

The Promise

Nothing in life is a guarantee
Promise, except the kiss of death.
Our mortality is our decree
To nature with our final breath.

All problems peril in the face
Of that cold, dark night.
Loneliness replaced with embrace
From inexistence, free from fight.

Consciousness swimming against the current,
We resist the promise,
Fearing death as life's deterrent,
Leaving spirituality amiss.

Take from me my identity
By souls spared in tainted water.
Their religion is lacking prosperity.
Resurrection is not my father.

True logic lies chained,
To a rock of human indecency.
God's power never restrained,
Forever punished for our blasphemy.

Existing in false benevolence,
Giving others false commiseration,
To be, is our utter reliance.
Consumed by greed's compensation.

Our financial capital has become our soul's capitol.
Life's current controlled by man's currency.
Always resisting Charon's toll,
Death will always be an emergency.

Its promise an unspoken truth,
We lie to one another,
Living life aloof.
Our fate awaits days of other.

But speak to me
Words with no pretense.
I seek life's infidelity,
Hidden behind all common sense.

Reality beyond all excuse,
Where is my promised end?
Hope has no recluse,
I will no longer pretend.

When I wrote this poem, my mind was in a place of distrust and hate. Hate for not only others, but for my own conscious because I have sat complacent in a broken world. Leading people to believe that they are responsible for my well-being, I became the ultimate co-dependent.

The truth is, none of you are closer than the end is for me. I let close friends and family believe they know me, but they only knew a scared little boy who didn't know how to use his voice to convey his intelligence. I was the social idiot that loved without remorse and cared more than I ever should have done.

I gave credence to a loved one who pretended to love me. I let them claim false occupation in my heart for my own temporary satisfaction. When I was physically forced, and pharmaceutically manipulated into a sexual favor from my assailant, I had the care and compassion of this loved one who told me to never fear abandonment. I was shown amnesty when my soul knew no reprieve to this selfish, cold world.

A few months later, a lack of proper trauma treatment helped me meet the cold reality of the universe. Dissipating in my slumber, I was finally given absence from my physical and mental ailments. My reality was no longer real and I experienced complete weightlessness. My selfish soul craved this end and desired nothing more than to exist in inexistence. But my life is not mine to keep and I was ripped back into someone else's world.

I awoke under false pretenses. I was surrounded by temporary compassion, and when new trauma reared its ugly head, true intentions were revealed by those I trusted most. Abandoned for my reactions and actions, I became a wandering soul that struggled to find purpose once again. I ran from everyone, including myself.

My savior became my soul proprietor, guarding my sanity with their ignorance. Promises only given to a man who is not me, they saw someone different in me. Abandoned in my isolation, I could no longer trust anyone who claimed to know my interest, because they don't even know their own. Interests now only exist in capital ventures, not in community healing.

The thing is, there is only one true promise in this life we all share, that promise being death. None of us can escape it. Despite the claims of Gilgamesh, we belong to a fate we cannot escape. Your fear is not death, but a lack of awareness for death. You don't need to know everything despite what our humanity forces you to believe.

You can pretend that the boat is the same one Theseus used, but the reality is, each time the boat sails away, the same one never returns. No one gets to live forever, and any contradiction to this theory is not life, but temporary resurrection of an identity that is not yours to claim.

Stop running from death. Stop resurrecting people because you cherish their life more than they do. Let people go, because your love is temporary and transactional, it will end. It is their right to have at least one promise kept, and you are lying to them by keeping them here.