

Death is not a simile for life:

on some days i feel like a storm.

on others, i feel a storm pass through me.

on some days, i appear calm.

on others, i feel wrecked.

but, on all days, i am dead.

walking, eating, sleeping, all things- dead

because the ones who fight for survival

are fighting at least

but the ones who are simply living

are only existing.

i am simply living.

i know humans are said to be of a sadistic nature

but i am done with knowing that

there are more like me

because for every one more person like me

there exists a devil one more

and i have seen too many devils

to not want to think of another one.

murakami thinks of death as a part of life.

i vehemently disagree

for if there was only one thing

i could tell you about life,

i would tell you that it is death.

Why need I seek a haunted place?  
When my own world bleeds of unspeakably horrors?  
When all I seemingly endure are terrors?  
When my mind is one I no longer recognise?  
When all I can think of is faith's demise?  
When I gaze upon my face, it's pale with fright?  
When the monsters I fight are bigger than my might?  
When my haven trembles if I don't step aside?  
I swear I try to shut it all outside.  
For all I know is that light,  
Comes after the darkest hours of night.

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