

Like a dead deer on the roads side
A quick glance and a sigh
forgotten by the next exit
I remember the whole drive

Hoping a life well lived taken by mankind
death seems to surround me

Inching closer I see it
Breathing becomes noticed it shortens then stutters
This must be my last one
(it never is)

One day I dread
Born anxious i fear death
see it feel it hear it

Fearful of the dark please,
Allow my mind to be bliss until time please,

Grant me peace of mind.