimely death, smiling crookedly at the thought of my family's faces when they would be informed.

I was once forgotten,
but

soon to be remembered,
soon to be mourned.

