

Everybody dies, we know this. What troubles us about it is, why now? Why not sometime in the indeterminate future? We've always felt that was the unstated agreement, that we'd die, of course we'd die, just not right now. Because we're not ready. We've still got more to do. We've still got more to say.

We think we've always got more time. We'll get to that next week, or maybe next month. It'll be fine, we tell ourselves. We've got time.

We lie and tell ourselves there will always be more time.

We pray, because no one is an Atheist on their deathbed.

Please God, we say, not now, not while we've got more to do, not while we've got more to say.

Please, just one more breath. I've got one last thing I need to say.

July 2020