

Prescience

Harrison Potts

I can see myself dying on the floor
Of my kitchen, my blood soaking the tile.
I can see myself standing at death's door
Shivering like a fever-stricken child.

I can see myself in a hospice bed,
My body emaciated and weak.
I can see myself buried with the dead
In the barren ground of eternal sleep.

I can see my half-empty funeral
And attendees masking their apathy.
I can see my own hurried burial
And not a single true tear shed for me.

I can see worms and insects eating my flesh,
Taking what they want and leaving the rest.