

MY SUICIDE

PART 1

By Harry Jivenmukta

It was so easy.

After a bottle of vodka
everything is easy.

Waiting for a lover's email
looking at the blank faces
the silence at home.

It's easy when you're
a diabetic

Just turn the dose
up and up and press.

I've overdosed I said
The process of saving
has started

After you've overdone
everything becomes slow

There is peace
because it's been done

There is no pressure
because that's that.

You can laugh or cry
but it doesn't matter

You are so cruel
I love you so much.

When you're admitted
you stop being a person.
People don't talk to you
but to your relatives.

They have decided
that you are out
down and out
unless they bring you back.

The doctors don't smile
or rush or sweat.
The relatives cry
but the doctors don't
care.

Nurses call in your face
How much did you drink?
How much did you take?

They don't want to know
why
They don't want to know.

5% glucose
intravenous drip
heart scans.

the history is ...
his previous work ...
his hospital number is ...

There is no pain
of love anymore.

No pain of ~~operation~~
operation

There is no
Chandi or chinamatra,

Just light
and sound

The man in the next bed
is watching a
magical drama.

He doesn't know
that he is
a magical drama himself.

Only it isn't glossy
and the nurses aren't
as stunning

And people always ~~reborn~~
recover

and live happily ever
after

The crisis team say I
am at risk.

They are right

They will visit again
tomorrow

To hear more,

Do you hallucinate?

Can you read minds?

Are you a arctic fox?

We want you to be
sane.

Just like everyone
else.

The hospital is Sage.

They don't love you,

But they do care.

This is real honesty

To know they will
care

And they will not

pretend to love you

They will keep you alive

but they won't kiss you

They will be ~~firm~~

and correct

They will not be Sugar

Sweet

They will care.

Some nurses already like me,
Pushing ~~more~~ food on ~~my~~ ^{my} tray.

I am not bed ridden
like some
and can piss on my own

I can walk along
the corridor
at 2-15 am on my own.

I can laugh
because the pain
is not like the rest,

I don't care about Helen
any more,
She doesn't care either
She is clinical.

There are 24 hours in a day
and 7 days in a week
That's, let me see
168 hours in a week.
She might be able
to spare two or three
for me.
That's how I know
she doesn't care
for me.

It's difficult for a woman
to love more than one man.

It's easy for a woman
to love the same man

It's inconvenient to
look some where else

It's easy to just keep
loving the past

The future is too ^{uncertain} ~~uncertain~~
uncertain

It's easier not to think.

Do I hate Helen?
I could never hate her.

Do I love Helen?
Love is not strong
enough

for me it is
but not for her.

I suppose I've arrived
at the ultimate crossroads
Losing a job
a wife
my children
my art to live

I am standing on
the precipice
Looking over the edge
I like the view

Now people know
That I have gone
too far
to return~

My will to die
left me with only a
few minutes
to write my
suicide note.

I wrote it so quickly
that I can't remember
what I wrote.

I suppose it doesn't
matter.

A doctor speak louder
than words.

So what will she do now?

She might cry a few tears.

She will pretend she
doesn't care.

She will put the memory
into the back of her mind.

She will lie to herself
and to others.

She will get on with it,
a great British trait.

Like fish and chips,
a great British treat.

Tomorrow she will
go back to work
as if nothing has happened.