Commonality

one thing

that everyone knows how to do

is die

it was a raft

attached to an infinite ocean

drifting in circles

there was nowhere to go

no-one to be

nothing to do

i had been there forever

and would be there

until the end of forever

hunger was my constant companion

but i lived on in spite of it

immune to the vagaries of fate

i knew that at any time

i could leave my raft

feed myself back to the world

i never did it

although i had no hope

no meaning

i clung to life

as if change were only

an island over the horizon

i write this

knowing that it will end

and knowing exactly how