

Here I lie in this state of stupor. Morphine? No, please don't fill me with any more of that. I'd like to tell you that I don't even feel pain. There's no need to send me out with a body full of further numbing. And my mind? Well, unless you're the eye in the sky, you don't even know what I'm thinking.

Yes, I heard the barbershop chorus or the Sweet Adelines come sing to me last Saturday. And yes, I heard some girl, or maybe a boy, singing "In The Garden" and "Mary Lou," (that name sounds familiar) when she/he visited last Tuesday. I think it was Tuesday, but may not have been. What do days of the week matter to me anymore? Did they ever really matter?

I'm not sure I want to wake up. I'm not sure I want to remember my last sleep. It's out of my hands, really. All I know is, that, either way, it's gonna be an adventure. Someone brought in the little Shriner man that I used to keep on my dashboard, and I wasn't able to tell them that while I knew it didn't mean anything to them, I appreciated the fact that they knew it was central to my very existence, when I was still able to function in this form. But now that I think about it, did any of it really matter?

Someone once told me that I'd most probably see a light. But, so far, it's just dark. Even my dreams are monochrome. There was some guy who once wrote about "the *nada*." Maybe this is it, but I don't think so. I think there is still more *nada* to come.

*"Up the hill, soldiers," the officer yelled. "There are a lot of dead bodies here on this beach. They need to be cleaned up. And somebody's gotta do it."*

Were those bodies friends of mine, or were they just soulless corpses who were getting in the way of a greater good? And who was that person who has wiped my behind for the last few weeks or months, and made sure that I had at least a little nutritional nourishment? Could it have been a fellow

soldier, come back in another form, to give me my just reward and to thank me? Or was it someone I had met since then that cared enough to still want to keep me around for a little while longer, for whatever reason?

*“His toes are starting to turn purple.”*

*“He looks like he’s ready to go.”*

*“He had a good life, he was a good man.”*

A good life? A good man? What did they mean by that? All I ever did is what I was told to do. If that’s being good, then I guess my life was a success. Or was it? Could I have done more? Or, could I have lived it the way I wanted, instead of how I was just told to?

Well, in just a few minutes, I’ve decided once these “souls” leave the room, I’ll know, once and for all. I’m curious. This may sound funny, but I think it’s gonna be a blast!

