

Approaching Deaths' Doorstep

by Brian D. Roth

My life is sliding closer
To the edge
Of no
Return

Sixty five years of smoking
Is keeping tabs on me
Pills and Dr.'s wisdoms'
Prolonging my stay

Cancer has manifested
A silent threat in my lungs
Rendering me as brittle as an autumn feather

Reaching for another Pall Mall
I wish to hasten my journey
Into a valley of shadows
And the keepsakes of those
I'm leaving
Behind

I wake to a world
That will sustain me for just a few
Lingering months
I long
And sometimes force myself
To adhere to a sign
In the living room which says...
"Measure life with smiles rather than years
And measure age with friends
Rather than tears"

Somehow that helps me to breathe
A little easier

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