

PERHAPS

Perhaps I'll reach 79.
Perhaps not.
The real question posed ... ?
Does it matter or not?

Perhaps I'll draw breath.
Perhaps I won't.
It's a simple question -
Will it be easy or will it hurt?

I've never much cared
what came next
Drafted at 22, I accepted that death ...
Could come soon
Could be quite clean,
Or could be much later,
Blown all to smithereens.

Regardless of how,
When, where, or why
Did it matter at all
That I was alive?

The sum of one's life,
the bottom line,
Was any of it worthwhile,
this life of mine?

The answer to that,
Perhaps, will be given in time.
Long after I'm gone,
Means everything to me.