

(Inspired by Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*)

## **The Metamorphosis**

What's the point really?  
I mean we all die right,  
In the end.

Old age  
poison  
suicide  
car crash  
intoxication  
overdose

What is the point of continuing on  
if none of it will matter once we're gone.  
How do you know  
you won't die of a stroke while reading this?

It's all based on hope and faith.  
Hope that you won't be stupid enough  
to cross the street without looking both ways.  
Faith in a higher being  
keeping watch over you.

Tell me why haven't you died yet?  
Do you think about it often?  
Death.  
It's a strange and morbid concept,  
yes, but  
Still.

How long would you *like* to live?  
How do you *hope* you will die?  
All these questions  
and it seems the only people who can answer them  
are gone.