

MY SUICIDE

PART 3

By Harry Jivenmukta

When I woke up
I heard that
during the night
one patient had died
on this ward.

The report, apparently,
is fine.

Stand in the queue
please
we are very busy

Nurses say everything
with a smile,
and fool us into
giving up our arms
so they can take
blood.

No one says
"No, I don't feel like
it today."

It's something to do
with an intention
It's easier not to
think.

Brian Clough is dead
The best manager in
football, I think.

RIP 1935-2004.

I might have met
him

If I had succeeded.

Bardo -

"Hey, how you doing
Cloughie. Loved your
style. You were the
best."

He'd probably have liked me

A room with a view
right to Emley Moor.
The morning sun streams
in and the day is
beautiful.

For a moment I can forget
why I am here.

When there are no people
with their crazy ideas
life is almost worth living

How can nurses smile
and be so cheerful.
There is no difference
between them and
me.

We all get up, ~~star~~
go to work, take rubbish
There are bills to pay
and awkward people
to see to.

They arrive each shift
and smile, and care,
In the back of their minds
how many suicides
are waiting to happen?

You can go home today
Mr Singh.

I almost say:
"Keep the beat free,
you never know
I might be back."

Although they do say
the morgue bit
as warm, and
the workers not as
kind.

And they don't tend
to smile at you
either.

What's the difference
between deciding
to die

and deciding to live?

For me it is so
this is a distinction
thinner than a hair.

And that's the paradox.

I can easily decide
and want to live.

I can see through
the film this separation.

It's just that there are

so many people
blocking my way.

And where does Helen
come into all this?

Well, ask her

if you want.

It might take her
a while to reply
though

because she is a
very busy person
and needs time
to properly consider
things.

Sometimes time doesn't
wait for people to
get ready.

There's this patient
and me.

We were trying to
work out how long
it would take to
walk to Emley Moor
in our present state.

It was so funny.

We reckoned two
days.

Then we both went
back to our beds
exhausted by
the thinking.

"I feel utter despair
at his absence,"
his total absence."

"He was my whole life
without him I don't exist."

"There are a hundred
places that I can't
go without him
saying that he
was ~~there~~ there."

"Places are empty;
places are deserted."

The man from hospital
radio came to see me.

He wanted to know if I had
any requests.

I asked for Eva Cassidy's
Autumn Leaves. I think
that is the name.

It is such a beautiful
song. It always makes
me cry.

But I didn't dedicate
it to anyone. I wish
there was someone to
dedicate it to.

Suddenly, I remembered
and ran barefoot through
the wind to find him
again.

Excuse me! If you do
play my request, please
can you dedicate it
to Helen?"

"Of course," he said.

"Who's Helen?"

I found I couldn't
answer

Mini hires or hired
in side rooms and
wards

Tea ladies and
nurses, all sorts
of nice people and
my friends and
relatives.

If real life was
thin good,
well,

there'd be no problem.

What do I want now?

Nothing.

I don't want a wife
children, relatives,
friends, enemies,
a job, money, vodka.
Did I miss anything
out?

If I did, take it
as read,
I don't want anything.

The seasons change
the leaves fall
the weak die.

Before I decided to
die

I said goodbye so
many times.

In the end I didn't
need to say goodbye.
There wasn't time.

And it is a bit

civilised saying

bells and goodbye.

Suicide isn't really
that civilised

although it is good

if you don't make

too much of a mess.

After having had a
totally good try
things are now much
more peaceful.

Once you know the
territory you
don't have to worry,
nothing to fear.

Did you know
that one trick

suicide features
usually try again.)

Try try again ^{don't sweat}
Up at once you ~~find~~
try try again