

## **A Naked Truth**

When did I know I was  
starting to feel better  
about myself?  
When I found I was  
no longer worried about  
how I looked naked after  
I am dead, stretched out,  
a slab on a slab.

The mind knows  
(but does not feel –  
resists accepting the truth)  
of its eventual demise,  
and so carries  
a kind of post mortem  
vanity around in life.

Eventually, we begin to understand  
that ego will go;  
without a fight it will  
abandon us in our time of need.

Irony and strange that  
I am looking good  
and feel confident those  
attending my corpse will perform  
whatever duties they do  
without taking notice of me.  
I will simply be  
unexceptional, which of course  
I am, we all are –  
or hope to be.

– Jeffery Greb