

"When Death Comes Calling"

He awoke, but when he opened his eyes couldn't see anything.
"Surely, it can't still be nighttime" he thought to himself
He reached for his watch, but he felt nothing.
He called out. "What's going on?", but he heard nothing.
And where was that usual stale taste in his mouth?
He sniffed the air. No freshly laundered sheets, no smell of aftershave.
What was going on?
Then a voice inside his head said "Hello"
"Who are you. What's going on" thought the man.
"My name is Death" replied the voice
"Am I dead?" queried the man.
"No, not just yet" replied Death "I need you to do something for me" Death continued.
"Why should I do anything for you" thought the man
"You don't have a choice" said Death
"What is it then?" thought the man, crossly, no one pushed him around.
"Think of all the good things you have done for others, in your life. Take your time. And after, I'll return"
An instant later, Death was back.
"It's time to go, now." was all he said.