

THE POETIC DEATH

Death, that poetic moment when you repent of all your sins, is the moment when everything makes sense and we all believe in a merciful being who ignores those sins.

Death, that unknown line that you cross knowing that you will not be able to return.

People say you can see what a person is like by their parents or their eyes, I think you know someone from the people who attend their funeral.

Death is nothing but a relief, a respite from life.

I believe that there is no person who loves his own life more than himself, it is ironic that the only thing that life and death resemble is exactly how opposite they are.

People are usually interested in what happens before or after death but I am fascinated by what happens to people while this process occurs, I suppose that some would pray that, at moments of death, they forgive the sins of their lives , others, in a matter of seconds, will see their lives go by, they will remember when they were so young that everything was new around them or when they drove for the first time thinking they could go to the other side of the world and return. In that magical moment, when you realize that nothing you have done has been worth anything, you will realize that they will cry to you three days a week you will be a good memory and in a month no one will remember you, you will only be a piece of rotting meat.

If you want to avoid that, go out and make them remember you forever, try to go down in history or die trying, but at least in those last moments before you die you can say that you did more than the rest.