

## Why I Could be Okay Dying

I am absolutely terrified of dying.  
The concept of death intrigues me.  
If I go,  
I want it to be in my sleep—or sudden.

I would have my furry friend by my side,  
as I replay fond memories of us.  
I would reminisce on four legged pals of the past, and be content  
For when I took my last breath  
they would be waiting for me  
on the other side of the rainbow bridge.

I wonder if they would be able to talk to me.  
They would be so excited:  
Jumping and barking and wagging their butts.  
They would ask: *What took you so long? We've been waiting for ages!*  
And I would replay:  
*I'm here now. So let's play!*

If my dogs were waiting for me,  
I would be okay.

