

## The Last Laugh

by swag Monday, Mar 29 2010, 9:05am

international / prose/poetry / literature

is there such a thing  
as the last laugh?

i have outlived my loves,  
friends and foes  
and  
i'm *not* laughing!

eyes swell with tears as  
memories flood into  
consciousness

even those who despised  
the ground i walked on  
(now dead)  
only elicit emotions of pity

vengeful thoughts  
this mind never entertained  
possibly why i have outlived them all

what is there to laugh  
about, dear reader?

the world's most powerful nation  
gone rogue, perhaps?

killing innocent civilians daily  
while stunned populations  
watch  
mindlessly

i am *not* amused,  
are you?

there is little,  
if anything to  
laugh about these days

my favourite artists all dead  
they died so young  
some murdered

for opposing the status quo  
in song and oratory

should i laugh  
that agencies  
serving the interests of  
rogues, white-collar criminals  
and reprehensible liars,  
ply their murderous trade?

should i laugh  
that these brazen criminals  
now rule the world  
or should i lament the fact the masses  
no longer care?

today's world is *yours*,  
dear reader

i prefer my accumulated  
memories  
joyful images  
etched forever  
in my mind

attend to other matters, dear reader  
a grown man crying  
for lost innocence  
and lost justice  
is not a pretty sight

attend to *your* world  
and accept  
*your* rewards

the fat lady may be singing  
but i'm not laughing

**i met a young girl she gave me a rainbow ...**

🔊 [It's Alright Ma I'm Only Bleeding - Bob Dylan](#)

