

That Last, terrified Moment

That last, terrified moment
Now *There's* a subject for casual conversation

[Imagination:]

"Hey New-Girl-In-The-Chi-Omega-Fleece,
Have you ever thought about that last terrified moment?"

"That moment where you *know* it's over?
That all your life, everything, this is all it is?
I've thought about it, and it scares the shit out of me
That I might *realize* — there's no time to say goodbye
That I might *know* — there isn't even time for my life to
flash before my eyes."

"It's a pretty terrible thing, to suffocate a mouse
For the good of science and all, but still pretty terrible
Even if I cure diabetes, or something great like that
The thought will still stay with me
Not that they go limp, But that they piss themselves
Not that they die, But that they're afraid of dying
Watching them in that last, terrified moment
Terrifies even me
And I'm on the outside of the bell jar"

[Then I realize, to my fantasy self:]

She's pod-blocking me.

She hasn't heard a word I've said.

[The imaginary Chi-O looks up, removes an ear bud:]

"You're cute. Wanna go to lunch?"

