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Death Through Decluttering
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I've saved a lot of stuff.
In plenty of boxes.

I started going through it
A bit at a time.

Some things precious.
Others past their prime.

Keep.
Recycle.
Trash.

The byproduct of fear.
While they sat there.
Safe in their boxes.
I was safe in my

Fantasy that I will
never die.

But as I begin the process.
I fear that it comes to
and end, eventually.

And each item I decide
brings me closer to
my death.