

In 2015, I stopped asking  
Whether or not I might kill myself  
And started asking when.

It was definitely in 2015,  
Though I may have decided earlier,  
Then changed my mind.

I think it was a Tuesday.  
Though Wednesdays are pretty shitty too.  
It wasn't a Monday.

Mondays renew. Mondays,  
Which everyone seems to be down on,  
Because of work and duty,

Are actually the springtime  
Of the week, not counting Sundays.  
Mondays are late spring.

But that analogy falls apart  
When I consider that Tuesdays would  
Then be summer.

And summer is my favorite  
Time of the year, when I was born, and  
Perhaps when I should die?

Weekends in general are  
A bad time to commit suicide, because  
Well, it is the weekend.

And Thursdays are so close  
To the weekend that it would ruin it,  
The weekend, for everyone else.

Fridays, of course, are  
The start of that time off. Time away.  
Time. Time. Time. Time.

So it had to be a Tuesday.  
Yet, I write this on a Wednesday, and  
This present moment cannot lie.