Still,
no one
has a
god's-
eye
view
not philosophers
not physicians
not pastors
what transpires when we die
If a bolt from nowhere stuns us
with no time for good-bye
Or the death blow cruelly lingers,
half-choking breath for weeks
stuck atop a Ferris wheel
scared to cause the slightest bounce
(the brat beside me might then pounce
and rock my car, with fiendish zeal)
my limbs snap-frozen, I feebly gasp
for far-down solid ground;
tachycardic, cowed, aghast,
by drawn-out panic downed
Regardless of the death blow's source—
the lightning,
the long ride—
we finish up our doomed life course
unknowingly,
wide-eyed
nothing
gives a
gut-
felt
clue
not tomes
not prognoses
not sermons
Still.

Mary E. Knatterud, PhD

Illustration by Marvin Plummer