

Still,  
no one  
has a  
god's-  
eye  
view

not philosophers  
not physicians  
not pastors

what transpires when we die

If a bolt from nowhere stuns us  
with no time for good-bye

Or the death blow cruelly lingers,  
half-choking breath for weeks  
stuck atop a Ferris wheel  
scared to cause the slightest bounce  
(the brat beside me might then pounce  
and rock my car, with fiendish zeal)  
my limbs snap-frozen, I feebly gasp  
for far-down solid ground;  
tachycardic, cowed, aghast,  
by drawn-out panic downed

Regardless of the death blow's source—  
the lightning,  
the long ride—  
we finish up our doomed life course  
unknowingly,  
wide-eyed

nothing  
gives a  
gut-  
felt  
clue

not tomes  
not prognoses  
not sermons

Still.

*Mary E. Knatterud, PhD*

# Still, No Clue

Dedicated to Dr. David Goldblatt.

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