# Somber

*by Muhammad Ardhin, MSPE*

I pray, I swear, I state my oath.

That it matters none,
all that I have ever wished, dreamed, or desired,

If I were to live long, and dying old,
only to be left behind by my dearest, my soul, my heart

I pray, I swear, I state my oath.

That my one, true,
single demand would be,

To die and perish,
before my dearest, my soul, my heart

As I lie awake
Not a second passes by without the feeling of fear.

What comes next, if I may ask?
For I am but a weak, fragile, unimportant speck of dust
If not a pawn or a plaything, or even something less
In the grand scheme of destiny

As I lie awake
My heart is thumping—weak, uninspired, greased by anxiety.

What comes next, if I may ask?
A small shock will traumatize, a big shock will kill
We have nothing to hold on to
We are saved by our own limited awareness, dulled by forced routines

As I lie awake
I ask what comes next Ω