

Confrontation

Harrison Potts

I now return home for the seventh time
As my illness prepares to erase me.
When I turned off the highway at the sign,
The road itself seemed somehow consuming.

My old bedroom, shaded over with dust;
The kitchen table still holding a meal;
The backyard doghouse still holding a mut;
Empty liquor bottles in the trash pile.

If this is where I finally perish
Maybe I really did nothing at all;
The final punchline of nothingness
Guided by Death in his midnight shawl.

I asked the cloaked one, "What will my life come to?"
And he replied, *I suppose that's still up to you.*