A Laugh, a Star, and the Eternal Projectionist

By David Kobb

1.
I want my last breath to be a laugh,  
a guttural, genuine laugh.  
Something  
to scare the black birds sitting on my windowsill  
a laugh to defy expectations,

    aimed at my illness  
    doctors  
    and especially my family.

2.
Did you know our lives are projected from the stars,  
a distant,  
glittering,  
small radiance, traveling through space.  
I have a telescope  
a small circle view of my life’s end,

    seeing light-years away is  
    like going into the future,  
    what hasn’t happened but will.

3.
And if I could, I would like to meet the Eternal Projectionist.  
The old grey man many call God,  
Does he get bored, while  
sitting on his three legged stool  
waiting

    just waiting for something to do!  

And I wonder, what is his job,  
to put the reel on the projector and be done?  
Or does he splice the film during viewing,  
inserting events,  
years?