

The End of Everything

I keep feeling like it's the end of everything
the end of wanting
the end of trying
the end of personality
the end of every loose end
in this loose end life
tho not necessarily the end of life, itself
Like Ramana
perhaps I should lay down
and fully traverse my death
or at least more fully than I already have

What would it be like for every identifying factor to die?
What would be left?
Might that not be worth discovering?
I can so sense it
It is so right here

utter silence
infinite
incomprehensible
possibility
the most pristine
beginning