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When death comes knocking at your door



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When the thought of death hits my head, a grim reaper appears before my eyes, wearing its usual black cloak and holding his scythe in its skeletal hand. I think of seeing the light that shone upon as our vision blur and our breath slowly seeps away from our lungs. When I think of death, I thought of things ending and new ones blossoming, like Dandelions slowly drifting away, disappearing into thin air.

Death is not something to be scared of, it's not like how people describe it, it's not gory like they see in the movies, not a bloody bath that our body showers into, not breathtaking in a way we're suffocating until our last breathe leaves our frail bodies. Death is supposedly to be delicate and fragile, an exchange from life. Death is supposed to be handle with care just like we care for Life. Just like Hello is to Farewell.

Death already marches towards us the day we are born and awaits us at our doorstep, saying "it's time". It watches every step we do, even guide us to a very reason why we

arrive to our final destination, a perfectly crafted stage that death designed for us. It's where we play the finale, where as death is slowly closing the curtain while the crowds clap started to blend with the sound of nothingness.

"A penny for your thoughts?" He spoke, he appeared in front of me, out of the pouring rain. Am sat down at my door step, blankly staring at him with my tired eyes as he reciprocate the stare I'm giving. He stand in front of me, staring down with a caring eyes but still wears his usual cold look. He wore a black baggy shirt and jeans with a simple white sneakers. A silence stands between us, only the rain can be a heard in my empty room.

I tried to speak but nothing comes out from my quivering mouth, but he seems to understand what I'm trying to say. He nods in agreement, "It's time" said him as he offer his hands for me to take which I did.

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