

Tick, Tick, Tick

When does the ticking begin? At conception? At the first beat of the heart?
At birth? At the first cry?

Regardless, the clock is there, right from the start.

Time is blessed, Time is cruel. It keeps ticking; deducting for being lazy,
marking moments of growth, deceiving about the amount left.

Posing the most confounding question, driving us crazy.

We rationalize. Our highly developed cerebrum requires a solution.
We gather into spiritual groups; Supporting others for what has never been seen.

Searching, searching for a believable resolution.

Growth slows. Parts wear out. Tasks are harder. Illnesses increase.
We know the clock will stop; we wonder but never know how, or when.

At the end, the last tick, will everything we are cease?

Slowly, losing former abilities. Dancing. Piano playing. Making love,
The losses depress the will to live. Is there a choice when to stop the clock?

Is it immoral, unkind, hurtful, and blasphemous to give the ticking clock a shove?

Where is the choice? Who winds the clock? Tick one, tick two, tick three.
Why is it not me? Who has the most invested? I should choose when it ends

Sedated, pain-free, sleeping deeply. This is what it should be.

Part 3 - Poetry and Thoughts

Who can help with the passage? Doctors say no. The Oath! Who else knows how?
Maybe self-induced? Not ideal. Might be painful. Not a fetching thought.

Kind vets euthanize pets. They know the way we want as well. Why not thou?

At the last, some desperately accept faith, never seeing the facts.
Is it reassuring, that lives are but a lease on borrowed time? A finite number of ticks.

Then, the soul disperses. Where? Physical decay, falling through the cracks.

The clock is about to stop. Best probable hope. We realize who shared this expedition.
Those who miss us. Those we love. Hoping, remembering, our very best ticks.

Still puzzled, we depart, ending our voyage of growth and attrition.