

MY SUICIDE

PART 2

By Harry Jivenmukta

I put all my possessions
in a carrier bag.

Holding the bag on my lap
while someone
pushes the wheel chair
to a new ward.

After 44 years of life
is all in the carrier bag.

A book, reading glasses,
a carton of apple juice,
ketchup and paste,
some tissues, medicines.

That's me done.

Hospitals are the
pit stops of life.
You never think about
being there yourself.

Only for me it's
not a pit stop.
After the pit stop
you're supposed to
go racing back
into the track of life.

My engines' blown
I won't be regaining
the race.

I am another statistic.
on the BBC news
next year they will say

"Last year 85,000
people tried to kill
themselves in the UK."

I will be one of those.

Maybe will watch
but, not.

put their coats on
and crying on

Saying that they are OK.

So, now I am beyond
redemption.

So now no one will
be able to trust me
again.

They won't know
whether I will
inject properly
or as a whim,
an impulse,
take up as vents
instead of S.

Uneasy.

So Fuck off then!

When you have the time
do something else,
something useful.

I will never read
your cynical messages:
without love,
without emotion,
without care.

It's just like
anything else
businesslike,
professional
bullshit!

There are many
ways of being
destructive.

To yourself
to others
to people you
hardly know

I will release
all the fury now.
I will not care
what happens.

When I walk ~~past~~^{long} the day
I look up from the park
and can see the
hospital at

Today I am in
the hospital
looking out to the
park,

Someone will be
walking their dog

Up here someone
will be dying

to work job with

your clean middle class
image.

You can't be seen to be
relating with suicide risks.

Think about your job,

Income, and your freedom

But don't give me pity.

Don't try to understand,

Because either you

understand or you don't.

And above all keep

being ~~you~~ you. It is you.

There are certain lines
that you can't cross.

Well, I always cross them.

And having crossed the
lines

What can you do?

Wave from the other side?

Wring your hands?

Don't bother with me.

You couldn't ever say
those words to me

that I wanted to hear.

The season has changed.

Get out your winter
warmers.

Simple pleasures include
waiting for breakfast,
waiting for the tickets,
waiting for a cup of tea.

Intuition-based is
a good way to live.
You don't have to think
about making your
own tea.

And speedsters come to you
and ask without intending
to do wrong.

As long as the vital signs
are there, that's enough.

Den Heber,

having a lovely time,
weather is a bit
changeable.

Good service though
Three monks served
with a smile.

And lots of entertainment,
the priest, the choir
self home team, the
cantor, and lots
of other people just like
me.

With you were here

11/8/80

There's something comforting
in knowing your vital signs.
Something motherly in
being headed out by a machine.
They make your bed
and bring good food
on a tray.

Ten is bed!

Working.

They don't tell you
to pull yourself together
or get a job, or even
a living.

They don't even ask you
to walk the dog.

Bran flakes, ~~weekdays~~
cornflakes or porridge

Brown roll, white roll,
Fruit roll.

Jam or Marmalade

Tea or coffee

Sweeteners

Mmm... tasty -

I met a woman
in the night.

She said

"I've had a terrible night
I've had a terrible week."

Oh! I said

"and day began yesterday
they told me
my daughter has died"

I went to get a
newspaper.