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POETRY/FICTION

If I open my eyes

If I open my eyes, am I really seeing?
If I suck in a breath, am I really breathing?
All my life have I just been believing, in things that have no reasoning?
These questions keep my mind scarcely moving
I lie awake listening to a silence so soothing.
I think of ways to keep myself from losing,
Losing my strategy.
I think of ways to survive reality.
I catch myself pondering the finality.
Maybe these thoughts are only my insanity
I find myself fighting back tears
As I stumble upon questions about fear
Of what happens after I'm no longer here
Or that my time is quickly drawing near.

I hope not.

I hope I have many more years
To swim through the night
And contemplate the unclear
Until my questions disappear

—Meranda Johnson (4 June 1997 – 11 July 2017)

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